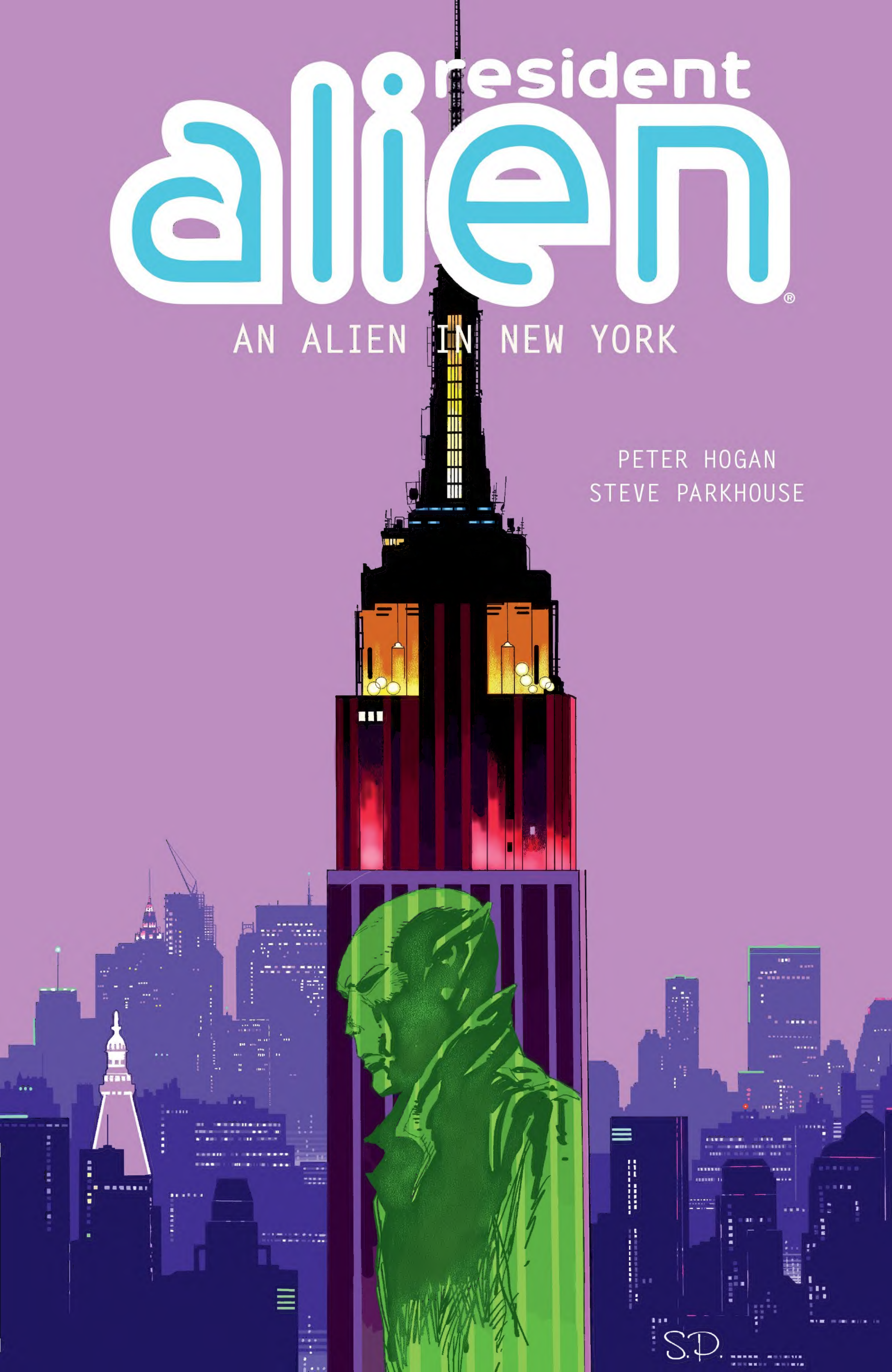
resident alien®

AN ALIEN IN NEW YORK

PETER HOGAN
STEVE PARKHOUSE



RESIDENT ALIEN

AN ALIEN IN NEW YORK

LIBERTY
MUFC
END CHAPTER
S.P.
ONE WAY

resident alien®

AN ALIEN IN NEW YORK

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RESIDENT ALIEN VOLUME 5: AN ALIEN IN NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION

I love New York. For a couple of months in early 1983 I was living there while editing a book, and for a while it looked like I might even get a job there and stay long-term. When it all fell through, it broke my heart to leave.

That trip, I saw people trying to inflate a King Kong balloon on top of the Empire State Building, and I drank in a bar where the skywalkers hung out. Most mornings I observed Quentin Crisp through the window of a 2nd Avenue diner as he walked uptown (it was actually more of a sashay than a walk). I think Quentin was probably the first person to use "Resident Alien" as a title for something, though that's not how I first heard the phrase.

In his apartment in the West Village, my good friend Mick Farren (writer of rock journalism and science fiction) showed me his "Resident Alien" immigration card, and I burst out laughing. I thought it'd make a great title for a science-fiction story, never suspecting that decades later I'd be the one to write it.

Speaking of Englishmen in New York (which was written about Quentin, incidentally), David Bowie died while I was writing this story, and his passing cast a long shadow over it. If ever there was an alien in New York, it was Mr. Jones (at any rate, he's a hard act to follow), so I'd like to dedicate this story to him.

This volume sees Harry Vanderspeigle off on a quest in the Big Apple in a story about art, homesickness, appreciating your own life, and more besides. Most of all, it's about immigrants and the dreams they follow. Hope you like it.

—PETER HOGAN
FROM A POTATO PATCH ON MARS, 2018

THE STORY SO FAR...

In a town called Patience, Washington, lives a doctor named Harry Vanderspeigle. What nobody in the town realizes is that Harry's actually an alien visitor to our planet who was shipwrecked here a few years ago. Since then, he's been hoping for a rescue that may or may not ever come—and while waiting he attempts to keep himself sane by playing amateur detective and getting to know a few of the locals . . .

This is the fifth volume of Harry's adventures, the first four volumes being *Welcome to Earth!*, *The Suicide Blonde*, *The Sam Hain Mystery*, and *The Man With No Name*.

THIS WAS A *MISTAKE.*

LET'S QUIT WHILE WE'RE AHEAD, DOWNLOAD.

IT WASN'T GOOD?
I THOUGHT YOU--

YEAH... IT WAS, BUT...
THEN WHY SHOULDN'T WE, YOU KNOW...
...KEEP DOING THIS?

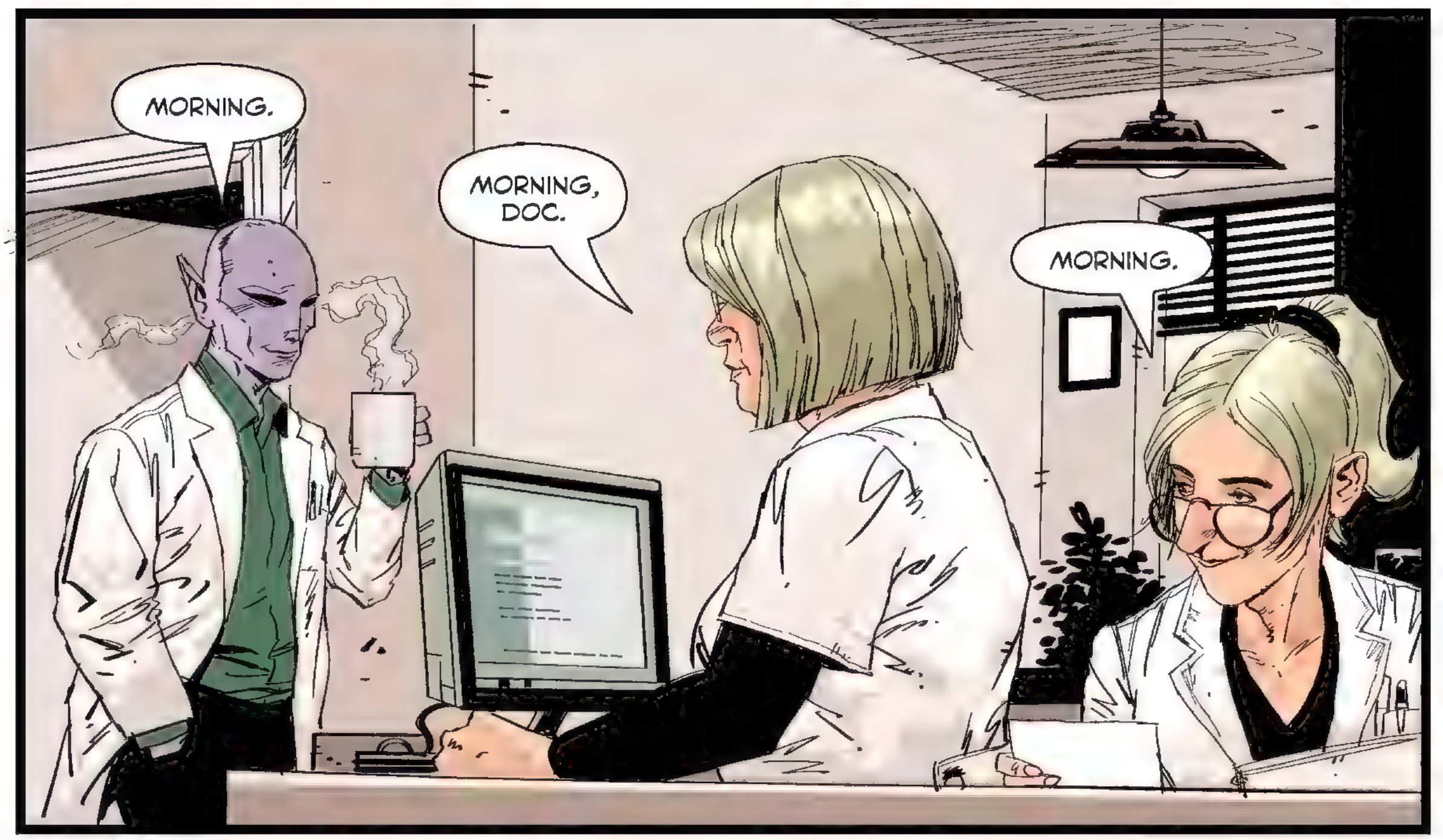
BECAUSE THIS DIDN'T WORK WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN...
...AND I DON'T SEE WHY IT SHOULD SUDDENLY START WORKING NOW, JUST CAUSE WE GOT DRUNK LAST NIGHT.
BUT--

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT...
...AND YOU...

I DUNNO.
I GOTTA GO.
IS THERE SOMEONE ELSE?

NO.
MAYBE.
I DON'T KNOW.

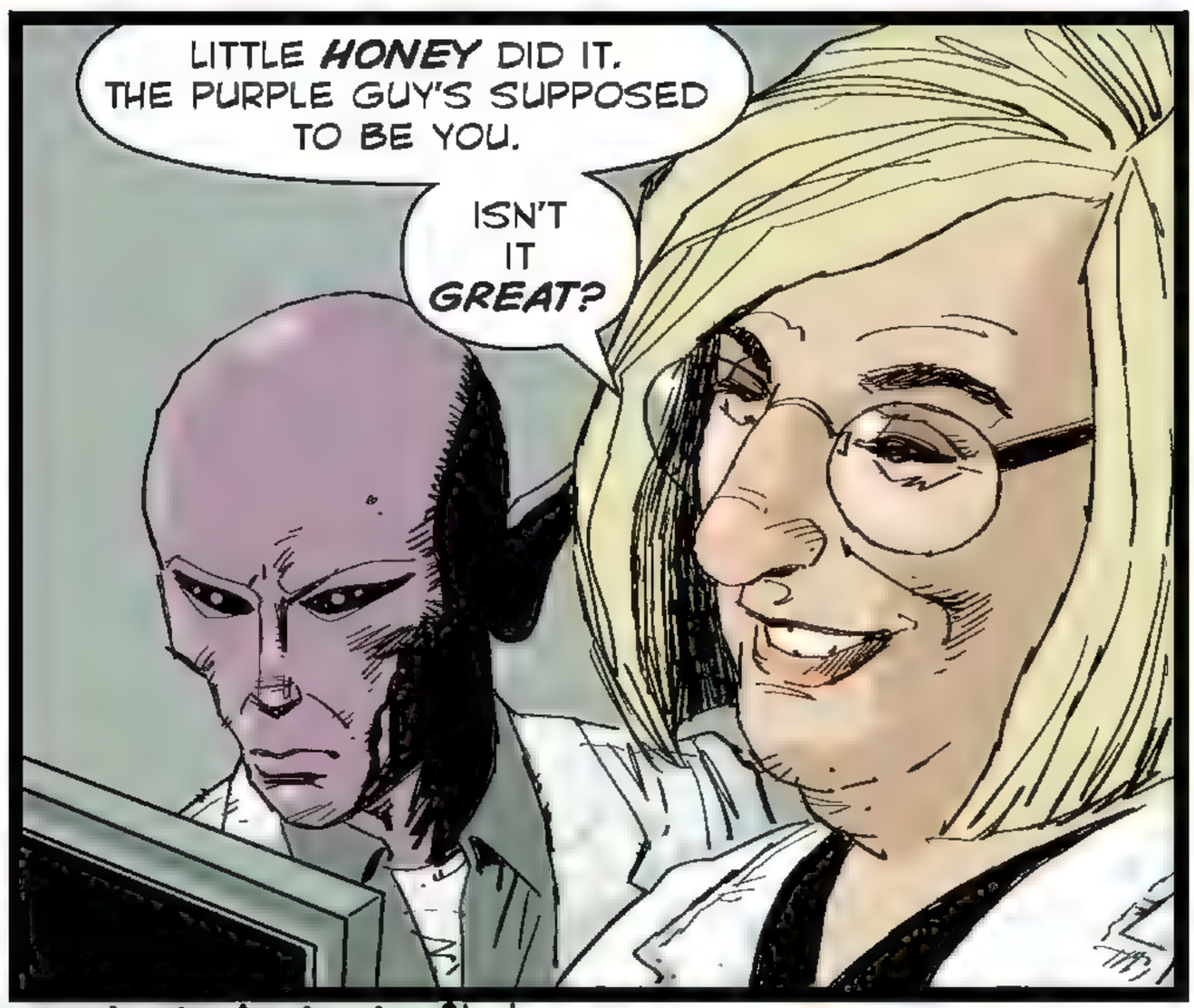
I REALLY GOTTA GO.

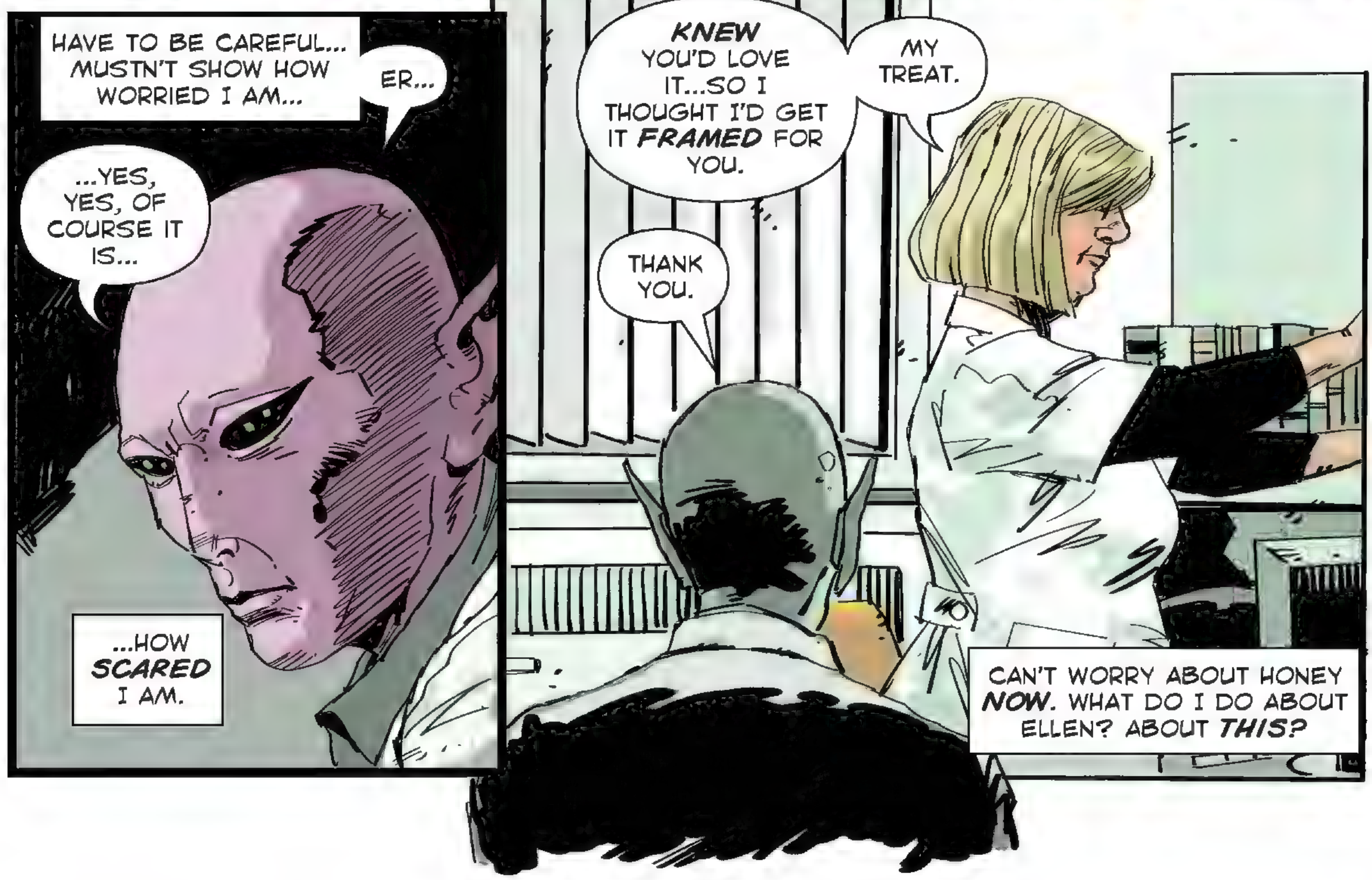

MORNING.
MORNING, DOC.
MORNING.

OH...
NO!

WHAT?
AH!
HE'S NOTICED IT.

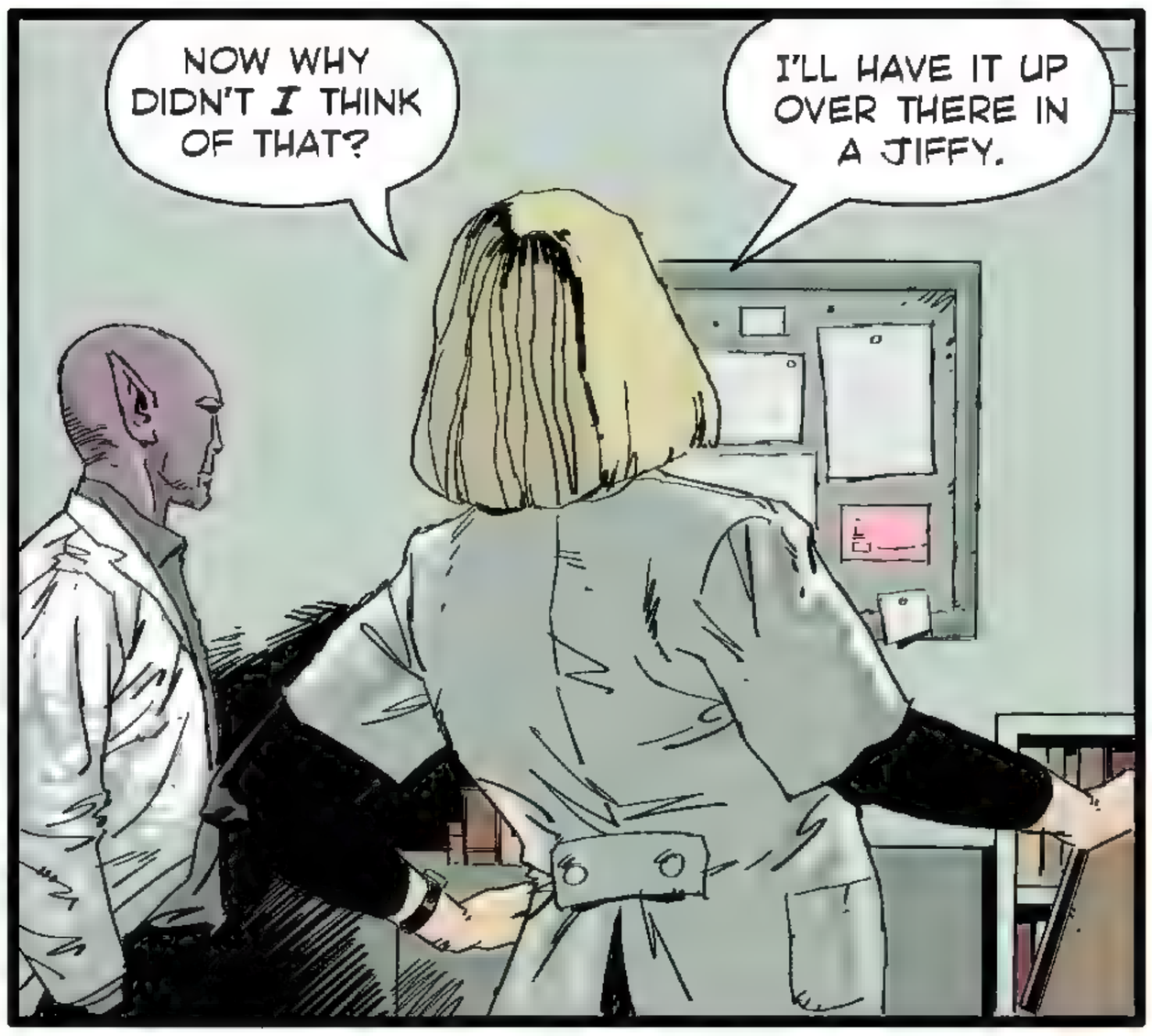
IS THIS?

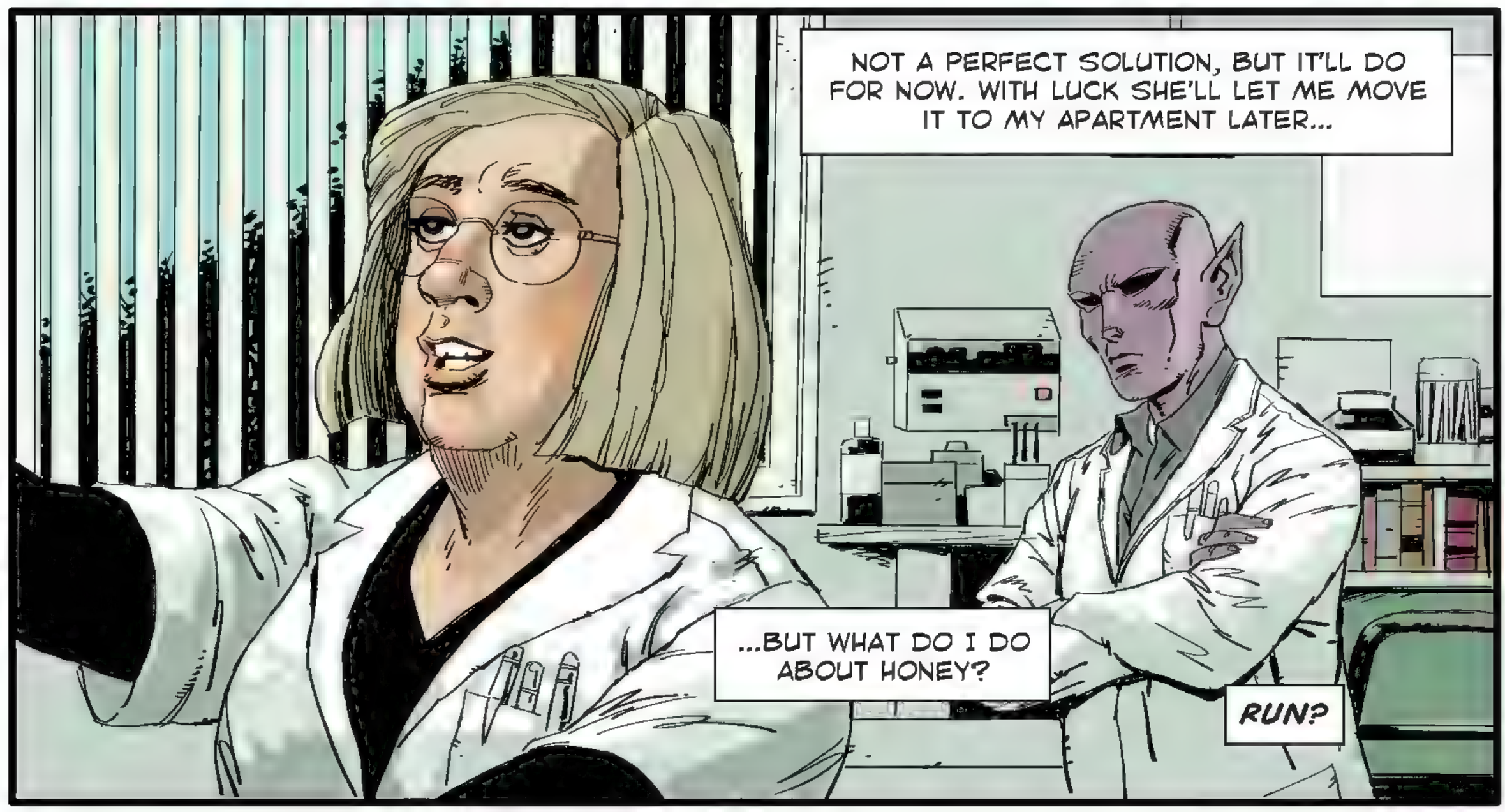

LITTLE HONEY DID IT. THE PURPLE GUY'S SUPPOSED TO BE YOU.
ISN'T IT GREAT?


HAVE TO BE CAREFUL... MUSTN'T SHOW HOW WORRIED I AM...
ER...
...YES, YES, OF COURSE IT IS...
...HOW SCARED I AM.
KNEW YOU'D LOVE IT...SO I THOUGHT I'D GET IT FRAMED FOR YOU.
MY TREAT.
THANK YOU.
CAN'T WORRY ABOUT HONEY NOW. WHAT DO I DO ABOUT ELLEN? ABOUT THIS?

I CAN'T HURT HER FEELINGS, BUT IT CAN'T STAY THERE. EVERYONE WHO CAME IN HERE WOULD SEE IT.
ER... BEFORE YOU HANG IT AGAIN...

...COULD IT BE HUNG OVER HERE INSTEAD?
SO I CAN SEE IT WHEN I'M WORKING?
AND THE PATIENTS CAN'T.


NOW WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?
I'LL HAVE IT UP OVER THERE IN A JIFFY.


NOT A PERFECT SOLUTION, BUT IT'LL DO FOR NOW. WITH LUCK SHE'LL LET ME MOVE IT TO MY APARTMENT LATER...
...BUT WHAT DO I DO ABOUT HONEY?
RUN?

THIS IS JUST TO PREPARE YOU, IN THE EVENT OF THE UNTHINKABLE HAPPENING...
...THAT IS, IF YOU SHOULD FIND YOURSELF MAROONED UPON THIS WORLD.

FIRST, PROTOCOL.
WHEREVER POSSIBLE, AVOID ***ANY*** CLOSE CONTACT WITH THE NATIVES. ALTHOUGH YOUR MENTAL ABILITIES WILL ENABLE YOU TO MASK YOUR APPEARANCE FROM THEM...
...AT LEAST ***SOME*** MAY BE DEVELOPED ENOUGH TO SEE YOU AS YOU REALLY ARE.

HOW MANY?
OH, PERHAPS ONLY ONE IN A MILLION...
...BUT TAKE NO CHANCES.

IF YOU ARE IN ***ANY*** DANGER, ***FLEE.***
FIND ANOTHER PLACE TO HIDE... BECAUSE I SUSPECT THESE SAVAGES WOULD ***VIVISECT*** YOU IF YOU WERE CAPTURED.

NOW THEN, THIS IS YOUR SURVIVAL KIT.

IT CONTAINS MEDICAL SUPPLIES, SOME BASIC TOOLS...
...AND A MINIATURE MAKER, TO MANUFACTURE ANY OTHER SMALL ITEMS YOU MAY NEED.

IT ALSO CONTAINS A HOMING BEACON, SO YOU OBVIOUSLY NEED TO KEEP IT NEAR AT ALL TIMES.
ASSUMING YOU'VE SENT OFF A DISTRESS SIGNAL, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOCATE YOU.

WHAT IF YOU CAN'T?

IN THAT EVENT...YOU'LL FIND A SUICIDE PILL IN THE MEDICAL KIT.
GOOD FORTUNE, LORD PILOT.

THEY TOLD ME THAT ONLY ONE PERSON IN A MILLION WOULD BE ABLE TO SEE ME.
THEY DIDN'T TELL ME I'D BE MEETING THEM ALL...
...ONE AT A TIME.
SHE'S JUST A CHILD, HARRY.
A CHILD WHO LIKES YOU.
SHE COULD SO EASILY BETRAY ME WITHOUT EVEN MEANING TO.
AND THAT PICTURE OF HERS WAS WAY TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.
C'MON, IT'S NOT THAT BAD.
AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SHE GETS OLDER? WHEN SHE REALIZES...
...WHAT I REALLY AM?

I SHOULD GO.
LEAVE HERE.

THAT'S WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO...
...AND EVEN THOUGH I'VE IGNORED THAT PROTOCOL IN THE PAST...
...THIS TIME I THINK I REALLY HAVE TO FOLLOW IT.

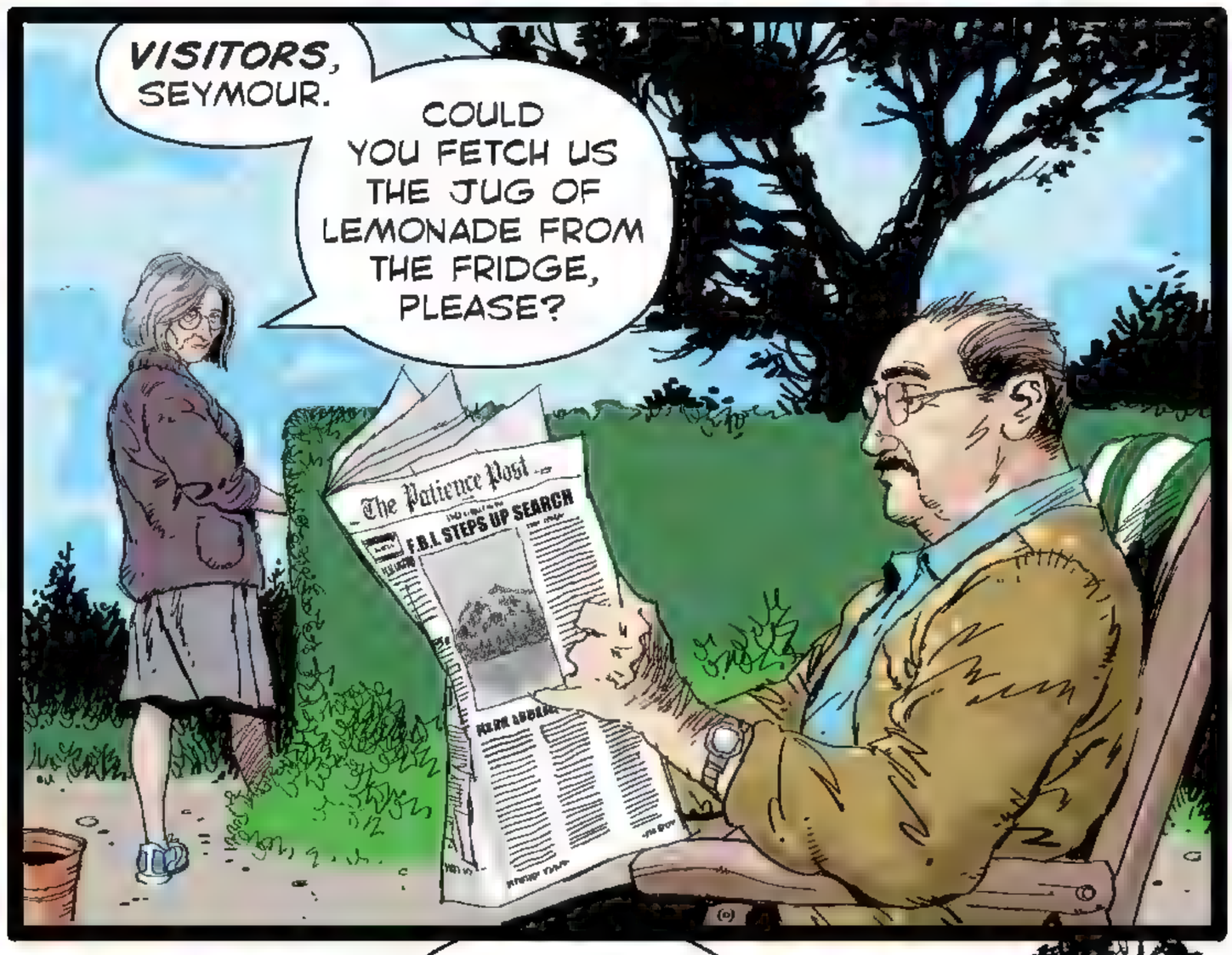
EVEN IF THAT IS TRUE...
...YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN OFF IN A BLIND PANIC, DO YOU?

NO... I GUESS NOT.
SO TAKE SOME TIME.
TAKE A BREAK. GET SOME DISTANCE FROM ALL THIS, THINK THINGS THROUGH, MAKE SOME PLANS.

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT...
YOU BET I AM.
WISE MAN, REMEMBER?

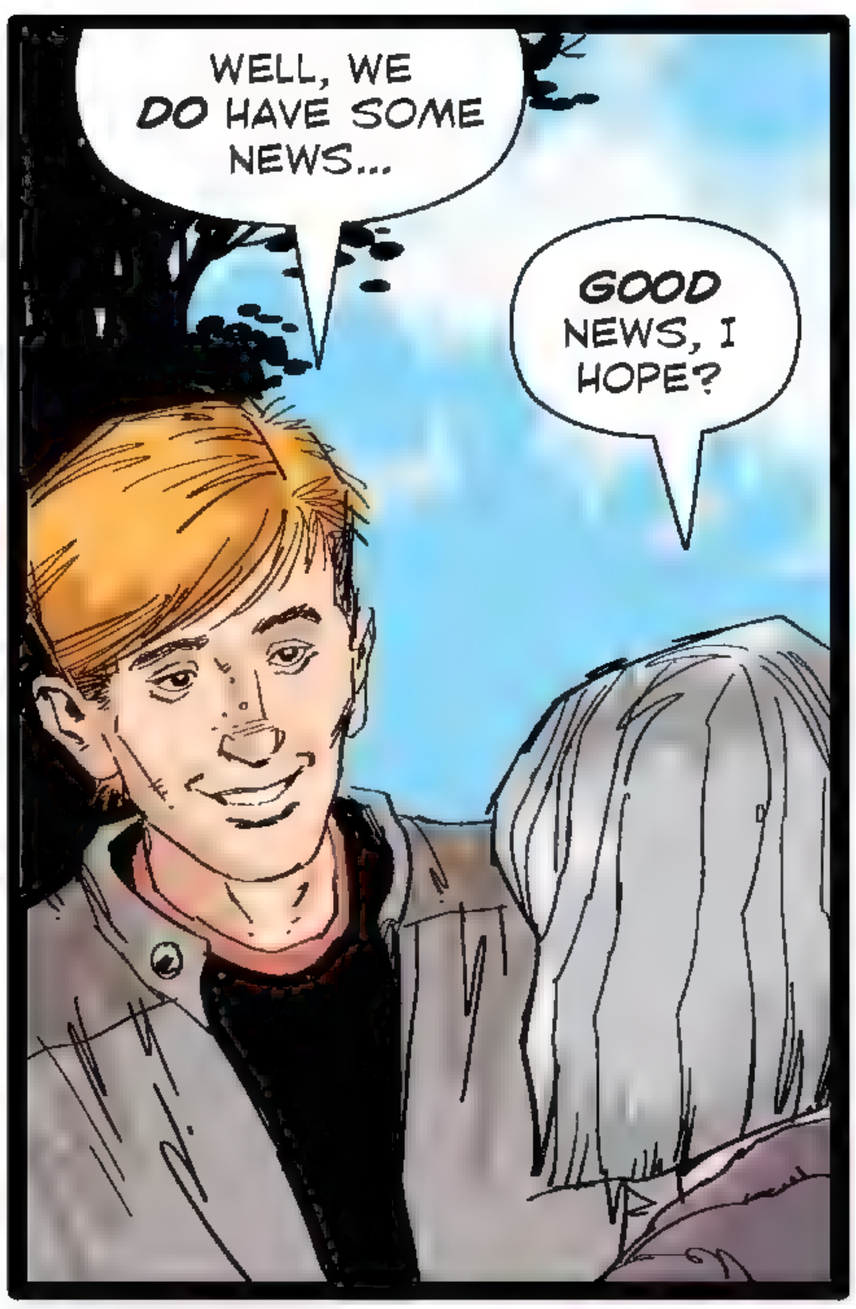
GRAN'MA BECKY!
HI, GRANDMA.

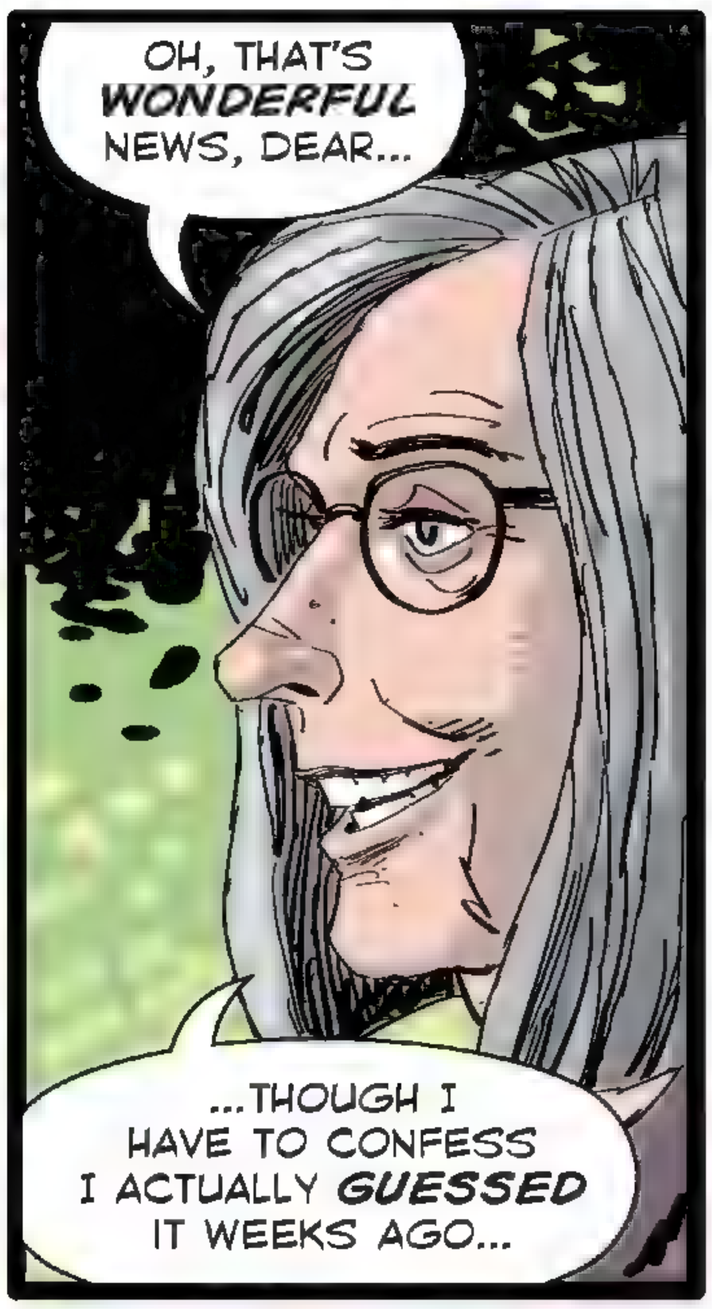
WELL, HELLO EVERYBODY...WHAT A LOVELY *SURPRISE!*
COME ON IN THE BACK AND I'LL FIX US SOMETHING COOL TO DRIFT.


VISITORS, SEYMOUR.
COULD YOU FETCH US THE JUG OF LEMONADE FROM THE FRIDGE, PLEASE?
The Patience Post
F.B.I. STEPS UP SEARCH

ON MY WAY.
DON'T FORGET TO ICE THE GLASSES.

NOW THEN, *YOU* TWO LOOK LIKE PEOPLE WITH SOMETHING ON THEIR MINDS...
SO... *SPILL*, PLEASE.





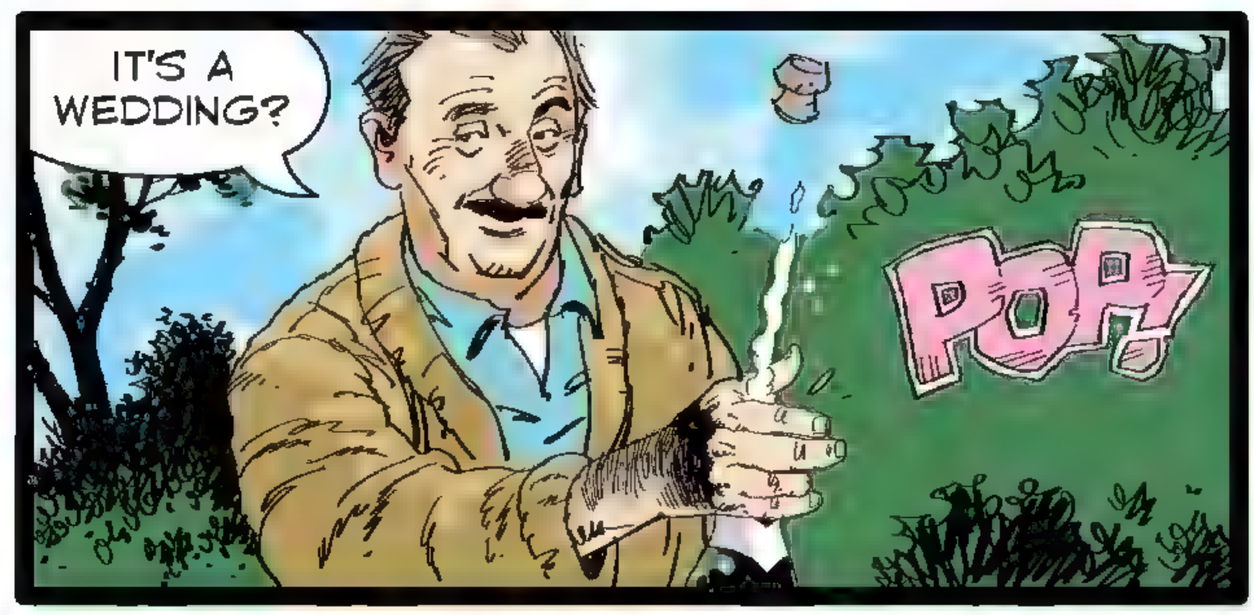
WE'RE CELEBRATING, SEYMOUR...

...HAVE WE STILL GOT THAT BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE?

I THINK SO.

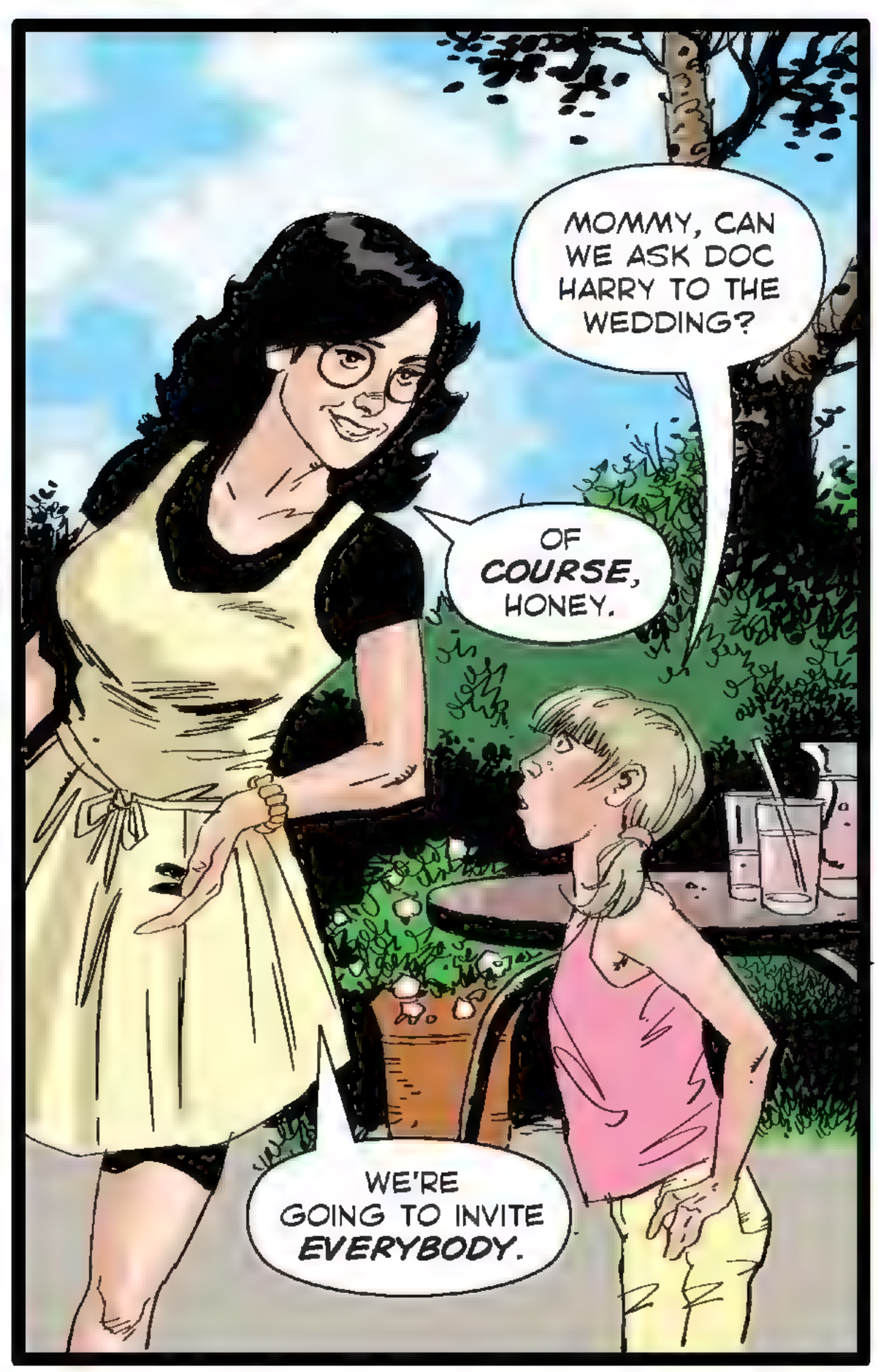
I'LL GO AND SEE.

BRAD'S GOING TO MAKE AN HONEST WOMAN OF ME.
OH, SWEETIE...
...I AM GLAD.


IT'S A WEDDING?
POP

A WEDDING AND A BABY.
SO...MAZEL TOV TWICE.
CHAMPAGNE FOR EVERYONE?
NO, I'M STICKING WITH LEMONADE.

CIRCLE OF LIFE, PEOPLE.
L'CHAIM!


MOMMY, CAN WE ASK DOC HARRY TO THE WEDDING?
OF COURSE, HONEY.
WE'RE GOING TO INVITE EVERYBODY.

A VACATION?
FOR HOW LONG?
BOWLIN
PROBABLY A WEEK...
...TWO AT MOST.
OKAY, FINE...JUST AS LONG AS--
DON'T WORRY.
I'LL ORGANIZE A SUBSTITUTE TO COVER FOR ME.
BETTER THAN THE LAST ONE, I HOPE.
THERE'S A LANE FINISHING UP IN A FEW MINUTES.
I'VE JUST TOLD OUR OPPONENTS.

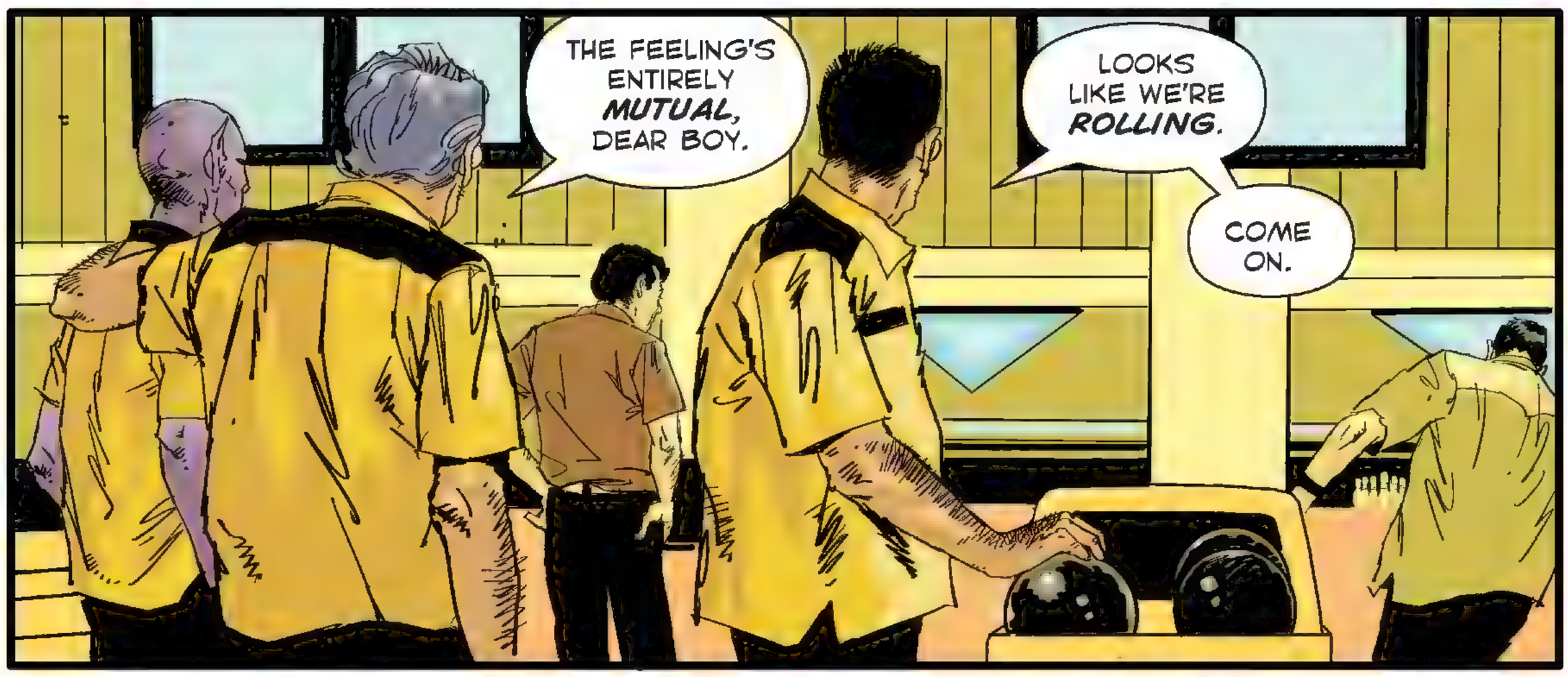
SCRATCH YOUR BALLS, GENTLEMEN.
THAT'S ALL THEY'RE GOOD FOR.

CALM DOWN, BERT.
YEAH, IT'S JUST A FRIENDLY MATCH.

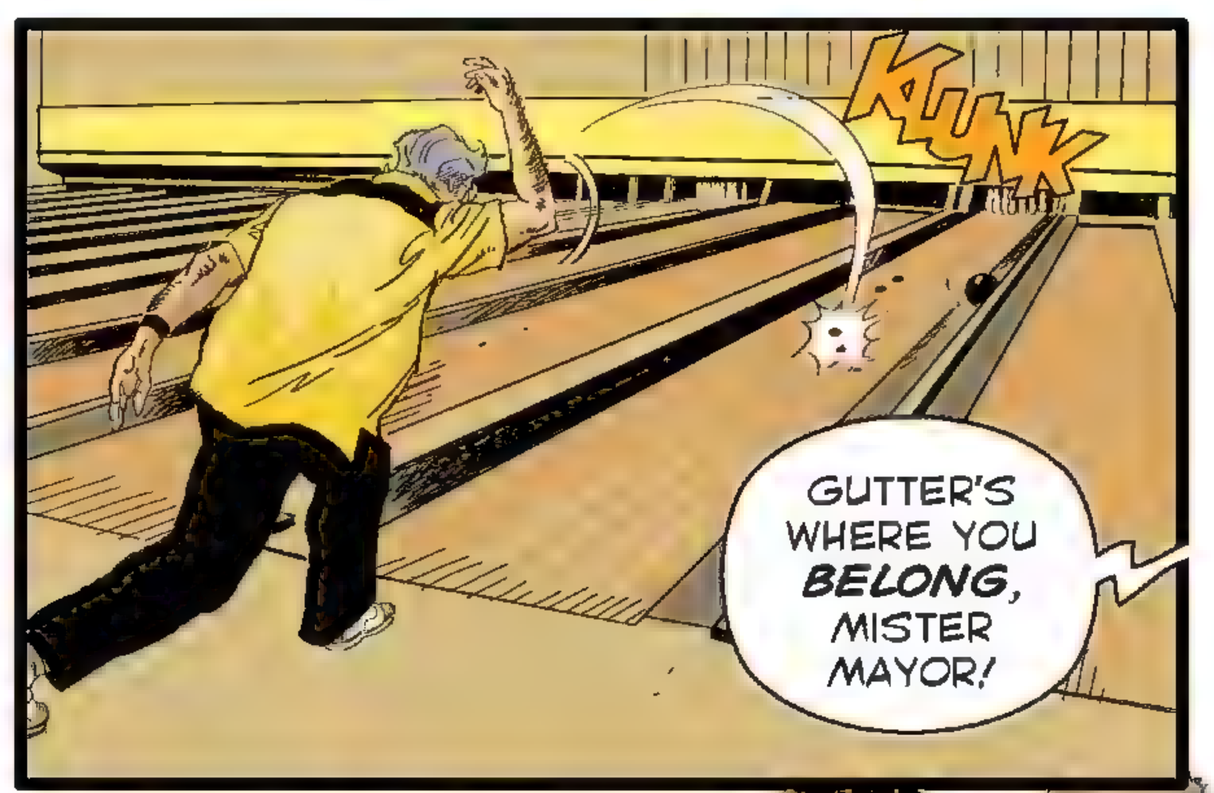
NO SUCH THING.
ANYWAY, WHEN ARE YOU GOING?

NOT SURE. MAYBE NEXT WEEK, IF I CAN ORGANIZE THINGS BY THEN.
YOU'RE GOING SOMEWHERE?

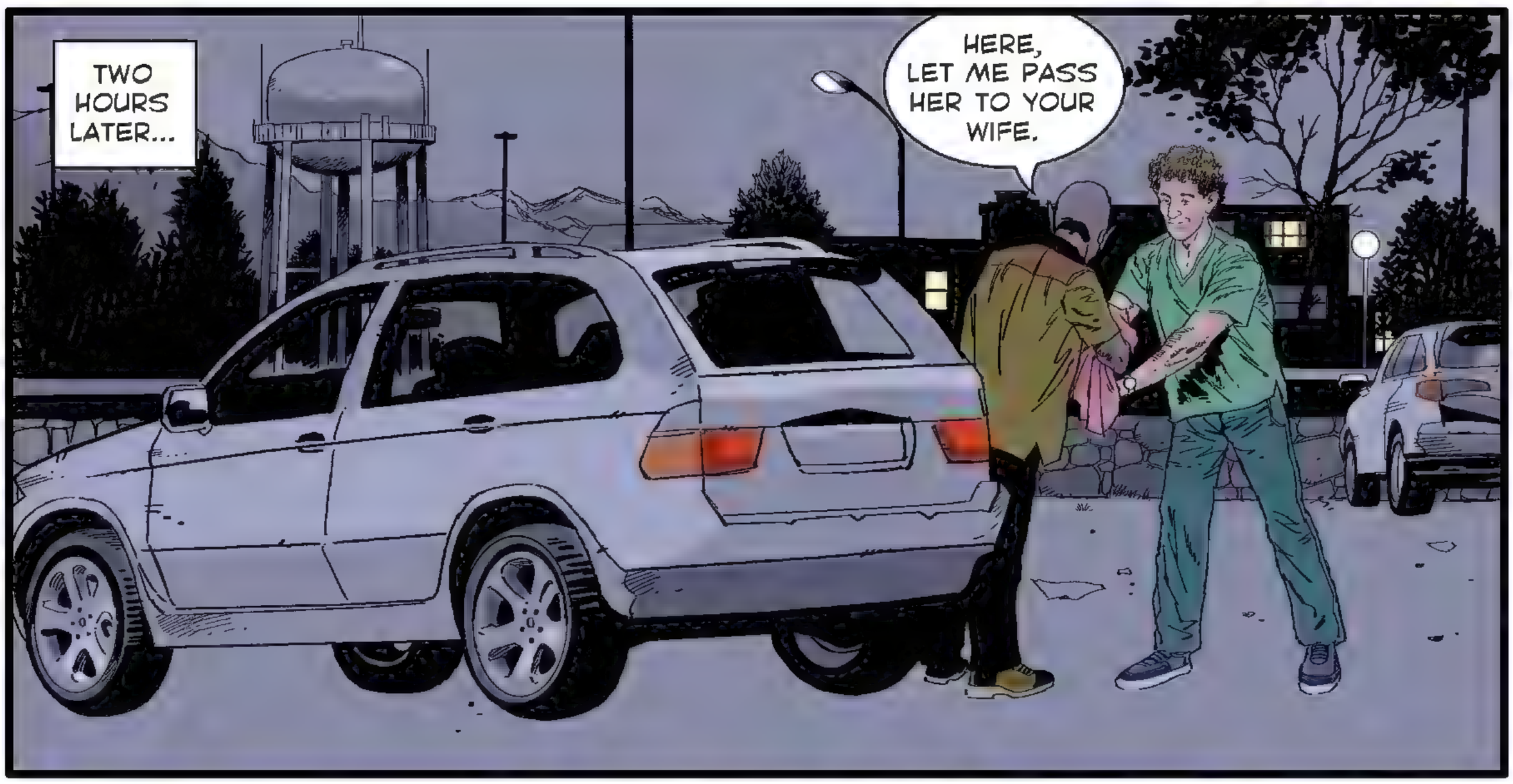
YES, JUST A SHORT VACATION.
I NEED A BREAK FROM YOU TWO.

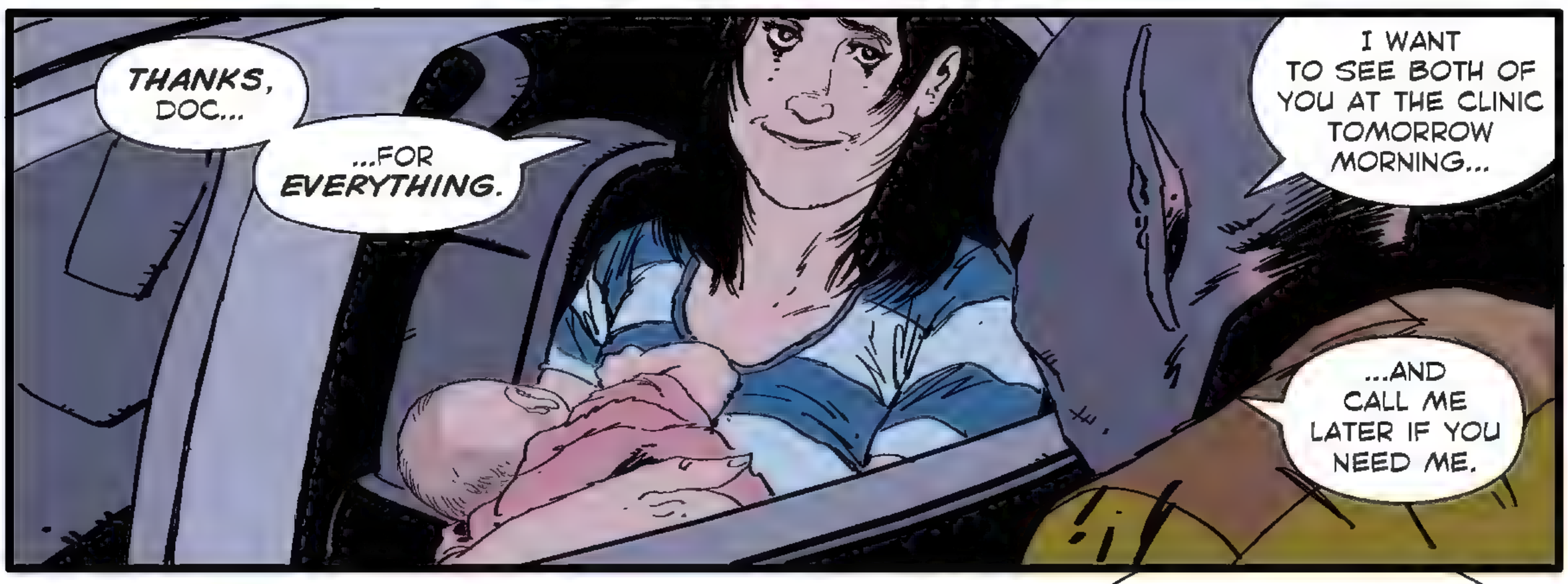

THE FEELING'S ENTIRELY *MUTUAL*, DEAR BOY.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE *ROLLING*.
COME ON.

NOW, GENTLEMEN...
...OBSERVE AND *LEARN*.


KLUNK
GUTTER'S WHERE YOU *BELONG*, MISTER MAYOR!

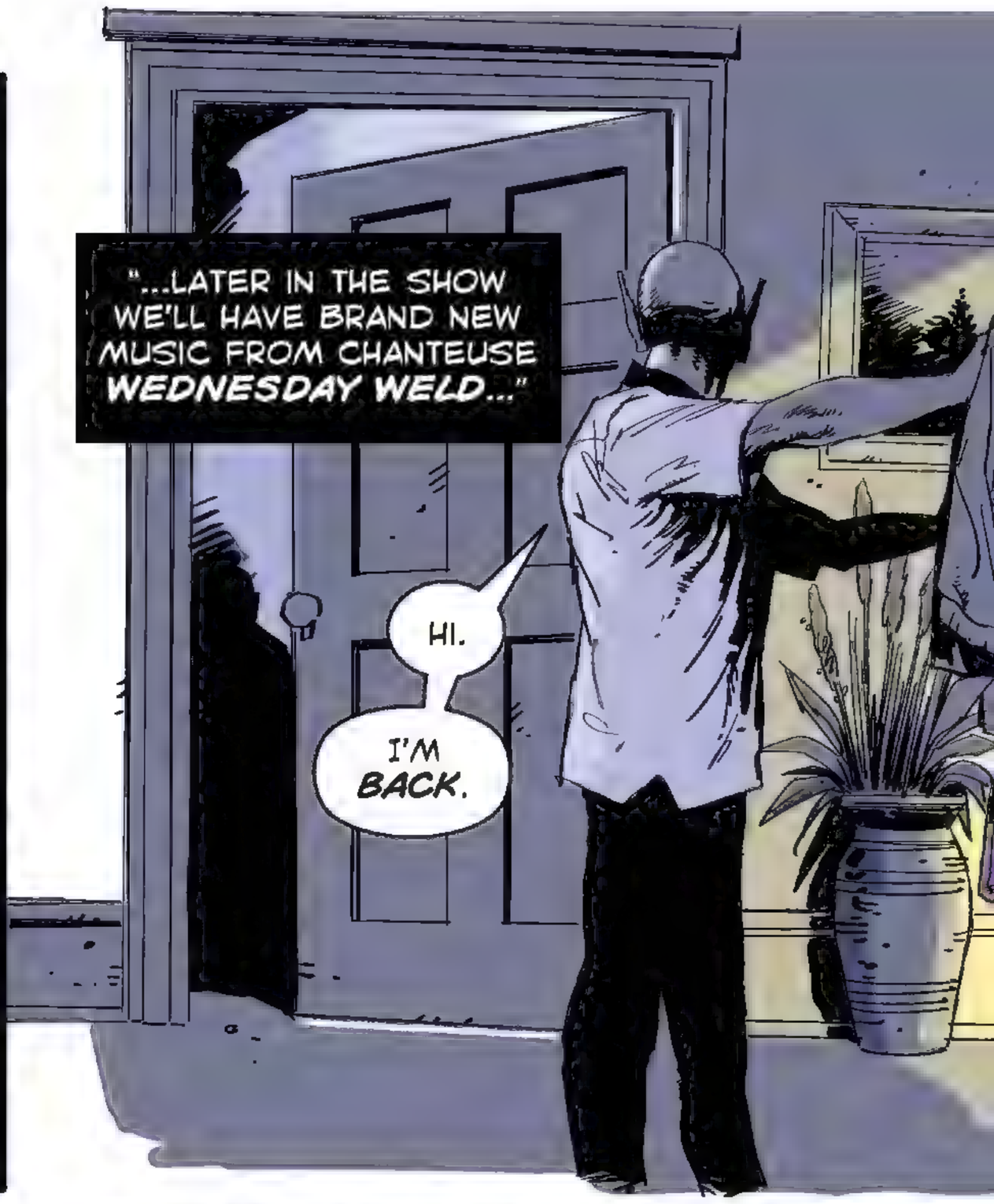
IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG NIGHT, ISN'T IT?
YUP.

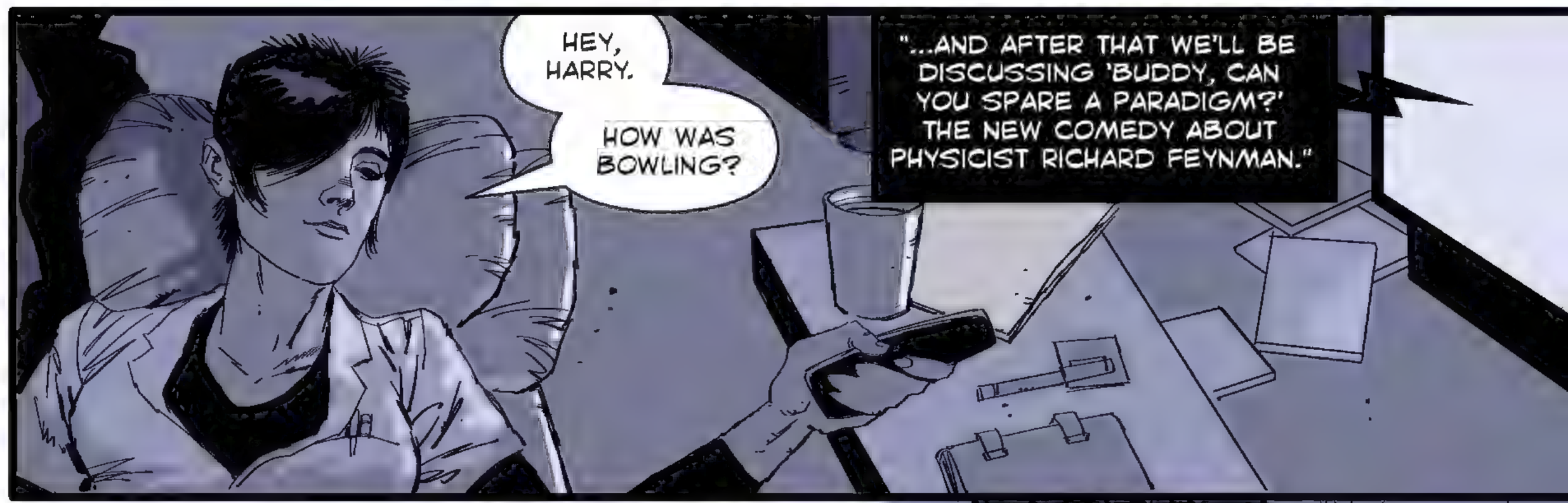

TWO HOURS LATER...
HERE, LET ME PASS HER TO YOUR WIFE.


THANKS, DOC...
...FOR EVERYTHING.
I WANT TO SEE BOTH OF YOU AT THE CLINIC TOMORROW MORNING...
...AND CALL ME LATER IF YOU NEED ME.

SORRY TO RUIN YOUR GAME LIKE THAT, DOC...
...BUT BABIES COME WHEN THEY COME, Y'KNOW?
YES, SO I'VE NOTICED.
GOOD LUCK.

I THINK IT'S SHAMEFUL, ABANDONING YOUR TEAMMATES JUST TO DELIVER A BABY.
AW, WE WOULDA LOST ANYWAY.

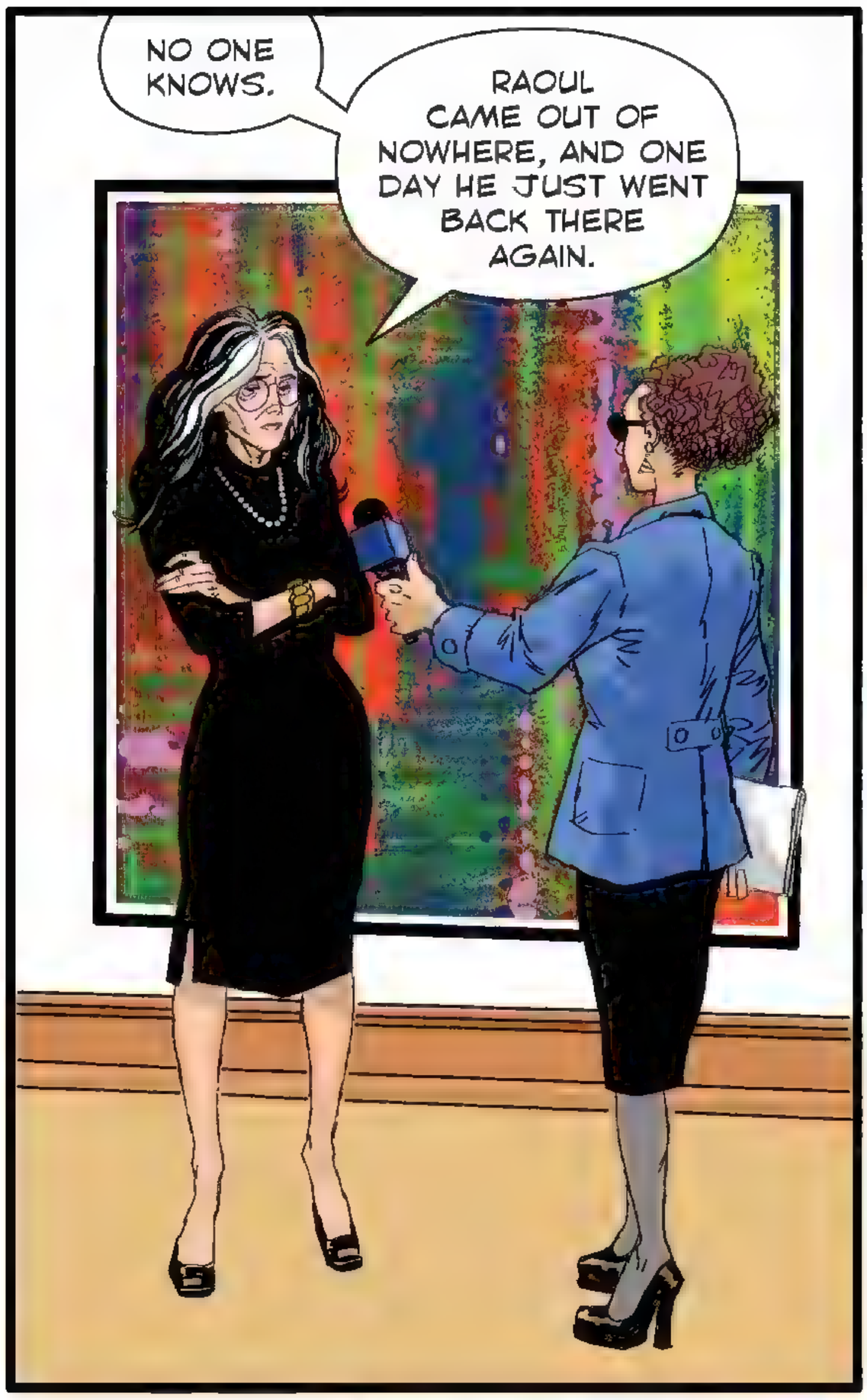

"...LATER IN THE SHOW WE'LL HAVE BRAND NEW MUSIC FROM CHANTEUSE WEDNESDAY WELD..."
HI.
I'M BACK.

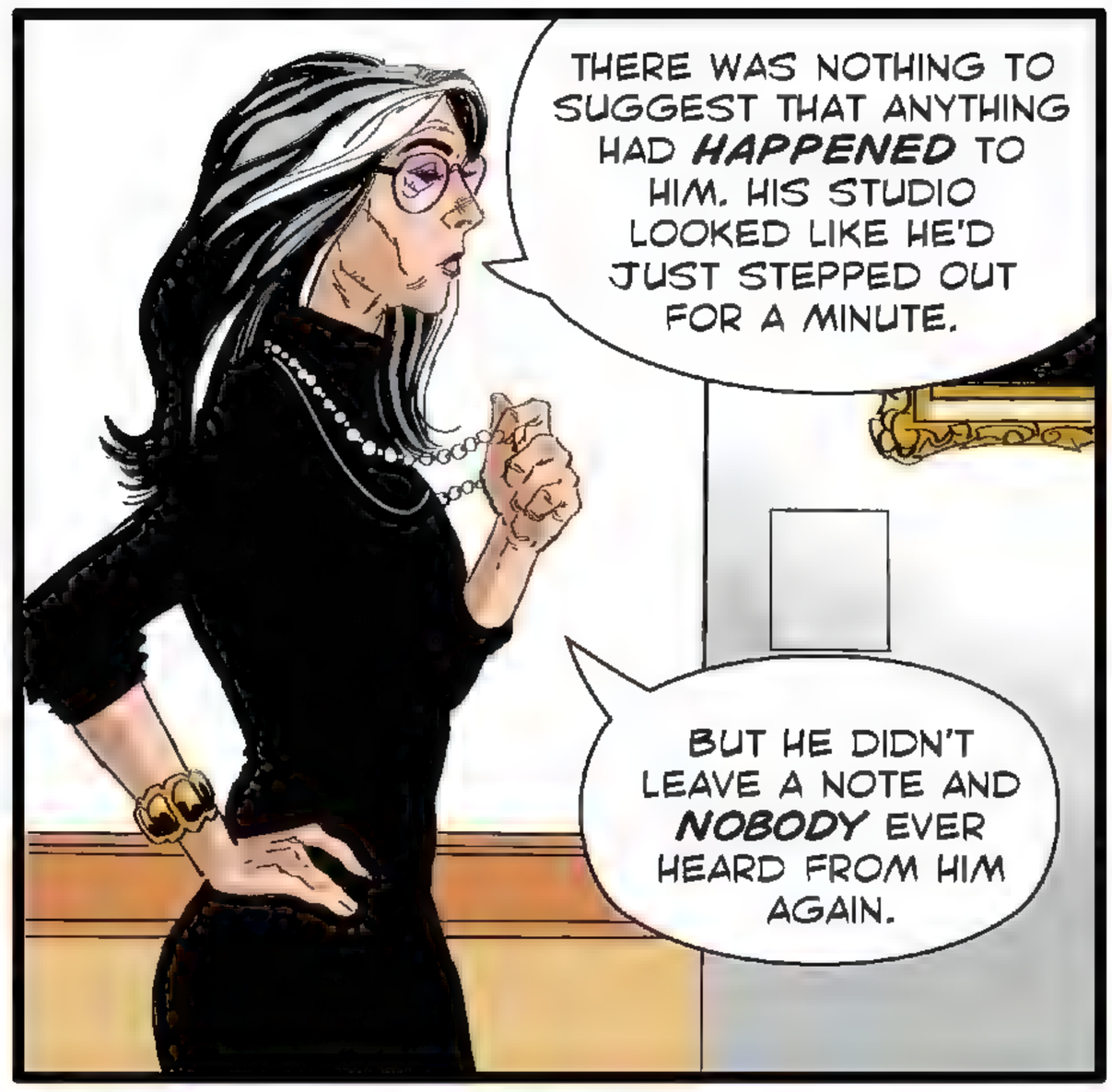

HEY, HARRY.
HOW WAS BOWLING?
"...AND AFTER THAT WE'LL BE DISCUSSING 'BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE A PARADIGM?' THE NEW COMEDY ABOUT PHYSICIST RICHARD FEYNMAN."

THEY WIPED THE FLOOR WITH US. ANOTHER QUIET NIGHT HERE, I SEE...
YUP.
WELL, I ENDED UP DELIVERING A BABY AT THE BOWLING ALLEY.

BOY OR A GIRL?
BEAUTIFUL HEALTHY GIRL.
WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING?
SOME CABLE ARTS SHOW. A SINGER I LIKE IS ON SOON...
"BUT FIRST, RAOUL BENOIT. TWENTY YEARS AFTER HIS DISAPPEARANCE, THE ARTIST BETTER KNOWN AS GOLIATH REMAINS AN ALMOST TOTAL MYSTERY...

"A GENTLE GIANT OF SIX FOOT SEVEN, THE NOTORIOUSLY RECLUSIVE GOLIATH BEGAN HIS CAREER AS A STREET ARTIST BEFORE SWITCHING TO CANVAS...
...RARELY PHOTOGRAPHED AND NEVER INTERVIEWED, GOLIATH WAS CONSIDERED A MINOR FIGURE BY THE ART ESTABLISHMENT..."
YOU WANNA WATCH SOMETHING ELSE?
NO, THIS IS INTERESTING.
"BUT SINCE HIS DISAPPEARANCE, HE'S BEEN HAILED AS THE MISSING LINK BETWEEN POP ART AND BANKSY..."
Christie's
"AND HIS PAINTINGS NOW SELL FOR MILLIONS.
SO WHAT DID BECOME OF HIM? WE ASKED GALLERY OWNER VIOLINDA DARVELL, HIS AGENT AND FRIEND."


NO ONE KNOWS.
RAOUL CAME OUT OF NOWHERE, AND ONE DAY HE JUST WENT BACK THERE AGAIN.


THERE WAS NOTHING TO SUGGEST THAT ANYTHING HAD *HAPPENED* TO HIM. HIS STUDIO LOOKED LIKE HE'D JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A MINUTE.
BUT HE DIDN'T LEAVE A NOTE AND *NOBODY* EVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN.

NOT EVEN ME.

YOU THINK HE'S STILL ALIVE SOMEWHERE?
WHO KNOWS? ALL YOU GET WITH RAOUL IS ONE MYSTERY AFTER ANOTHER.

WAS HE EVEN REALLY CALLED RAOUL BENOIT?
I HAVE NO IDEA.

"AND NOR DOES ANYONE ***ELSE***.

OFFICIALLY, RAOUL BENOIT DOES NOT EXIST, AND NEVER DID. NO ENTRY VISA, NO BIRTH CERTIFICATE, NO SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER, NO ***NOTHING***...

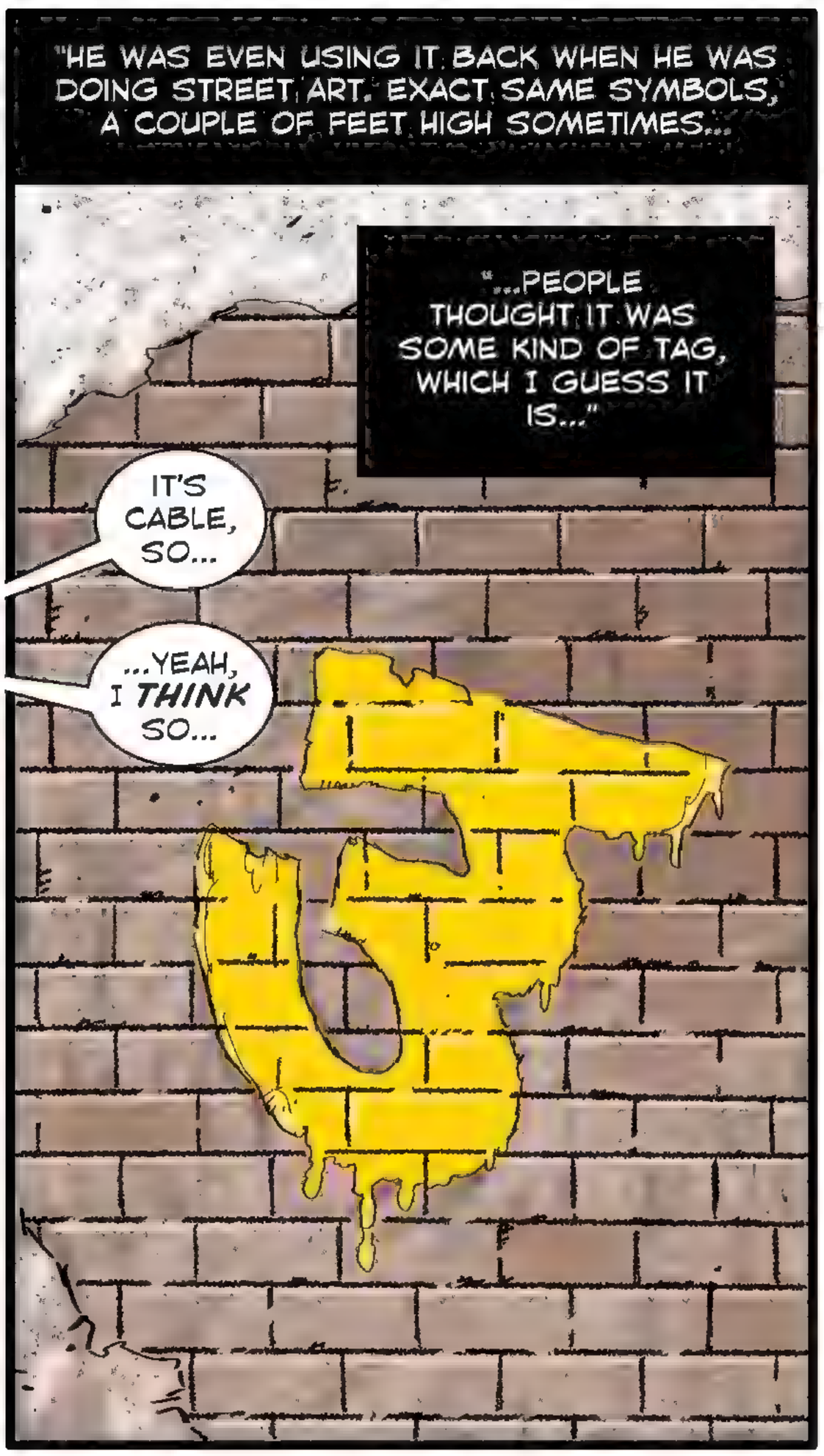
...NOT EVEN A BANK ACCOUNT--BECAUSE GOLIATH ALWAYS INSISTED ON BEING PAID IN ***CASH***."

COOL.

THIS GUY'S A GHOST.

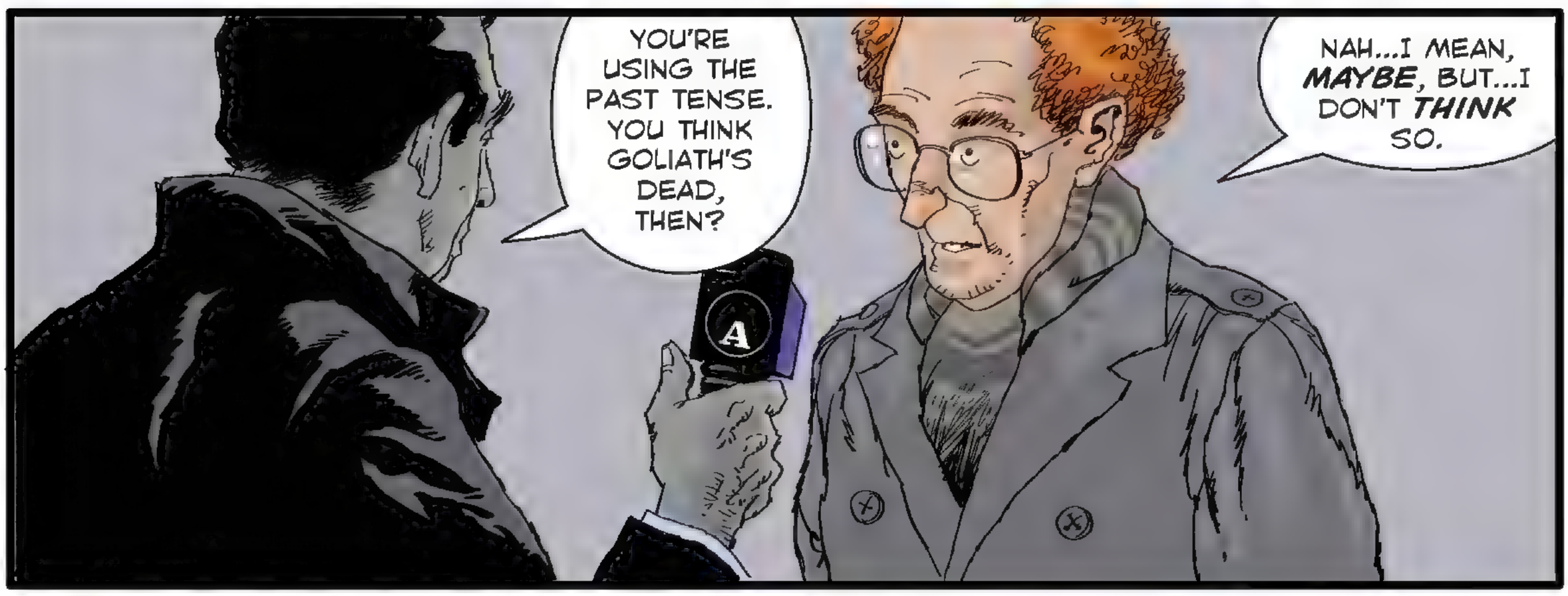
"EVEN HIS ***SIGNATURE*** GIVES NO CLUES.

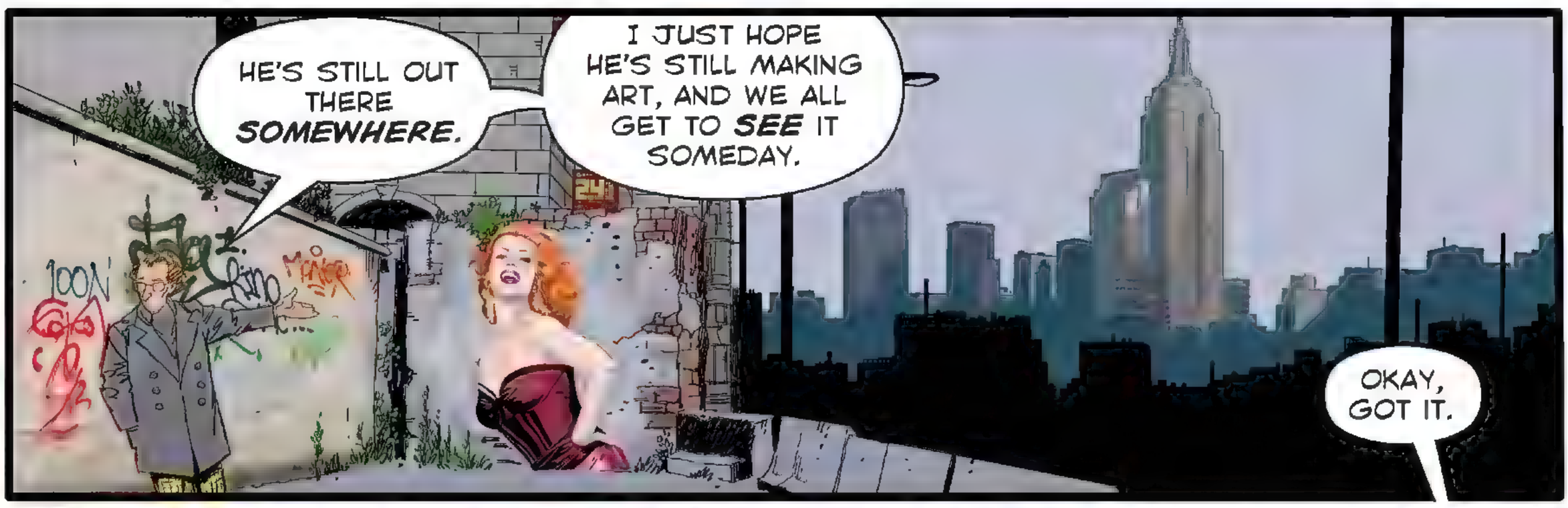
THIS IS IT: NO LETTERS AT ALL, JUST A SEQUENCE OF BIZARRE SYMBOLS SEEMINGLY MADE UP BY GOLIATH HIMSELF."


"HE WAS EVEN USING IT BACK WHEN HE WAS DOING STREET ART. EXACT SAME SYMBOLS, A COUPLE OF FEET HIGH SOMETIMES...
"...PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS SOME KIND OF TAG, WHICH I GUESS IT IS..."
IT'S CABLE, SO...
...YEAH, I THINK SO...

NOW THERE'S PEOPLE THINK IT'S SOME KIND OF CODE.
YOU LOOK ON THE INTERNET, THERE'S ALL KINDS OF CRAZY THEORIES OUT THERE...BUT SO WHAT, Y'KNOW? NONE OF IT MATTERS.

...WHEN I FIND THE DAMN REMOTE.
BUT YOU LOOK AT THIS, YOU CAN SEE THE GUY HAD IT, FOR REAL.
THAT'S WHAT MATTERED. STILL DOES, TOO.


YOU'RE USING THE PAST TENSE. YOU THINK GOLIATH'S DEAD, THEN?
NAH...I MEAN, MAYBE, BUT...I DON'T THINK SO.


HE'S STILL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.
I JUST HOPE HE'S STILL MAKING ART, AND WE ALL GET TO SEE IT SOMEDAY.
OKAY, GOT IT.

NOW, GO BACK... AND PAUSE WHEN YOU GET TO THAT SIGNATURE.

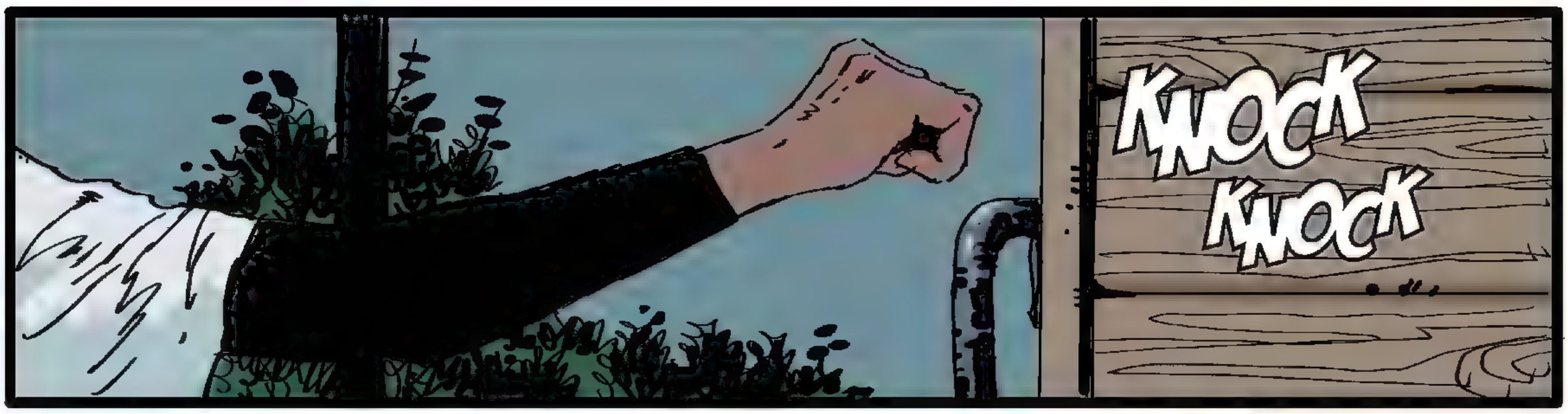
I THOUGHT SO...
YOU CAN READ THIS?

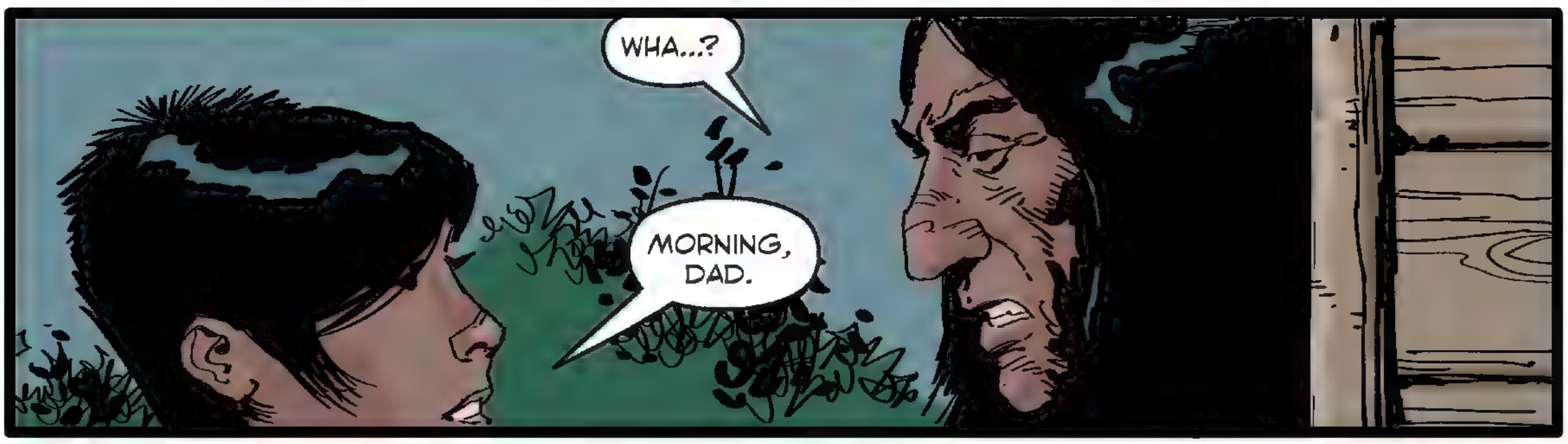
YES...AND UP UNTIL A MINUTE AGO, I WOULD HAVE SWORN I WAS THE ONLY PERSON ON THIS PLANET WHO COULD.
BUT THOSE AREN'T LETTERS. THOSE ARE NUMBERS.

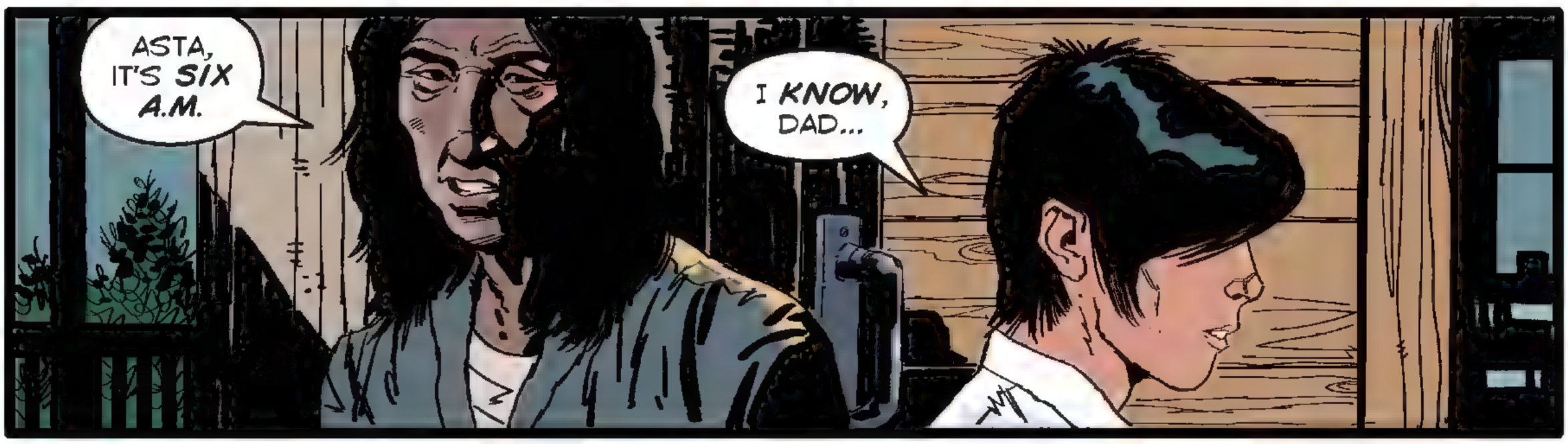
LET'S SEE...

GIMME, GIMME...
LEMME SEE...

TWO ONE TWO SEVEN SEV--
HARRY, I'M PRETTY SURE THIS IS A *PHONE NUMBER*.
A *NEW YORK* PHONE NUMBER.

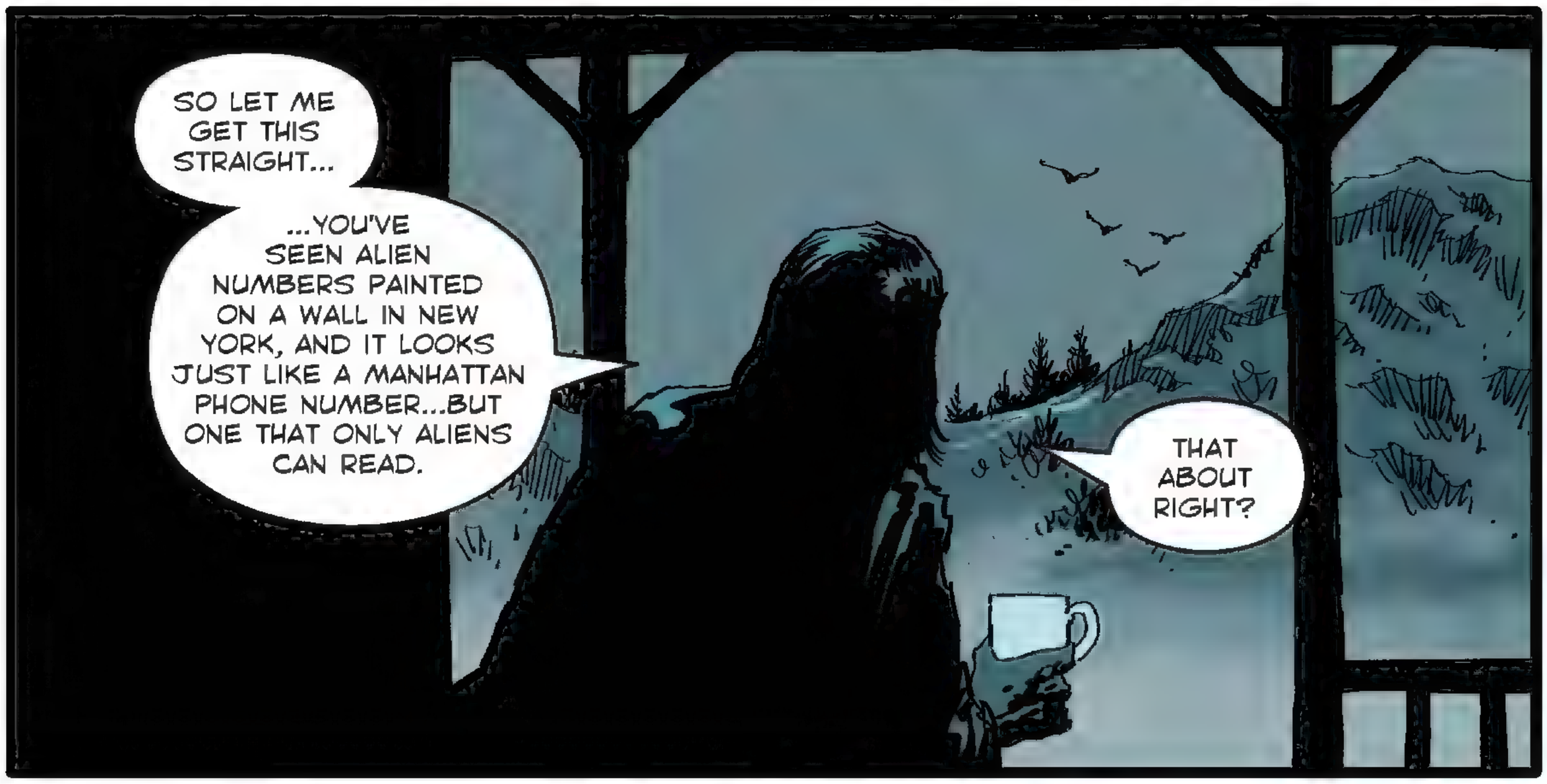

KNOCK
KNOCK


WHA...?
MORNING, DAD.


ASTA, IT'S SIX A.M.
I KNOW, DAD...

...I COULDN'T HOLD HIM OFF ANY LONGER.
I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.

I'LL MAKE COFFEE.
THEN I'M OUT OF HERE.


SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT...
...YOU'VE SEEN ALIEN NUMBERS PAINTED ON A WALL IN NEW YORK, AND IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A MANHATTAN PHONE NUMBER...BUT ONE THAT ONLY ALIENS CAN READ.
THAT ABOUT RIGHT?

YES.
SO THIS GUY'S LIKE YOU?

NOT FROM THE LOOK OF HIM--FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS I'VE SEEN HE COULD PASS FOR HUMAN FAR MORE EASILY THAN I COULD...
...BUT THERE ARE *MANY* RACES WHO SPEAK THAT LANGUAGE, AND SOME OF THEM MIGHT FIT THE BILL.

SO THIS IS SOME KIND OF...INTERGALACTIC LANGUAGE YOU USE FOR BUSINESS AND STUFF?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

ANYWAY, ASTA *INSISTED* I TALK TO *YOU* BEFORE I TRIED CALLING IT.

ASTA'S A CLEVER GIRL.

YOU THINK I SHOULDN'T CALL IT?
WHY?

LOOK, THIS GUY DISAPPEARED TWENTY YEARS AGO, YOU SAID.
YES.

COULD BE DEAD, YOU SAID. SO WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS NUMBER STILL WORKS? IT'S PROBABLY BEEN DISCONNECTED.

THEN THERE'S NO HARM IN TRYING, IS THERE?
AND WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO GAIN?

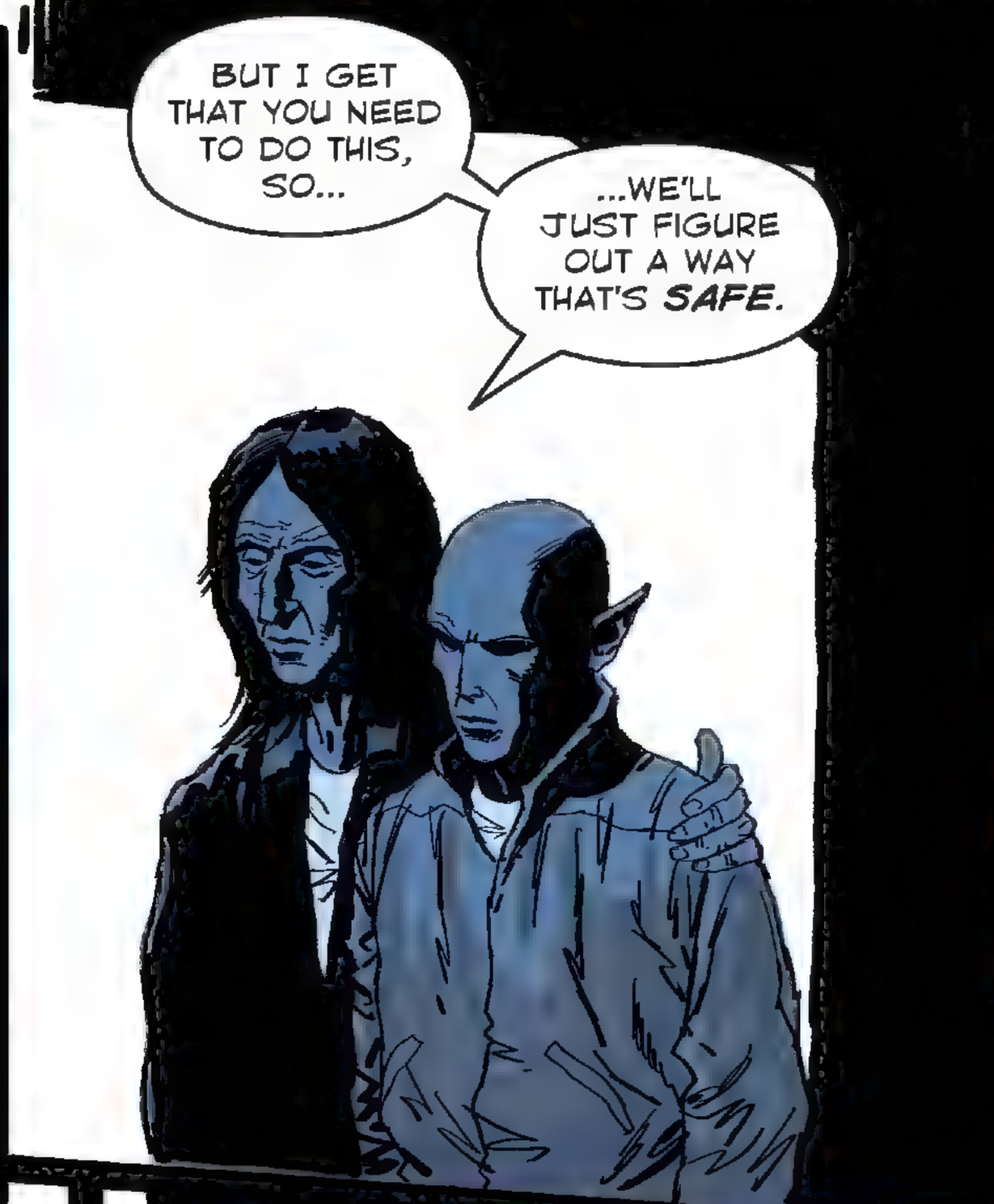
I... DON'T KNOW.
INFORMATION, MAYBE. SOMETHING THAT MIGHT...HELP ME IN SOME WAY.

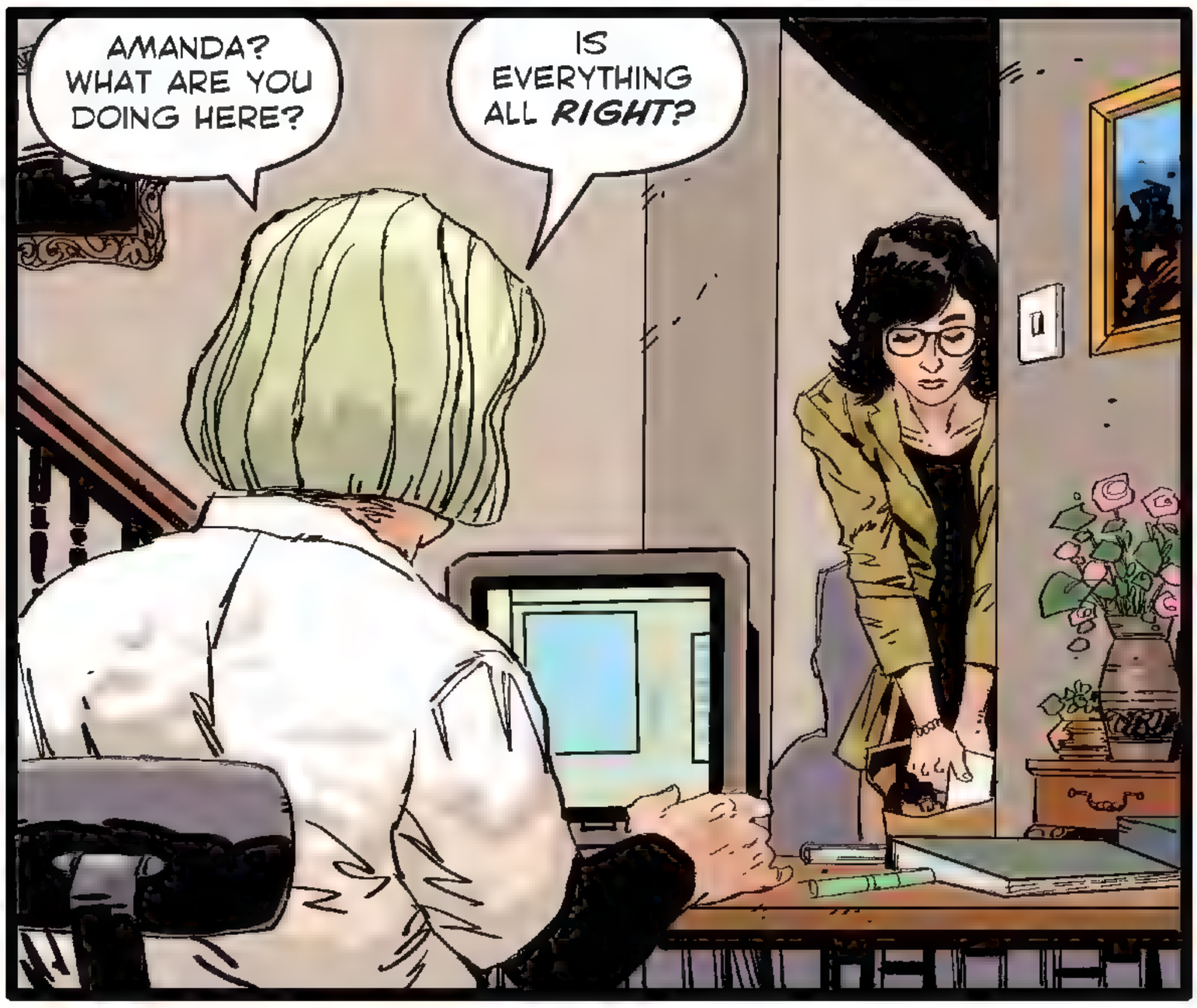
LOOK, MAYBE IT'S A DEAD END, BUT IT'LL DRIVE ME CRAZY IF I DON'T AT LEAST *TRY* TO FIND OUT.

SUPPOSE SOMEONE ANSWERS.
HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S NOT A *TRAP?*

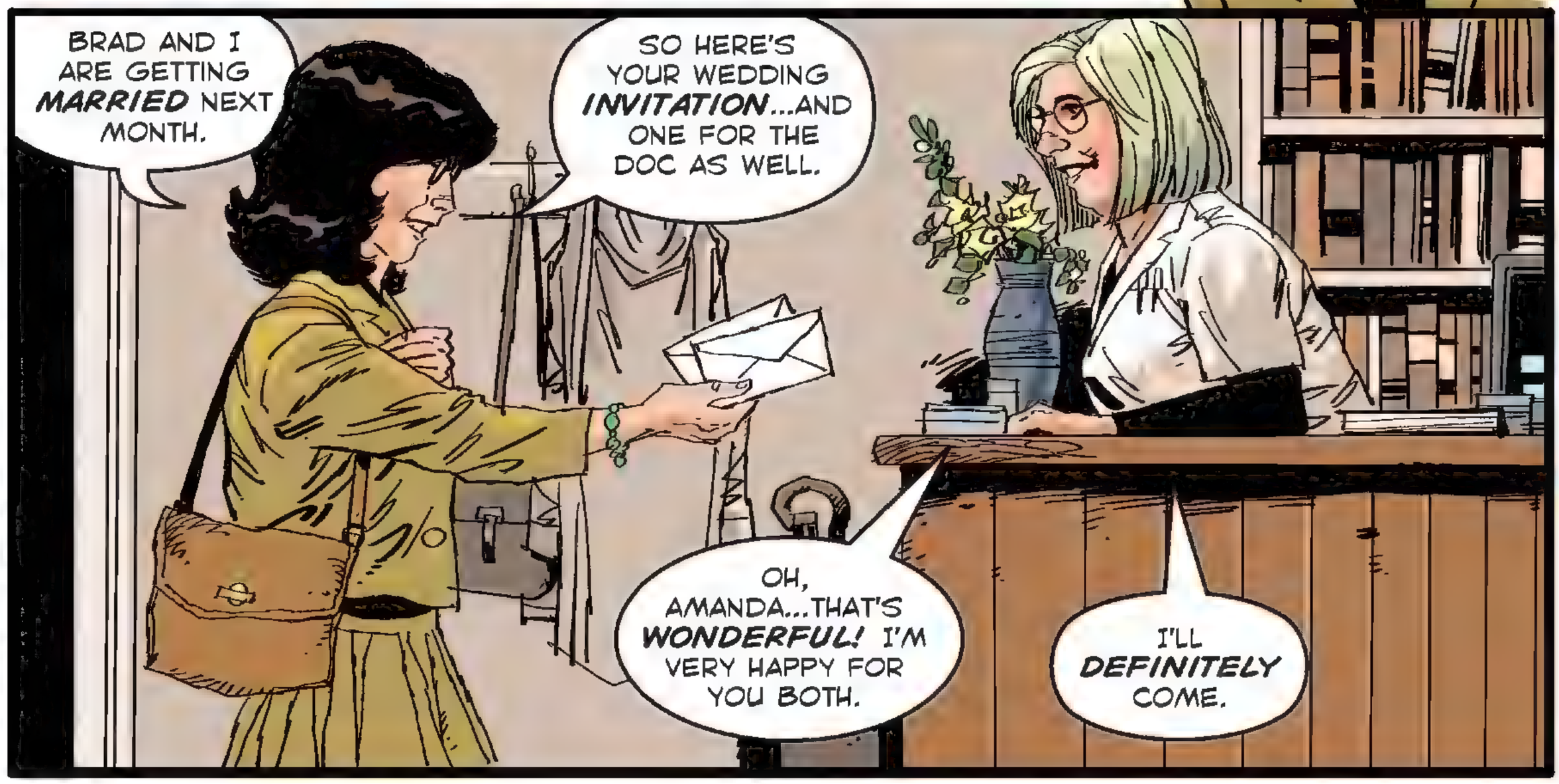
THAT'S CRAZY.
HOW *COULD* IT BE A TRAP?

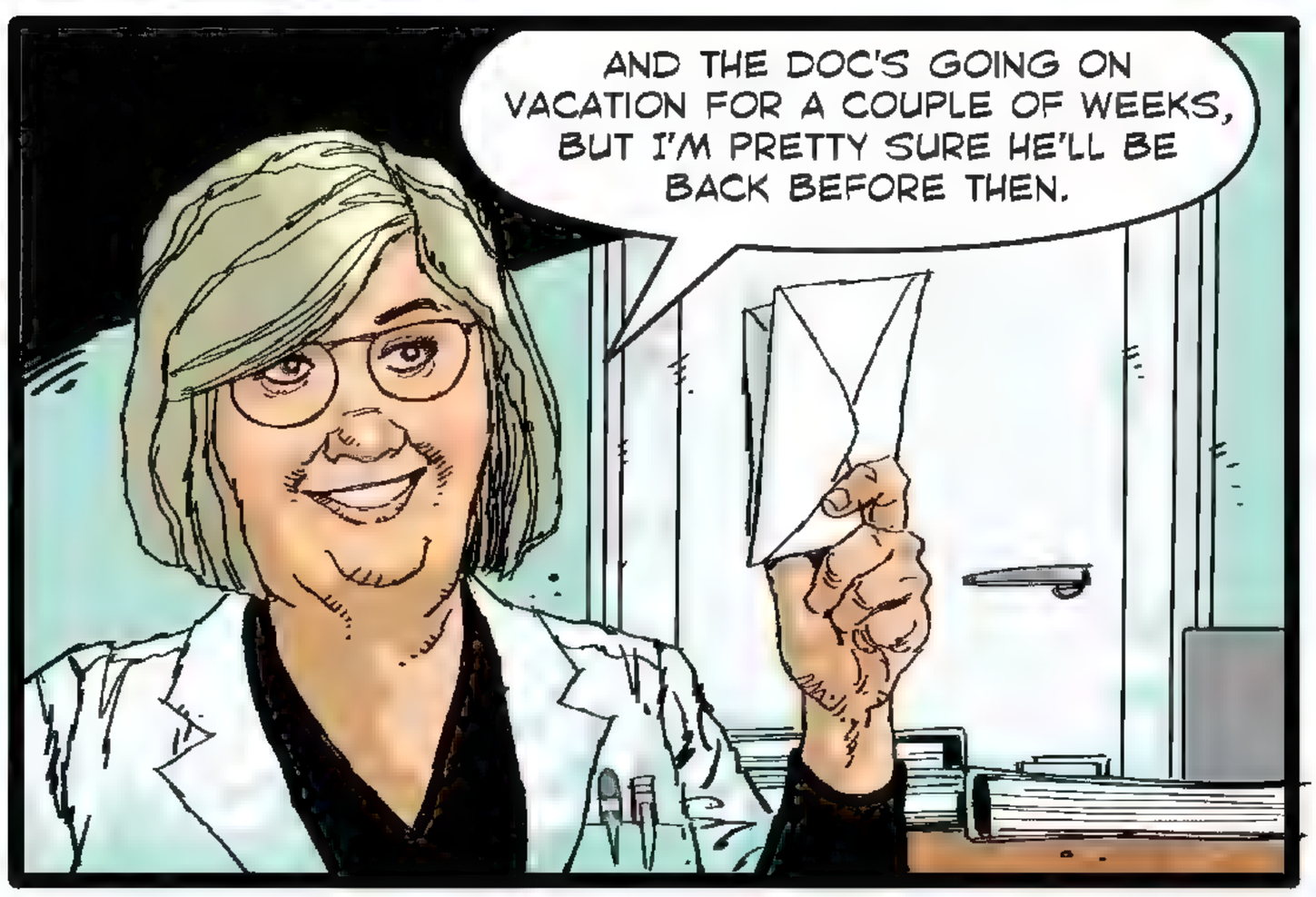
THE GUY DISAPPEARED.
MAYBE THE PEOPLE WHO ARE SO INTERESTED IN YOU ALSO...*DISAPPEARED* HIM. THEY COULD BE SITTING BY A PHONE RIGHT NOW, JUST WAITING FOR SOMEONE LIKE *YOU* TO CALL.


BUT I GET THAT YOU NEED TO DO THIS, SO...
...WE'LL JUST FIGURE OUT A WAY THAT'S *SAFE.*


AMANDA? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
IS EVERYTHING ALL *RIGHT?*

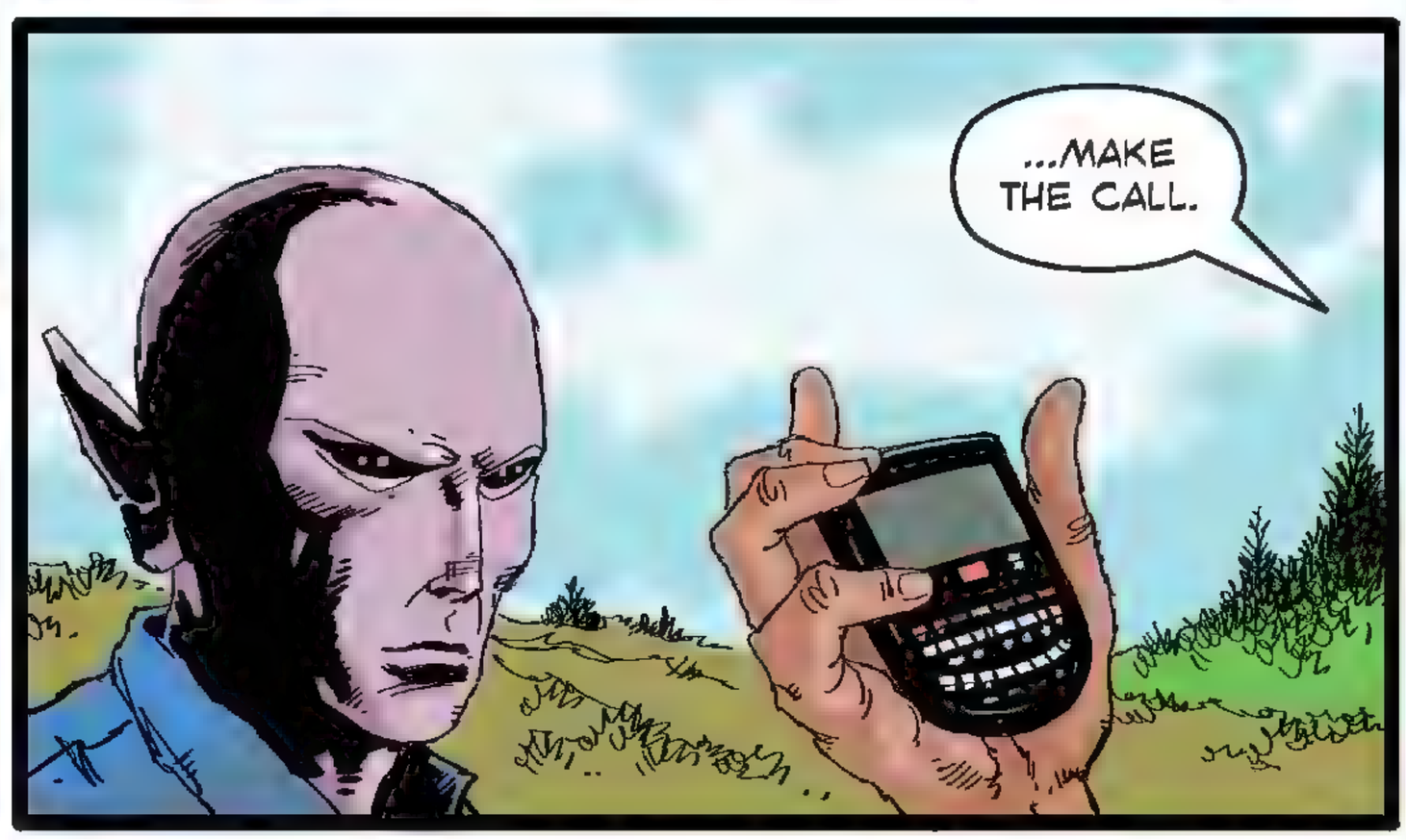
YES, YES, YES.
I'M *FINE*. IT'S JUST...
...I HAVE SOME *NEWS*.


BRAD AND I ARE GETTING *MARRIED* NEXT MONTH.
SO HERE'S YOUR WEDDING *INVITATION*...AND ONE FOR THE DOC AS WELL.
OH, AMANDA...THAT'S *WONDERFUL!* I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU BOTH.
I'LL *DEFINITELY* COME.


AND THE DOC'S GOING ON VACATION FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE HE'LL BE BACK BEFORE THEN.

GEE, I *HOPE* SO.
HONEY WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF HE WASN'T THERE.

WELL, THIS IS CERTAINLY THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

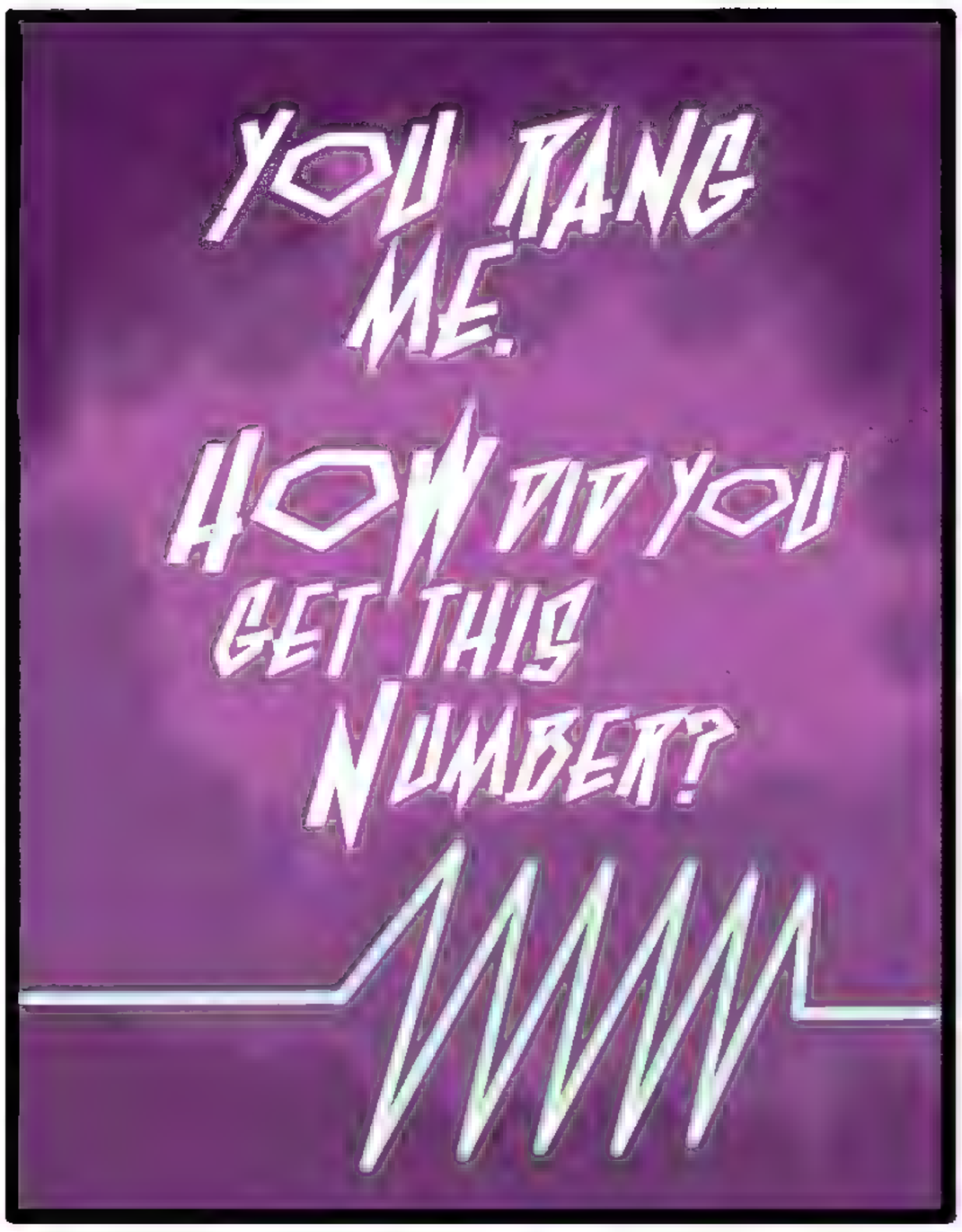


IT WAS VOICEMAIL...JUST "PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE."
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO SO I HUNG UP.

SHOULD I CALL BACK AND SAY SOMETHING? WHAT COULD I SAY?
WELL, I GUESS YOU--

Bring

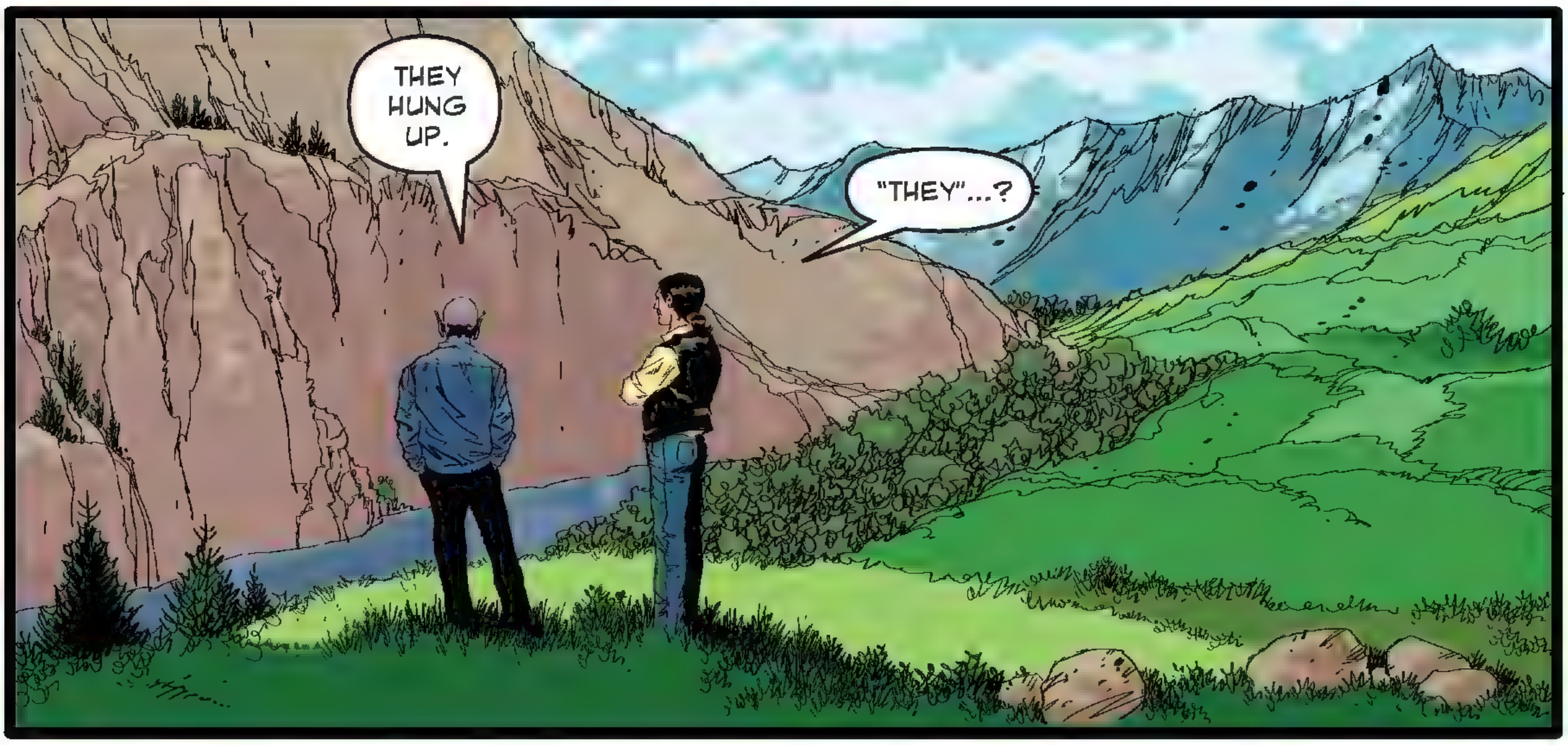
GO AHEAD.
Bring
Bring
ANSWER IT.


YOU RANG ME.
HOW DID YOU GET THIS NUMBER?

I... SAW IT.
IN A PAINTING.

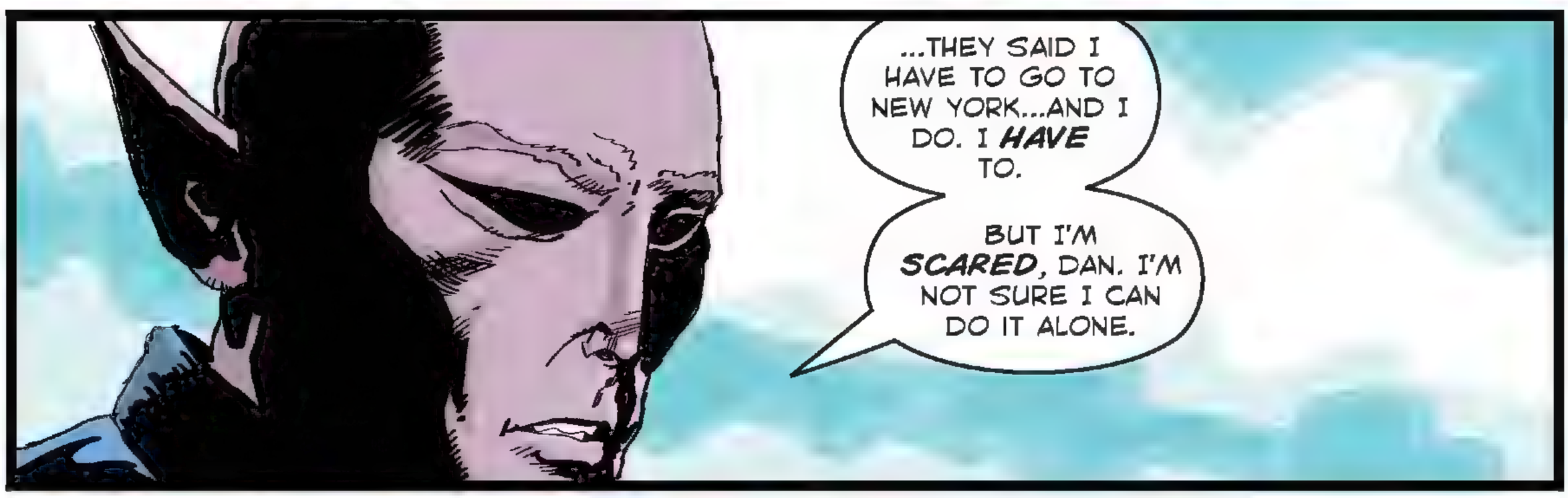
HELLO?
HELLO? ARE YOU STILL THERE?

WE NEED TO TALK. CALL ME AGAIN WHEN YOU GET TO NEW YORK.


THEY HUNG UP.
"THEY"...?

I COULDN'T TELL.
THE VOICE WAS KIND OF... ELECTRONIC.

LIKE THAT MACHINE STEPHEN HAWKING USES.
YOU'RE SURE IT WAS AN ACTUAL PERSON?
YES. AND THEY SAID...


...THEY SAID I HAVE TO GO TO NEW YORK...AND I DO. I *HAVE* TO.
BUT I'M *SCARED*, DAN. I'M NOT SURE I CAN DO IT ALONE.

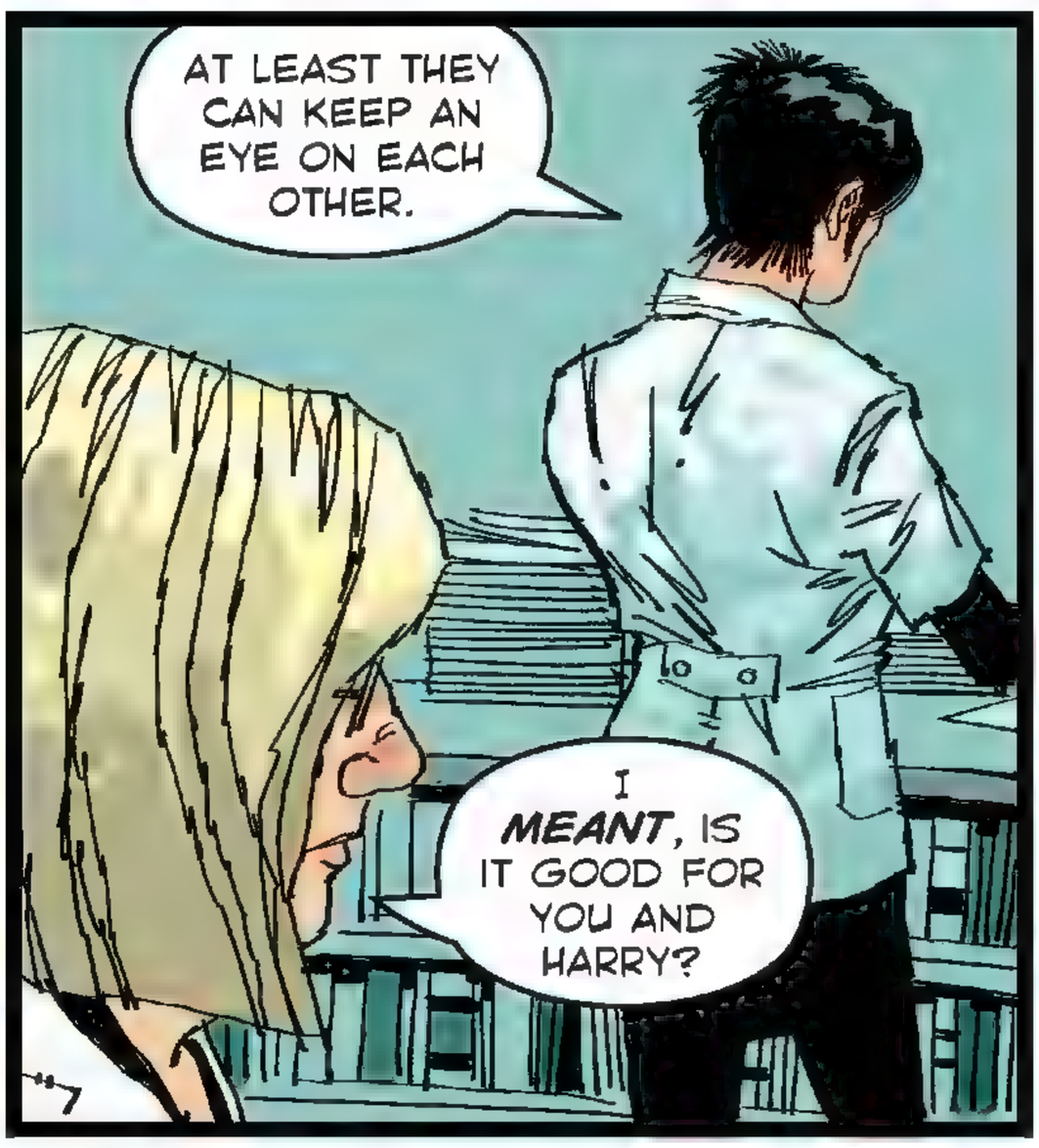
THEN I'LL COME WITH YOU.

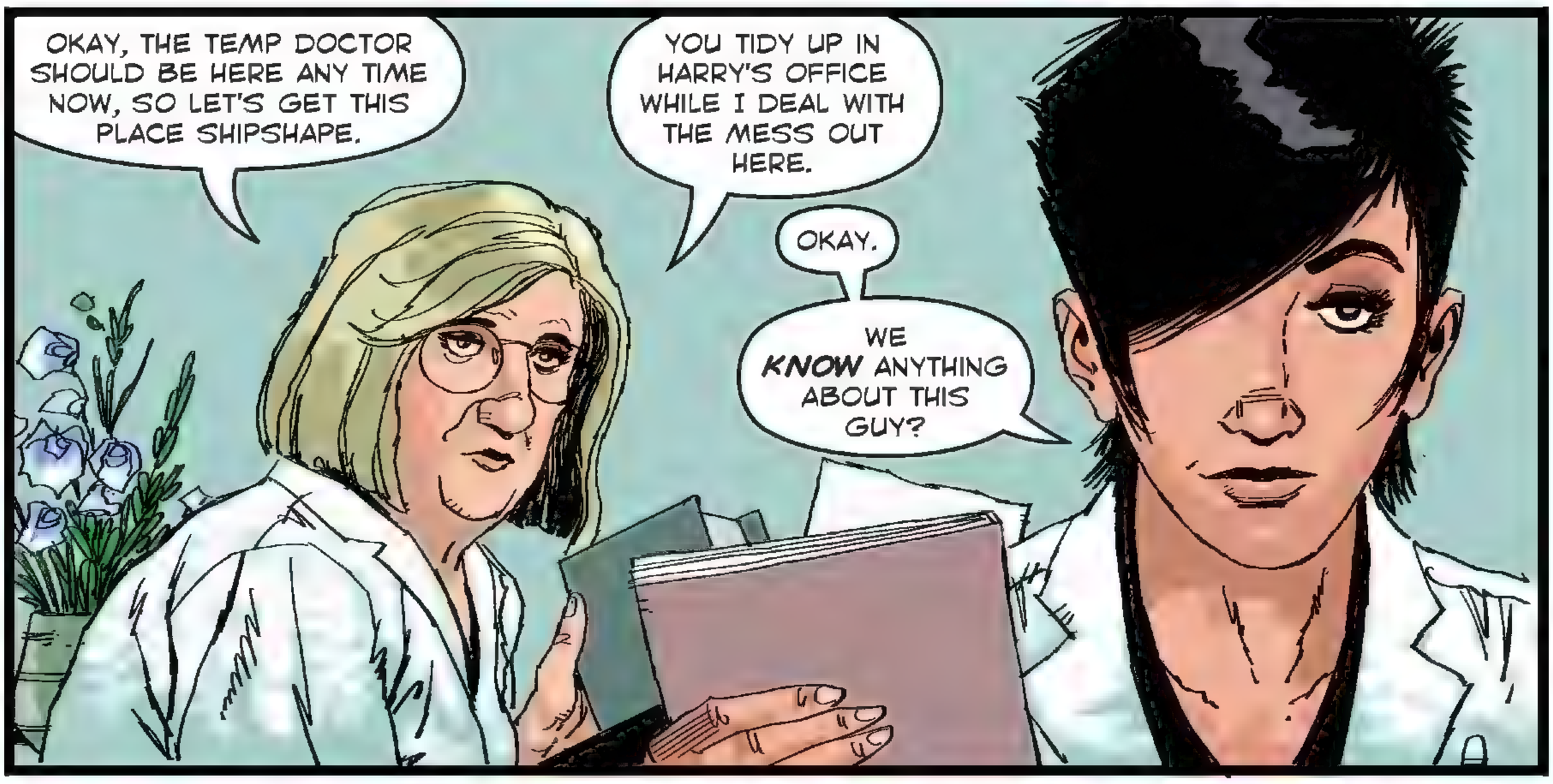
THANK YOU.

SO HARRY'S GONE AWAY WITH YOUR DAD?

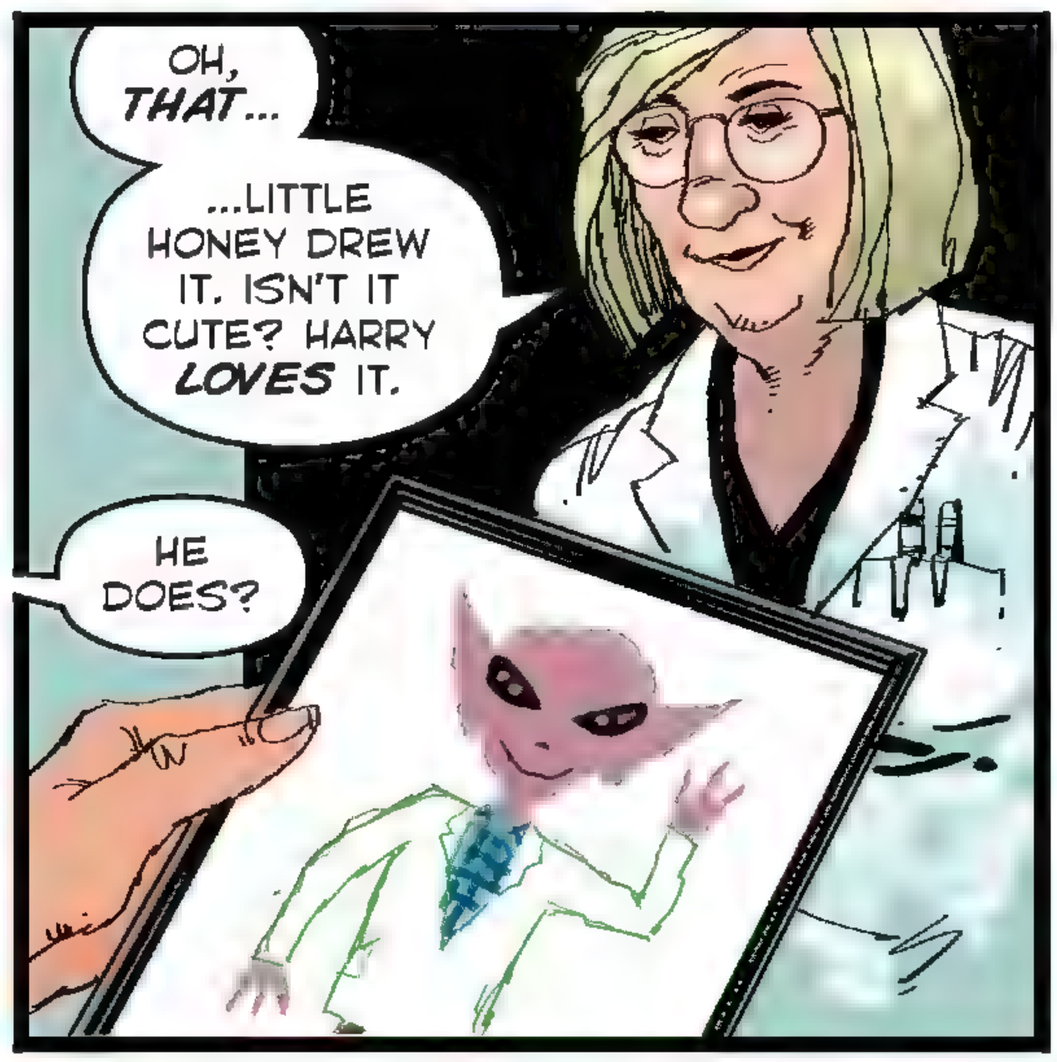
IS THAT A *GOOD* THING?

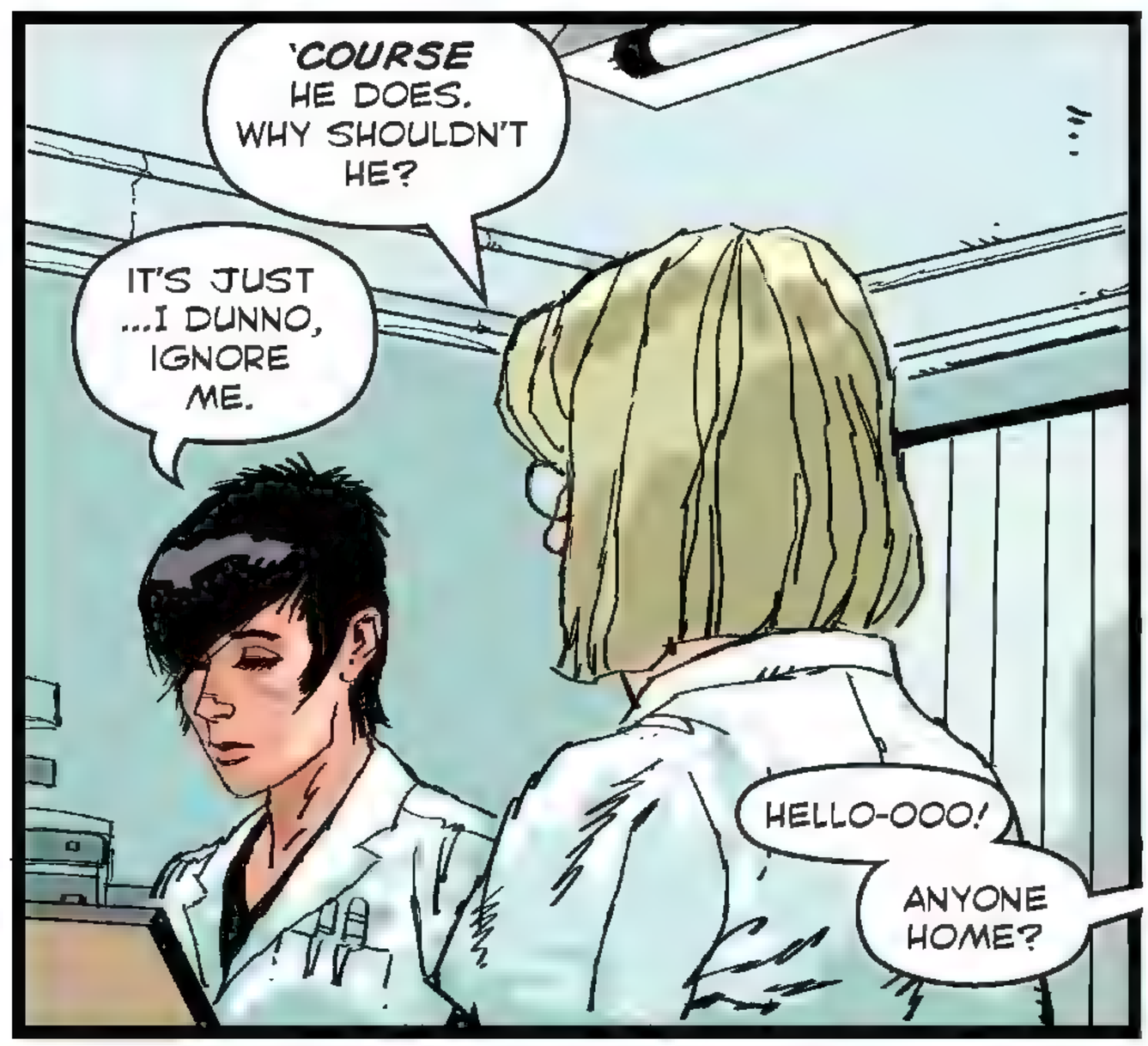
DAMNED IF I KNOW.




OKAY, THE TEMP DOCTOR SHOULD BE HERE ANY TIME NOW, SO LET'S GET THIS PLACE SHIPSHAPE.
YOU TIDY UP IN HARRY'S OFFICE WHILE I DEAL WITH THE MESS OUT HERE.
OKAY.
WE *KNOW* ANYTHING ABOUT THIS GUY?

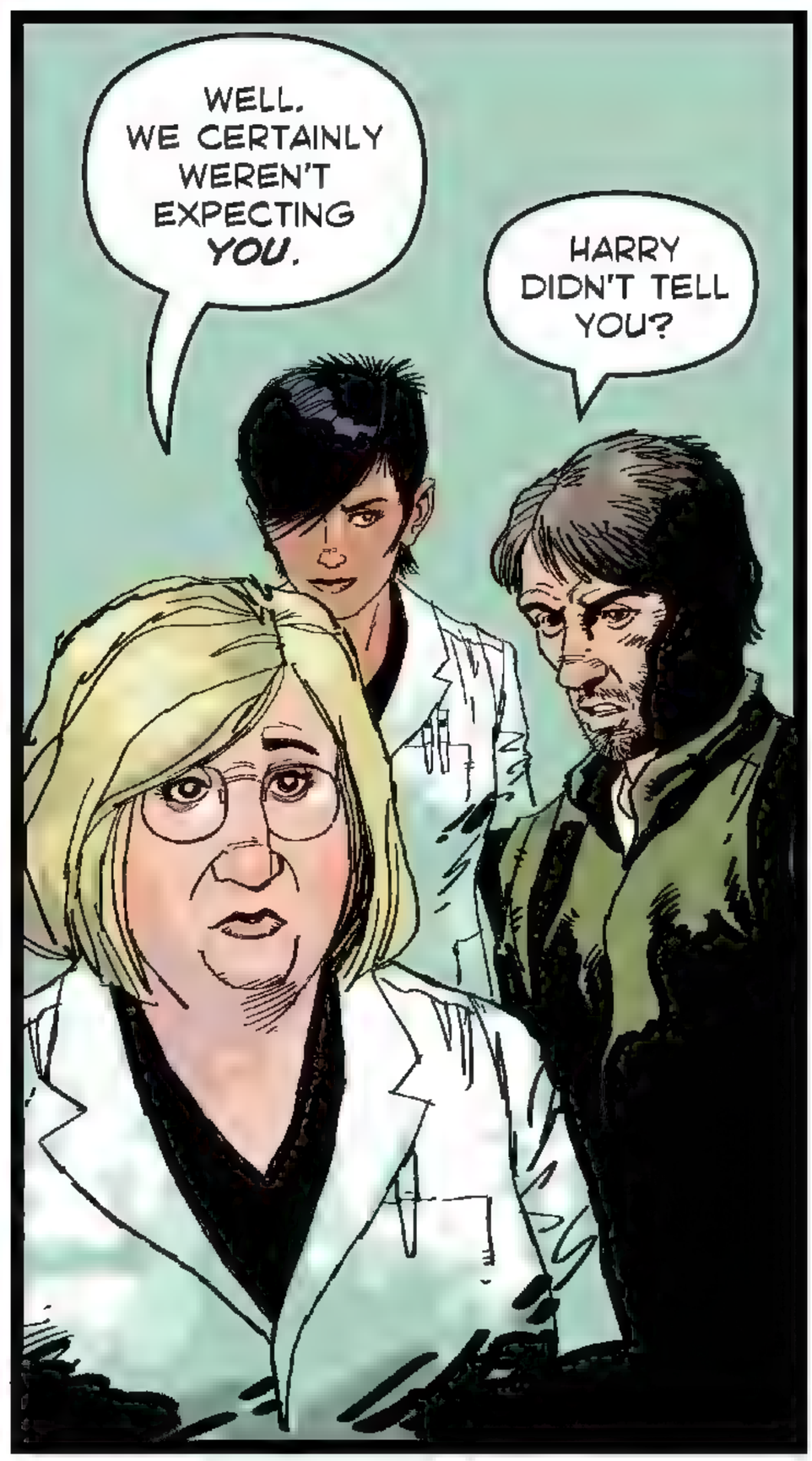
NOT A THING. HARRY JUST SAID HE'D TAKEN CARE OF IT. IT CAN'T BE WORSE THAN THE *LAST* ONE, ANYWAY.
ELLEN, WHAT *IS* THIS?
WHAT'S WHAT?


OH, *THAT*...
...LITTLE HONEY DREW IT. ISN'T IT CUTE? HARRY *LOVES* IT.
HE DOES?


'COURSE HE DOES. WHY SHOULDN'T HE?
IT'S JUST ...I DUNNO, IGNORE ME.
HELLO-OOO!
ANYONE HOME?

IT *COULDN'T* BE.
HARRY WOULDN'T *DO* THAT TO US.

HEY, LADIES...
...HOW'S IT GOIN'?
ETHAN.


WELL. WE CERTAINLY WEREN'T EXPECTING YOU.
HARRY DIDN'T TELL YOU?

THE AGENCY LET HIM DOWN, AND I KIND OF OWED HIM A FAVOR, SO...
...HERE I AM.

HEY, IT'S ONLY TWO WEEKS.
IT'LL BE FUN.

OR NOT.

HARRY, WAKE UP.

WUH?
FIGURED YOU SHOULD SEE THIS.

IMPRESSIVE...

...AND TERRIFYING.
GET YOUR STUFF TOGETHER.
WE'LL BE GOING INTO A TUNNEL SOON, AND THEN WE'RE *THERE*.

"FIRST DAY, I SEE THIS THING HANGING OFF THE EMPIRE STATE, LOOKS LIKE A GIANT GARBAGE SACK.

"TURNS OUT IT WAS THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF *KING KONG*, AND THIS THING WAS A HUGE INFLATABLE *GORILLA*.

"BUT IT TOOK 'EM A COUPLE OF DAYS TO GET IT *UP*, SO TO SPEAK...

"...AND THEN THEY *DID*, AND IT BROUGHT TRAFFIC TO A HALT."

ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT KIND OF SUMMED UP NEW YORK. IT'S NUTS, BUT SOMEHOW THEY MAKE IT ALL WORK.
HEY, YOU OKAY?
ƎUH UHƎ

BREATHE SLOWLY, HARRY.
YOU'RE HAVING A PANIC ATTACK.

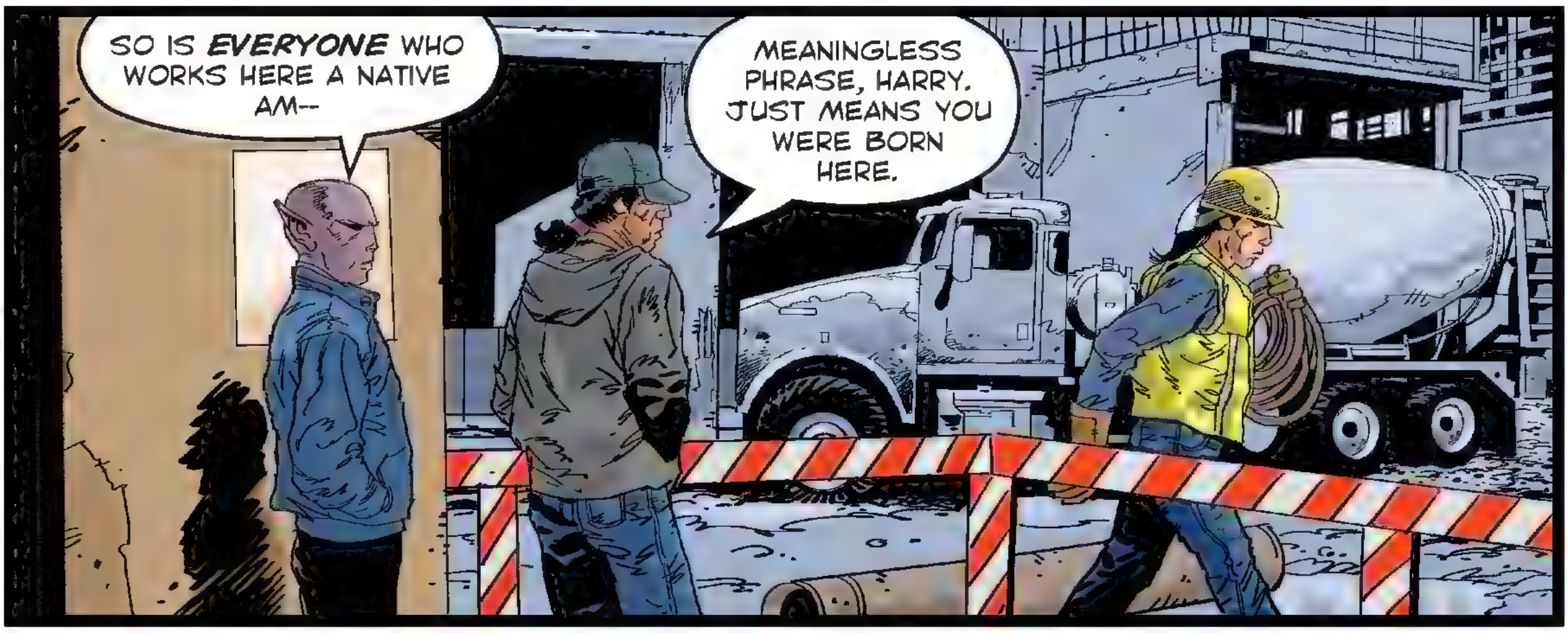
I'M-- ƎHURRƎ
OKAY. JUST ƎHURRƎ STRESSED.

SO MANY PEOPLE, SO MUCH... NOISE.
I'M SORRY.
THAT'S OKAY. SOME PROPER FOOD AND SOME SLEEP, YOU'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER.
WE'LL TAKE ALL THIS AT A REAL SLOW PACE, AND YOU'LL BE FINE, YOU'LL SEE.

BUT IN THE MORNING, WE HAVE A SOCIAL CALL TO MAKE.

UP THERE?
YEAH, BUT HE'LL BE DOWN SOON.

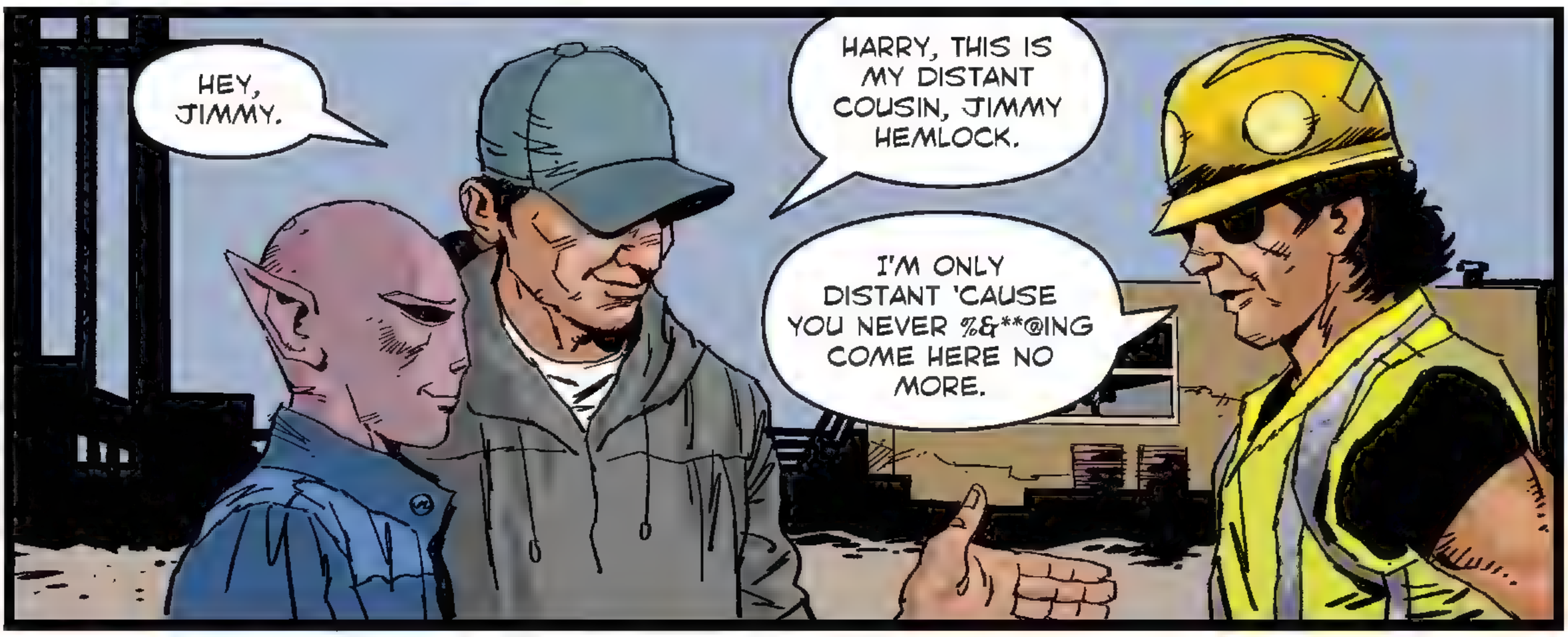
"I TOLD HIM WE'D BE HERE AROUND NOW."

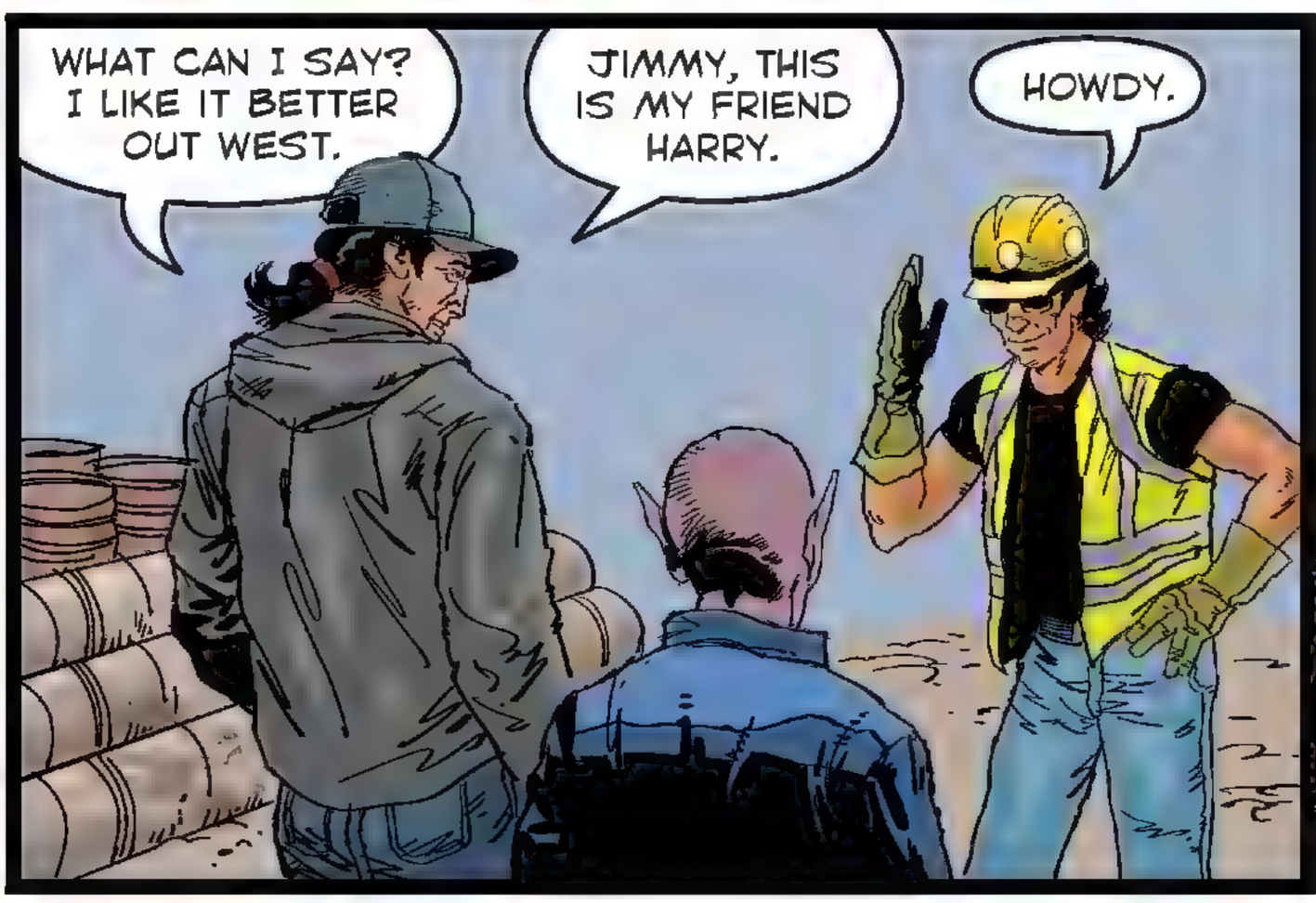

SO IS EVERYONE WHO WORKS HERE A NATIVE AM--
MEANINGLESS PHRASE, HARRY. JUST MEANS YOU WERE BORN HERE.

OH, SO WHAT SHOULD I CALL YOU?
SOME PEOPLE LIKE "FIRST NATIONS"...
...BUT MOST OF US ARE OKAY WITH "INDIAN."
IT AIN'T EXACTLY ACCURATE, BUT WE CAN LIVE WITH IT.

BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, YEAH...
...THE GUYS WHO WORK THE HIGH STEEL ARE MOHAWKS, MOSTLY ...HEIGHT DOESN'T BOTHER 'EM.

SKYWALKERS, THEY CALL US.
JUST LIKE LUKE.


HEY, JIMMY.
HARRY, THIS IS MY DISTANT COUSIN, JIMMY HEMLOCK.
I'M ONLY DISTANT 'CAUSE YOU NEVER %&**@ING COME HERE NO MORE.


WHAT CAN I SAY? I LIKE IT BETTER OUT WEST.
JIMMY, THIS IS MY FRIEND HARRY.
HOWDY.

SO... WHAT IS IT THAT YOU GUYS NEED?

HARRY HERE'S GOT A ***MEETING*** WITH SOMEONE...
...SOMEONE HE'S NEVER MET. COULD BE THEY'RE ON THE LEVEL, COULD ALSO BE THEY'RE ***NOT***.

SO YOU NEED A BODYGUARD?
AT A DISTANCE, YEAH.

WE'D NEED YOU TO CHECK THE PLACE OUT IN ADVANCE, WATCH ALL THE EXITS WHILE HE'S IN THERE, GENERALLY STAKE THE PLACE OUT.

MEANWHILE YOU'RE WHERE?
I'LL BE WAITING OUTSIDE, TOO.
ALSO, WE'LL NEED YOU TO GET US ***OUT*** OF THERE IF THINGS TURN BAD, ***AND*** SHAKE OFF ANYONE TRYING TO FOLLOW US.

DAN, ALL THIS SOUNDS SO ...MELODRAMATIC.
IS IT ***REALLY*** NECESSARY?

YEAH, I THINK SO.
IT REALLY IS.

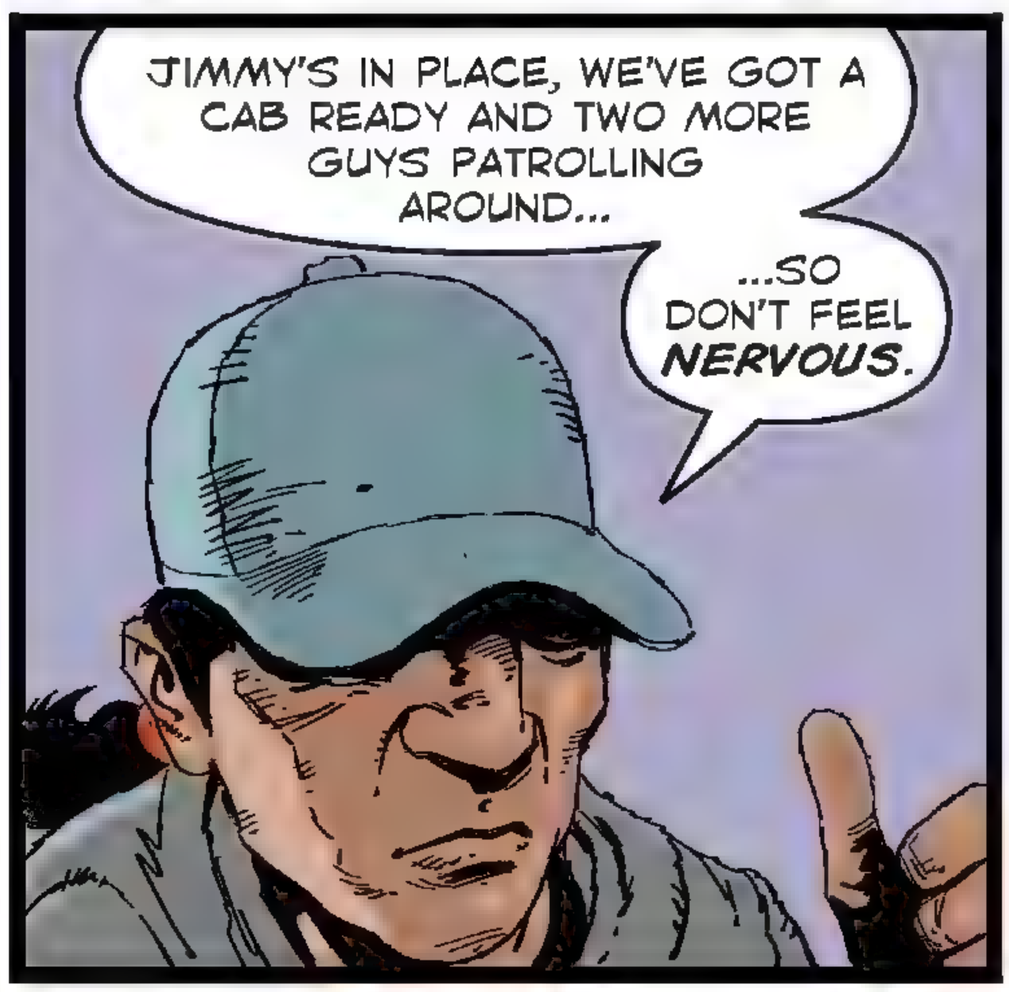
NOT A PROBLEM.
I'LL NEED FOUR GUYS, INCLUDING ME. FAMILY RATES, BUT CASH UP FRONT, OKAY?

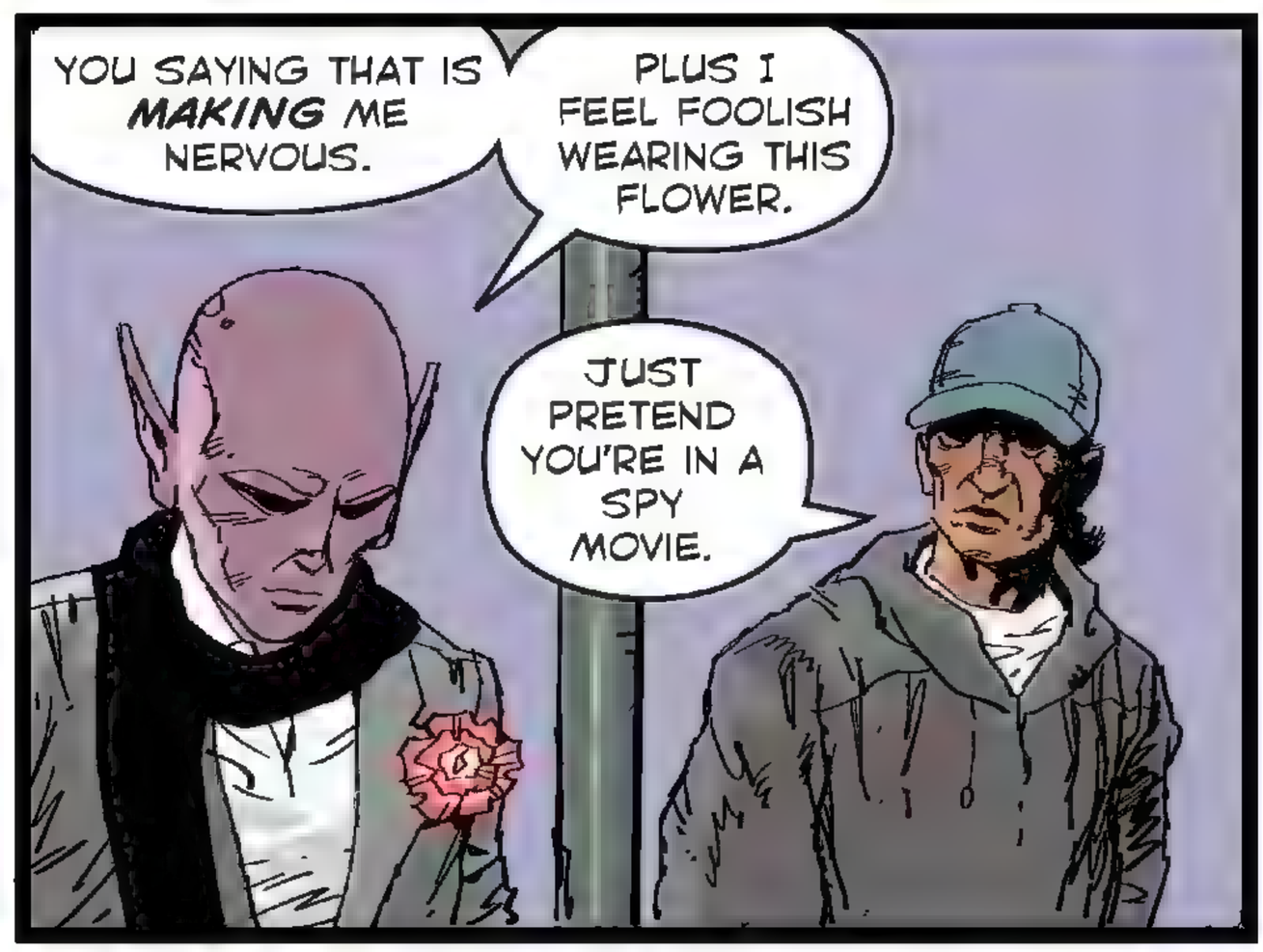
HERE.
LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED MORE.
OKAY...
...SO WHEN AND WHERE IS THIS THING GOING DOWN?

WE DON'T KNOW YET.
HARRY, IT'S TIME. GO SET UP YOUR MEETING.

HELLO? I CALLED BEFORE.
I'M IN NEW YORK NOW.

IT'S EARLY, SO IT'S QUIET.
THAT'S GOOD. AND WITH ALL THOSE WINDOWS, WE CAN EASILY KEEP AN EYE ON YOU.


JIMMY'S IN PLACE, WE'VE GOT A CAB READY AND TWO MORE GUYS PATROLLING AROUND...
...SO DON'T FEEL NERVOUS.


YOU SAYING THAT IS MAKING ME NERVOUS.
PLUS I FEEL FOOLISH WEARING THIS FLOWER.
JUST PRETEND YOU'RE IN A SPY MOVIE.

NOT HELPFUL, DAN...
...SPIES GET SHOT.

YOU'RE WEARING THE FLOWER, BUT...
...YOU'RE NOT WHAT I EXPECTED.

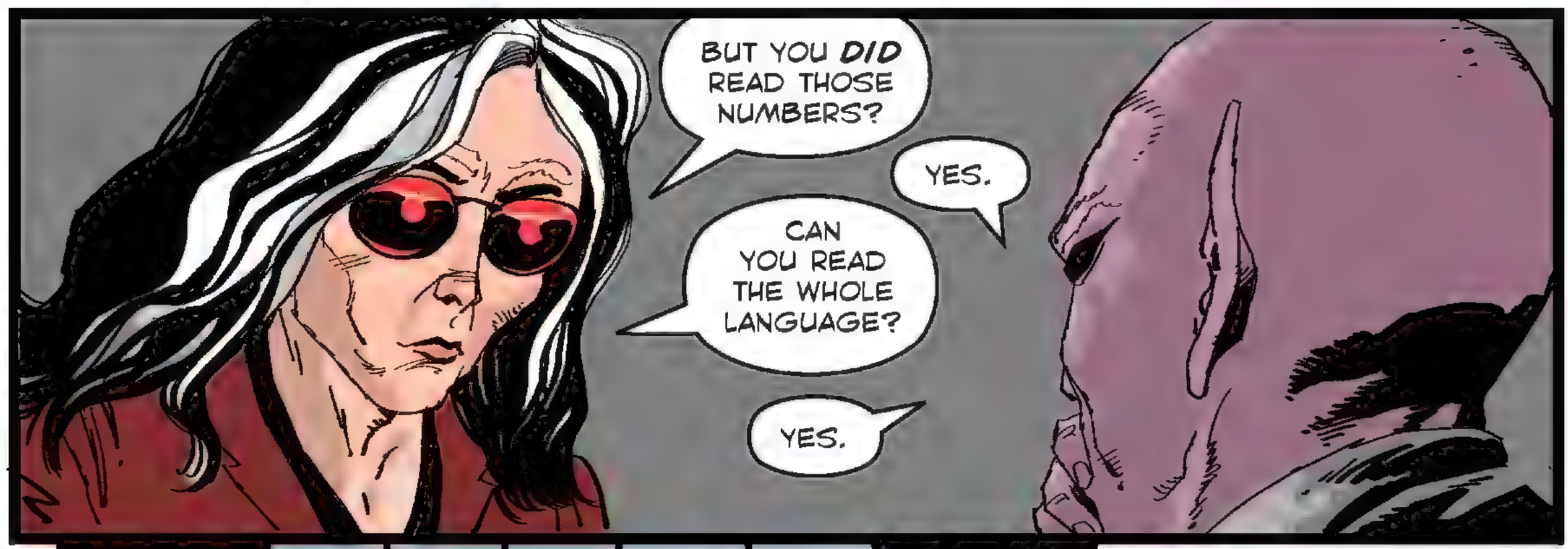
YOU'RE NOT...LIKE *HIM*.

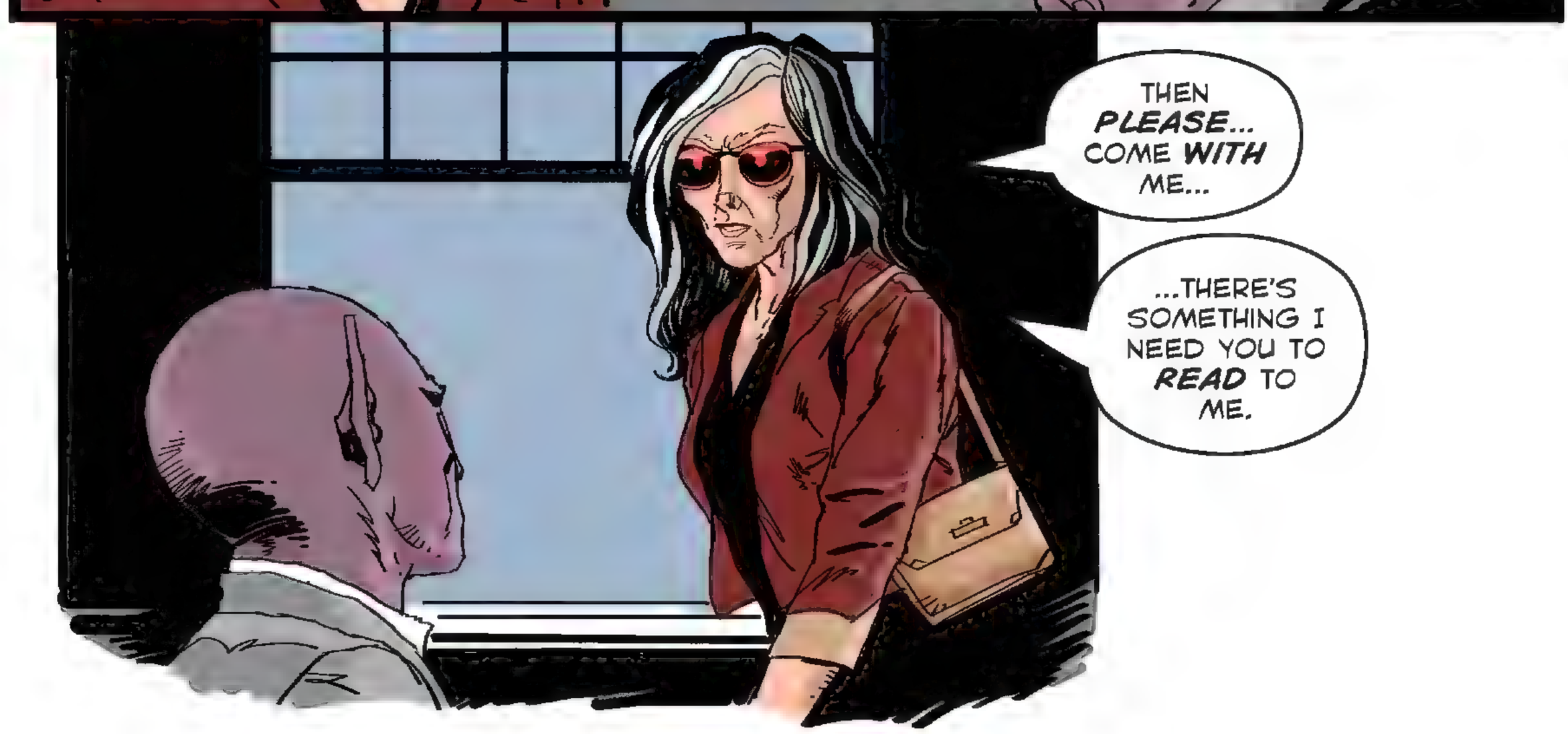
NO, BUT WE'RE... *SIMILAR* IN SOME WAYS.
I *KNOW* YOU. YOU WERE IN A DOCUMENTARY I SAW.
ABOUT HIM, YES. HE WAS MY FRIEND.
HOW DO I KNOW I CAN *TRUST* YOU?

HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST *YOU?*

LOOK, I JUST WANT TO LEARN WHAT I CAN ABOUT HIM--OR *FROM* HIM--BECAUSE IT MIGHT HELP WITH...MY *OWN* SITUATION.

THEN YOU *ARE* FROM ...SOMEWHERE ELSE...
...LIKE HIM?
ER...


BUT YOU *DID* READ THOSE NUMBERS?
YES.
CAN YOU READ THE WHOLE LANGUAGE?
YES.


THEN *PLEASE*... COME *WITH* ME...
...THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED YOU TO *READ* TO ME.

30
30
NYC TAXI

I CAN'T SEE WHAT FLOOR THE ELEVATOR STOPPED AT.

LIGHT JUST CAME ON UP THERE.
FOURTH FLOOR.

CHARLIE, GO CHECK IF THERE'S A BACK ENTRANCE.
ON IT.

JOHN, GET BACK IN THE CAB IN CASE WE HAVE TO MOVE QUICK.

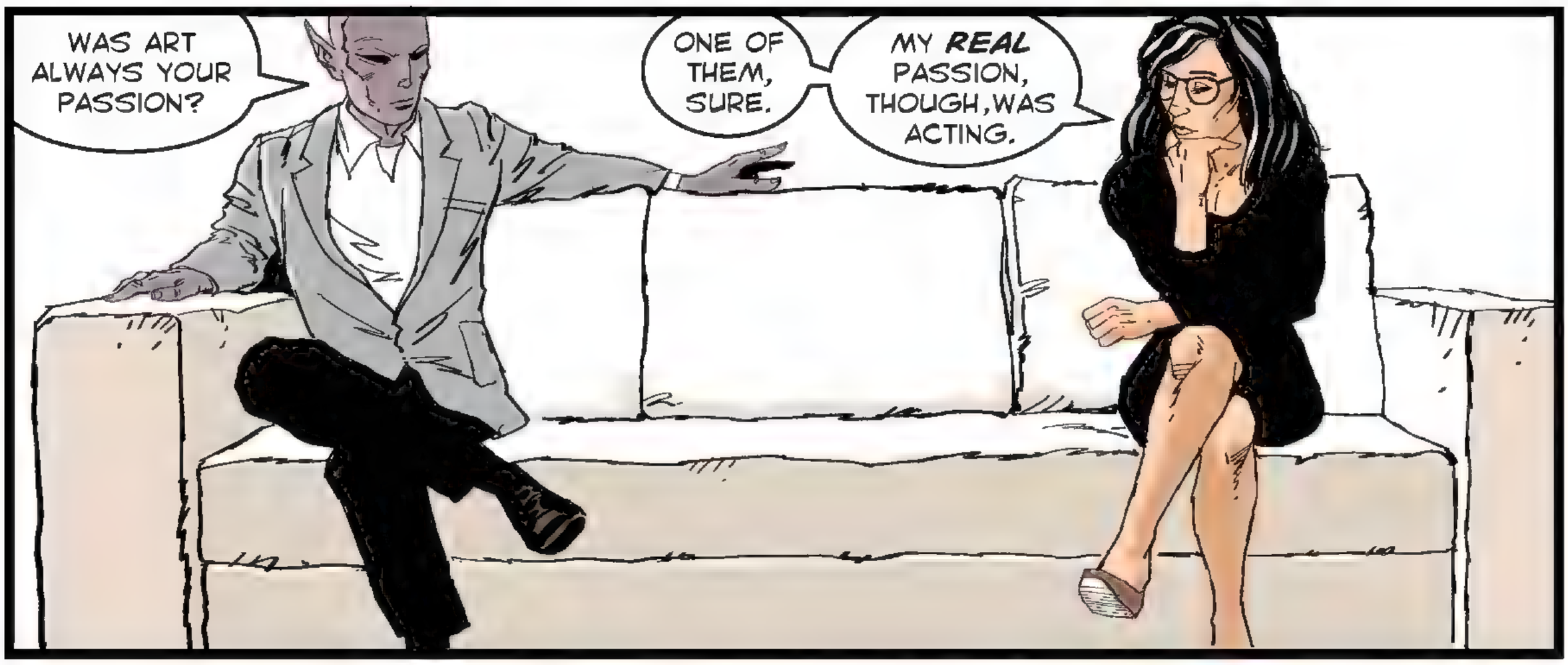
WHAT NOW?
WE WAIT.
IF HE'S NOT OUT IN AN HOUR, WE GO *IN*.

DRINK?
SPARKLING WATER, IF YOU HAVE ANY.

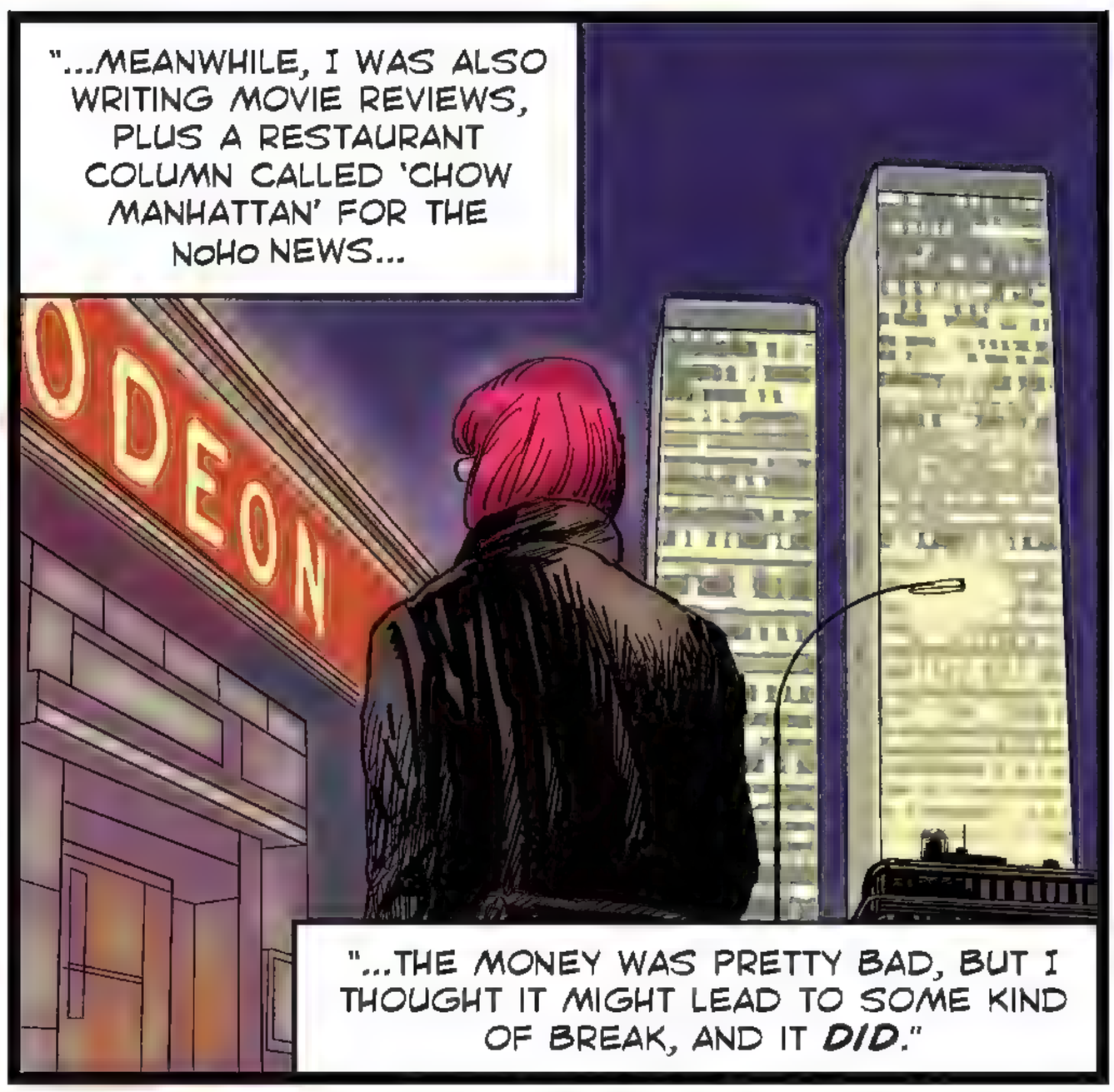
OF COURSE.
GRAB A SEAT.

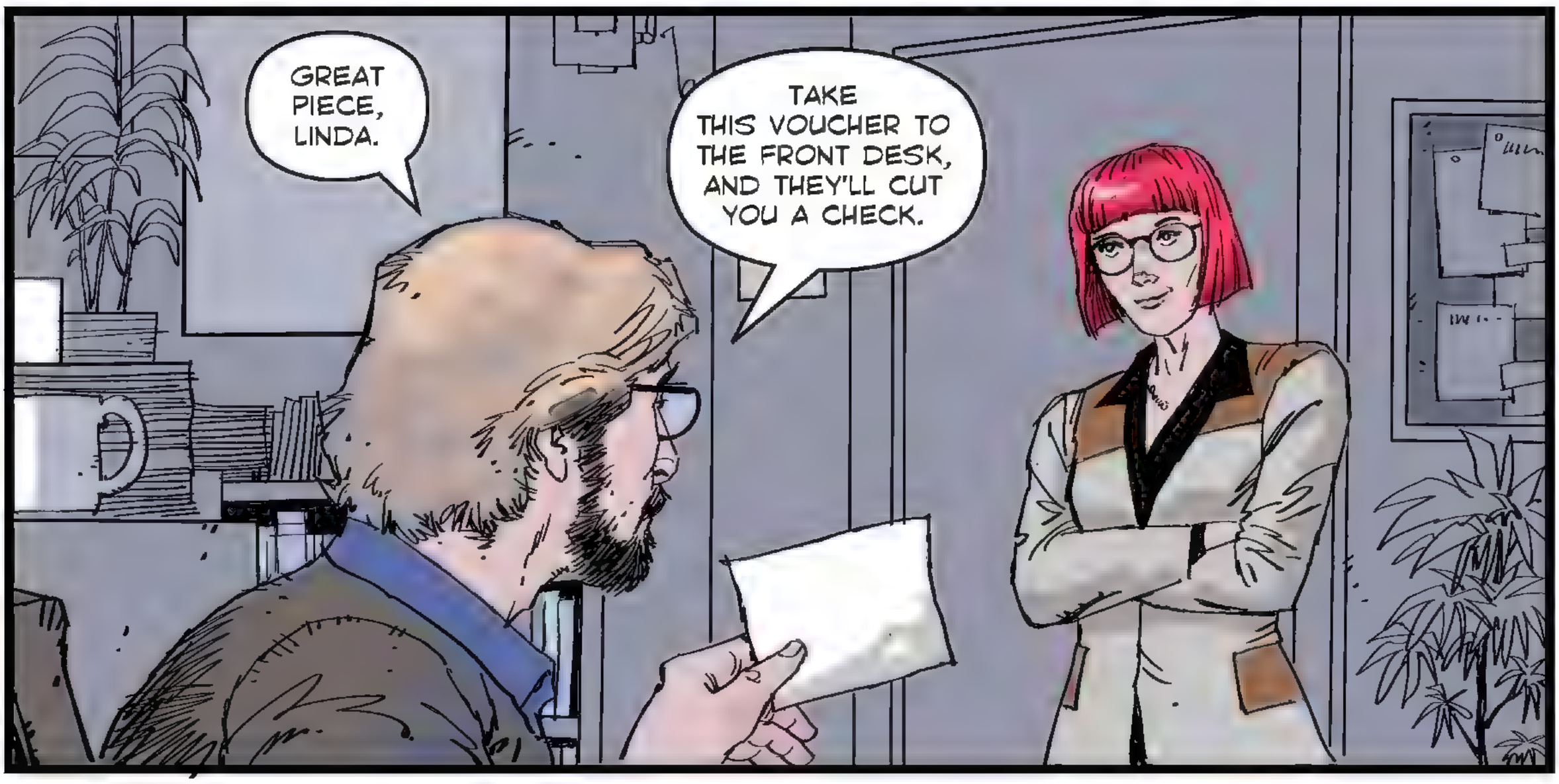
I THOUGHT THERE'D BE MORE PAINTINGS HERE.

TO BE HONEST, AFTER OFFICE HOURS I'VE KIND OF HAD ENOUGH ART FOR THE DAY.
I GUESS MAKING MONEY OUT OF SOMETHING YOU LOVE CHANGES THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT.


WAS ART ALWAYS YOUR PASSION?
ONE OF THEM, SURE.
MY REAL PASSION, THOUGH, WAS ACTING.

"UNFORTUNATELY, I WASN'T MUCH GOOD AT IT.
"I SPENT OVER A YEAR IN AUDITIONS AND FAILED EVERY SINGLE ONE...


"...MEANWHILE, I WAS ALSO WRITING MOVIE REVIEWS, PLUS A RESTAURANT COLUMN CALLED 'CHOW MANHATTAN' FOR THE NoHo NEWS...
ODEON
"...THE MONEY WAS PRETTY BAD, BUT I THOUGHT IT MIGHT LEAD TO SOME KIND OF BREAK, AND IT DID."


GREAT PIECE, LINDA.
TAKE THIS VOUCHER TO THE FRONT DESK, AND THEY'LL CUT YOU A CHECK.

MAN, I WISH THEY WERE ALL LIKE YOU.
I DON'T THINK I CAN STAND TO READ MUCH MORE OF NEWTON'S PRETENTIOUS GARBAGE.

I'D FIRE THE GUY, BUT EVERY ART CRITIC WE'VE HAD HAS BEEN THE SAME.
IT'S LIKE THEY ALL FEEL THEY HAVE TO BE INCOMPREHENSIBLE IN ORDER TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

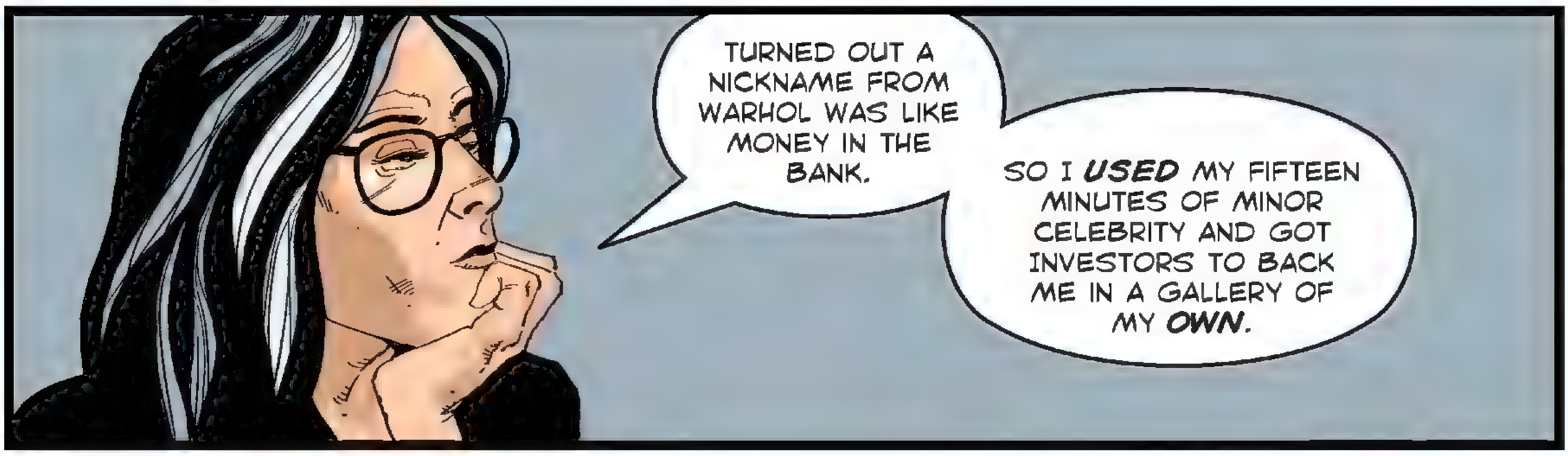
SERIOUSLY, HALF THE TIME I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT.
ER... LARRY...

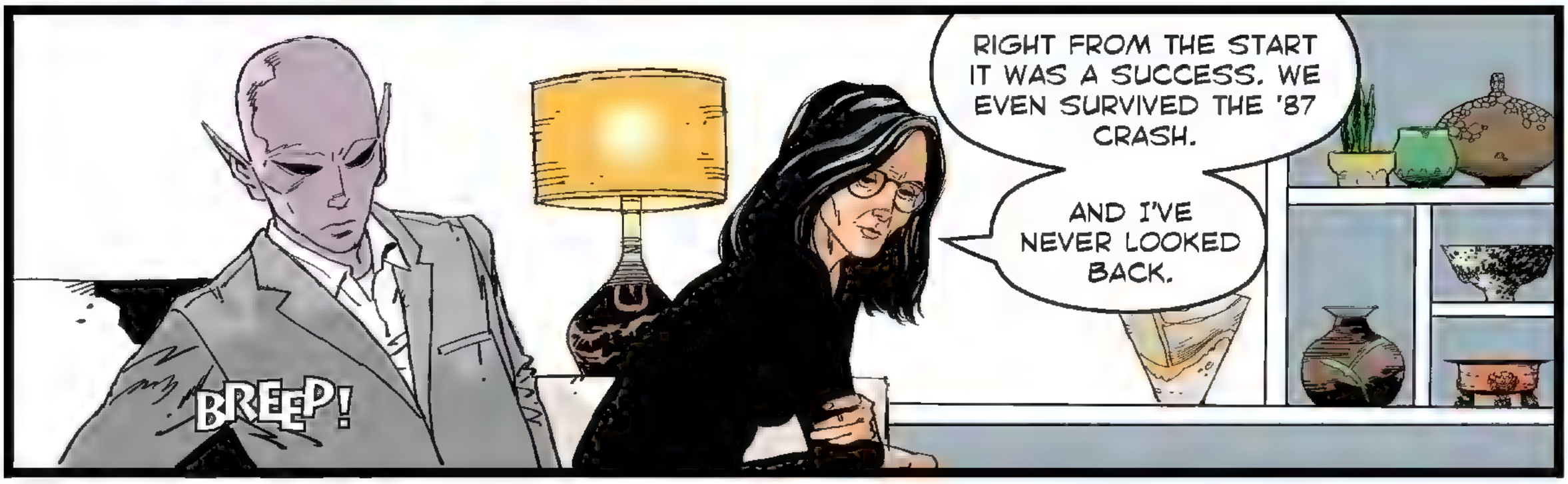
...IF YOU LIKE... I MEAN...
...I'D BE WILLING TO GIVE IT A SHOT.

AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN WRITE ABOUT ART?
ER...I MAJORED IN ART HISTORY.

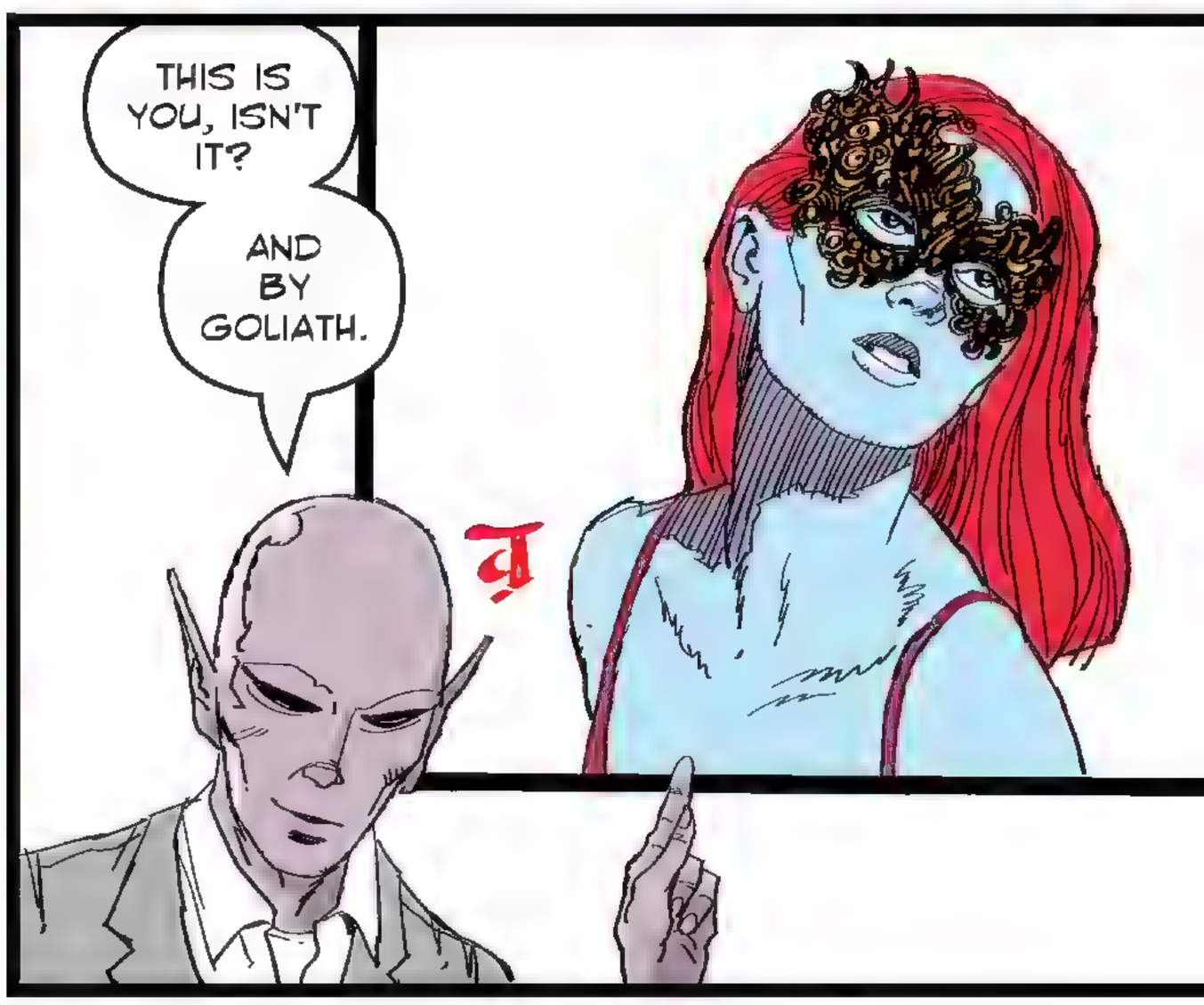
DOES IT FOR ME.
YOU'RE HIRED.

"SO SUDDENLY I WAS EVERYWHERE, HANGING OUT AT THE GUGGENHEIM AND INTERVIEWING RISING STARS IN TINY TRIBECA STUDIOS."

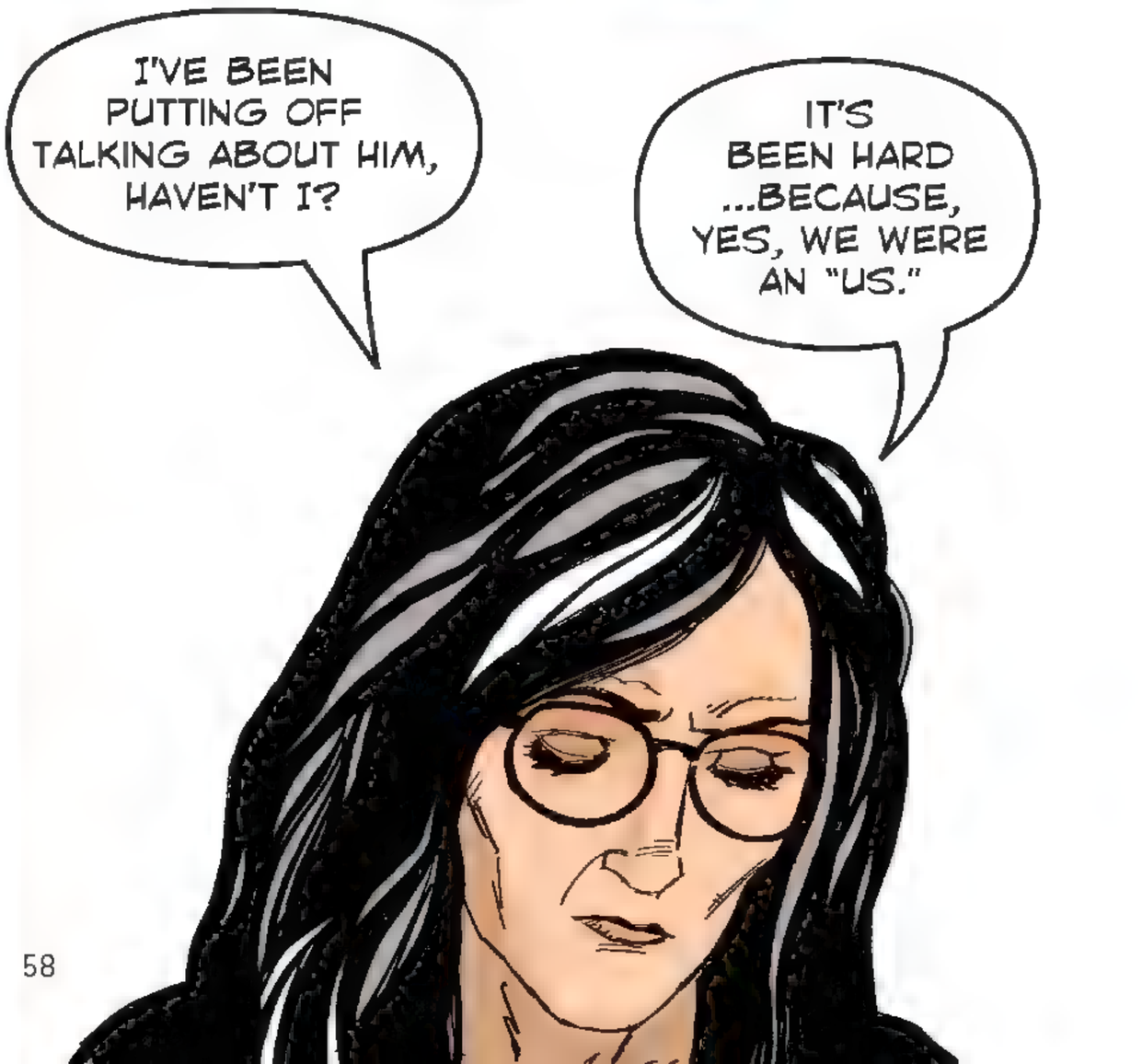

TURNED OUT A NICKNAME FROM WARHOL WAS LIKE MONEY IN THE BANK.
SO I USED MY FIFTEEN MINUTES OF MINOR CELEBRITY AND GOT INVESTORS TO BACK ME IN A GALLERY OF MY OWN.


RIGHT FROM THE START IT WAS A SUCCESS. WE EVEN SURVIVED THE '87 CRASH.
AND I'VE NEVER LOOKED BACK.
BREEP!

EXCUSE ME.
DAN.
YES, I'M FINE. EVERYTHING'S FINE...
...BUT I'LL BE A WHILE.


THIS IS YOU, ISN'T IT?
AND BY GOLIATH.

YES. IT'S THE ONLY THING I COULD NEVER PART WITH.
IT REMINDS ME OF... US.


I'VE BEEN PUTTING OFF TALKING ABOUT HIM, HAVEN'T I?
IT'S BEEN HARD ...BECAUSE, YES, WE WERE AN "US."

"I FIRST MET HIM AT A PRIVATE VIEW, BACK AT MY FIRST GALLERY."

LOOKS LIKE HUGO'S BROUGHT A WHOLE PARTY ALONG WITH HIM...

...AS USUAL.

OH, GOD.

GATECRASHERS, LINDA.

"AND ONE OF THEM'S A #%*@ING *SASQUATCH*."

GET *RID* OF HIM, LINDA...

...BEFORE HE SCARES THE BUYERS AWAY.

BUT THAT'S *RAOUL*, MAN.

YOU CAN'T THROW *HIM* OUT, GERALD. HE'S A *GENIUS*.

I DON'T CARE.

LET HIM BE A GENIUS SOMEWHERE *ELSE*.

LOOK, I'M ***REALLY*** SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUT...
...YOU WEREN'T INVITED, AND--AND I'M AFRAID GERALD WANTS YOU TO ***LEAVE.***

IS OKAY. I UNDERSTAND.
I AM BIG. TAKE UP TOO MUCH ROOM...
...SO I GO.

"THERE WAS JUST... SOMETHING ABOUT HIM.
"HE WAS SO BIG, BUT SO ***GENTLE***...AND UNLIKE EVERY OTHER ARTIST I'D EVER MET.

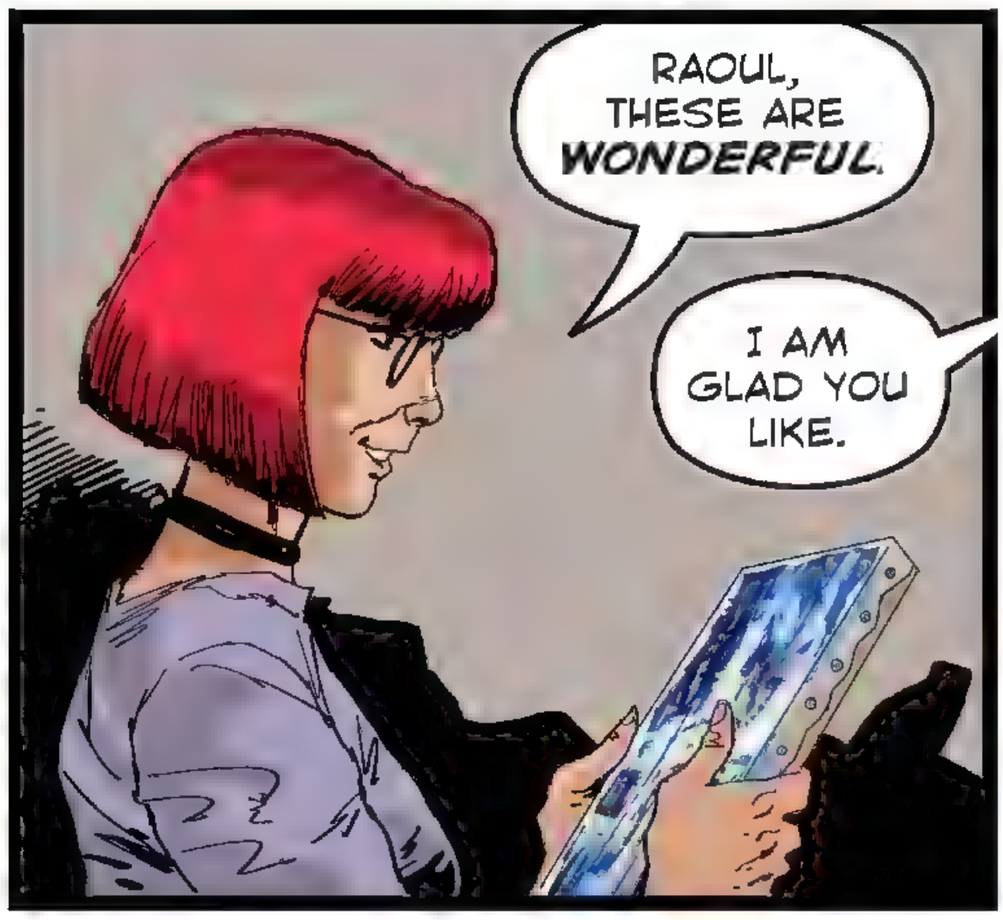
"I WAS INTRIGUED. SO I ASKED AROUND, FOUND OUT WHERE HE LIVED, AND A FEW DAYS LATER I WENT 'ROUND THERE ONE AFTERNOON."
CAN I COME IN?

YES, YOU I REMEMBER.

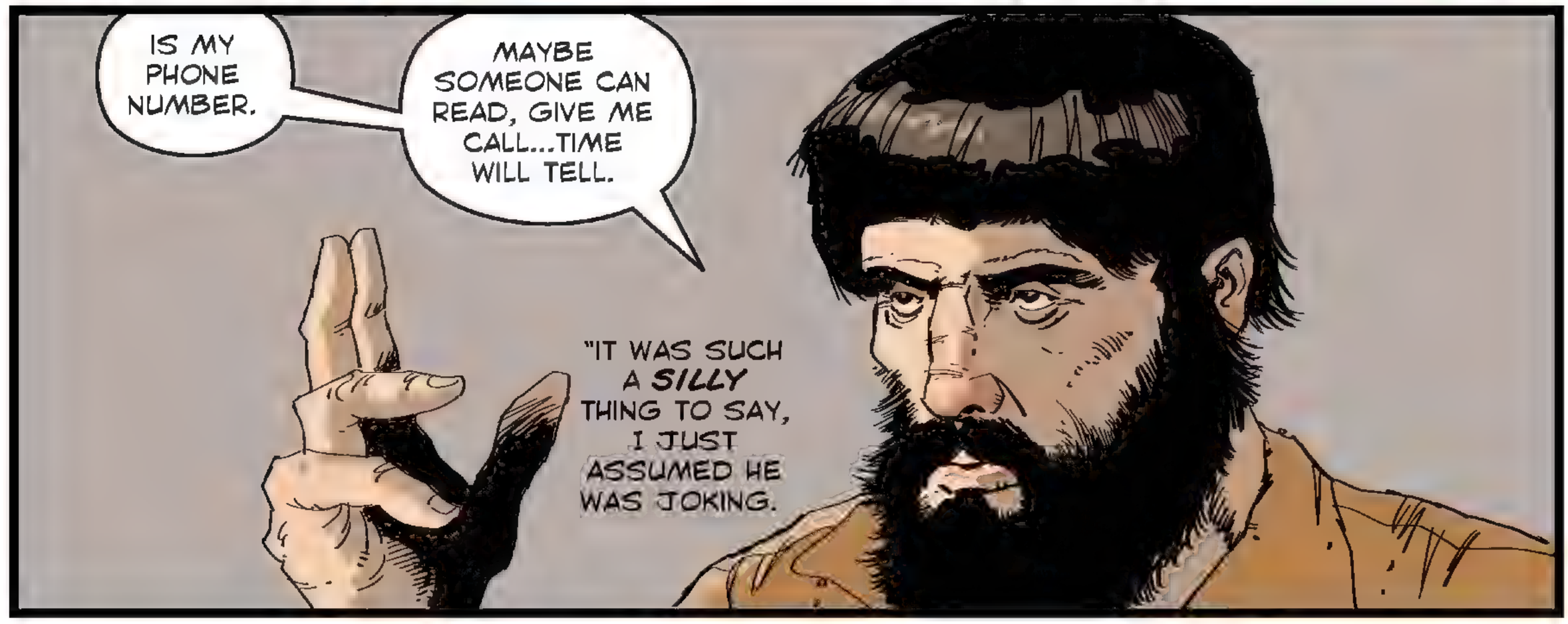
OF COURSE, COME IN.

YOU WANT DRINK?
I GOT ONLY INSTANT COFFEE.
NO, I'M FINE.

THIS IS ALL YOUR WORK? MAY I LOOK?
OF COURSE. I MAKE THEM TO SEE.


RAOUL, THESE ARE WONDERFUL.
I AM GLAD YOU LIKE.

THIS...THING AT THE BOTTOM OF THEM ALL...
...THAT'S YOUR SIGNATURE?


IS MY PHONE NUMBER.
MAYBE SOMEONE CAN READ, GIVE ME CALL...TIME WILL TELL.
"IT WAS SUCH A SILLY THING TO SAY, I JUST ASSUMED HE WAS JOKING.

"THE NEXT DAY WE TOURED DOWNTOWN BECAUSE HE WANTED TO SHOW ME ALL HIS STREET ART.

PAY-O-MATIC

OPEN 24

"THEN I BOUGHT HIM DINNER, AND HE WALKED ME HOME...

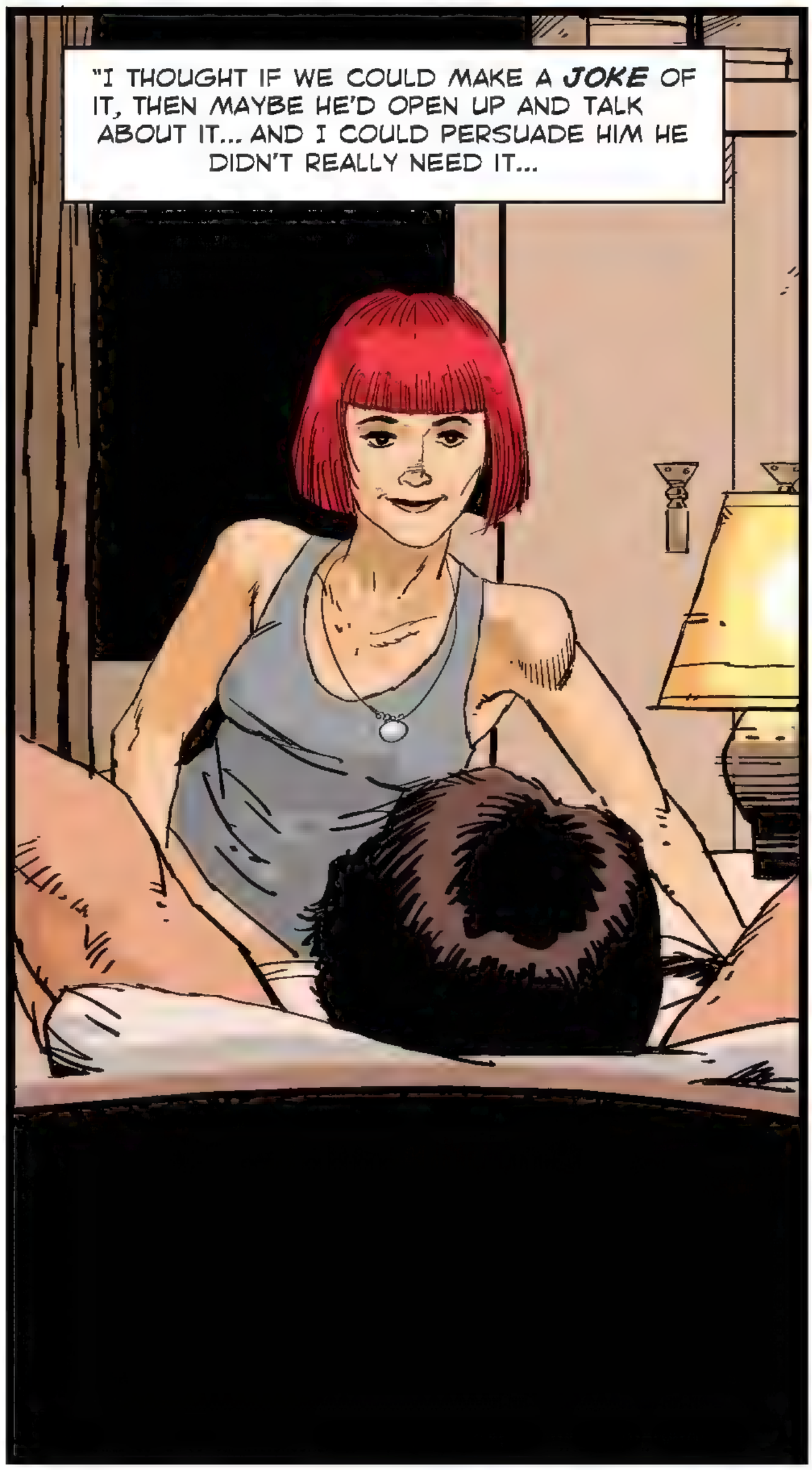
"...AND HE WAS JUST SO *SWEET*...

"...I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF."

SO WE HAD A *FLING*.

AND THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ALL OF IT, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT STUPID *WIG* OF HIS.

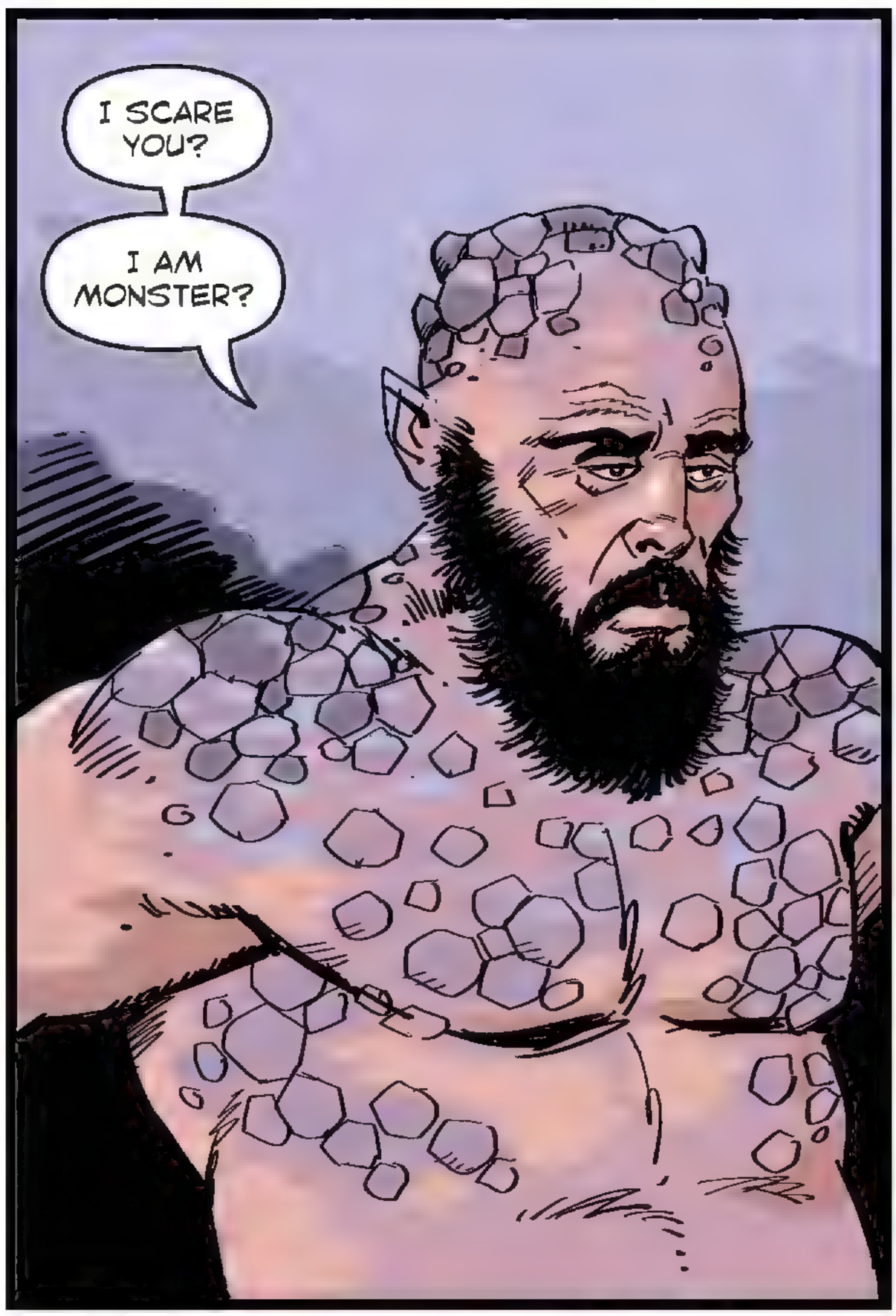
THIS WAS A WEEK OR TWO LATER, AND HIS WIG WAS REALLY STARTING TO BUG ME.
IT WASN'T JUST OBVIOUS, IT WAS REALLY BAD...BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TELL HIM THAT.


"I THOUGHT IF WE COULD MAKE A JOKE OF IT, THEN MAYBE HE'D OPEN UP AND TALK ABOUT IT... AND I COULD PERSUADE HIM HE DIDN'T REALLY NEED IT...

"SO ONE NIGHT IN BED I DECIDED TO ACT PLAYFUL AND JUST PULL IT OFF...

"I HAD NO IDEA."
OH.

THERE IS MORE.
YOU SHOULD KNOW.


I SCARE YOU?
I AM MONSTER?

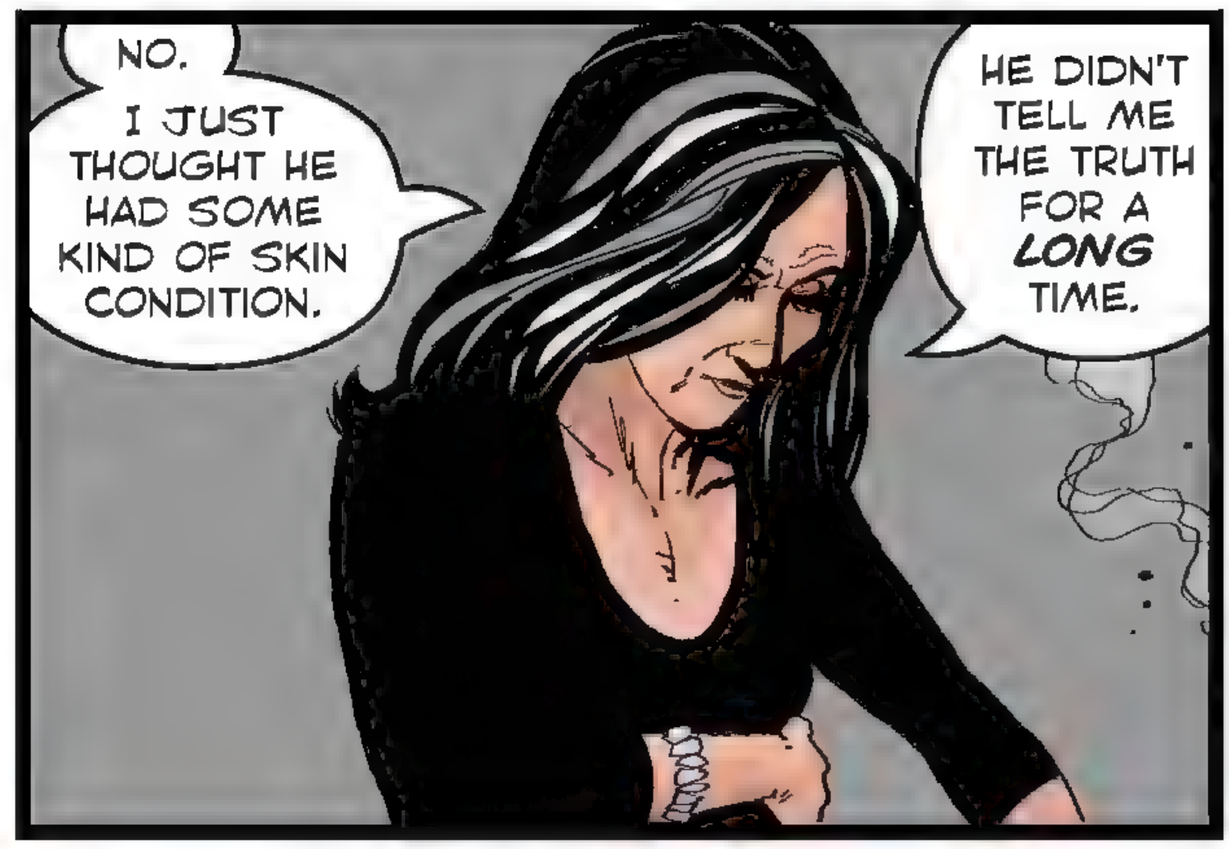
NO...OF COURSE NOT...
DOES IT HURT? WERE YOU...BORN LIKE THIS?

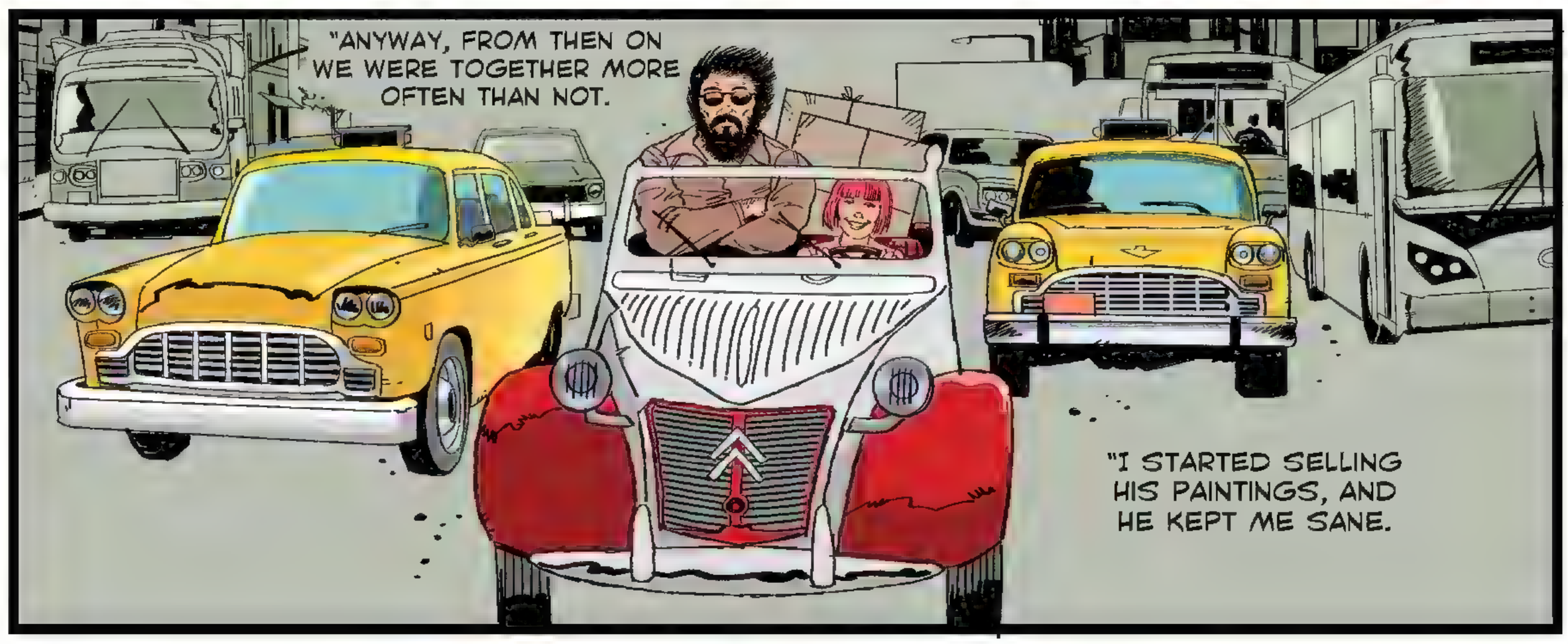
NO, NO PAIN.
ALWAYS LIKE THIS. PLEASE... WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

I THINK WE SHOULD GET YOU A BETTER WIG.

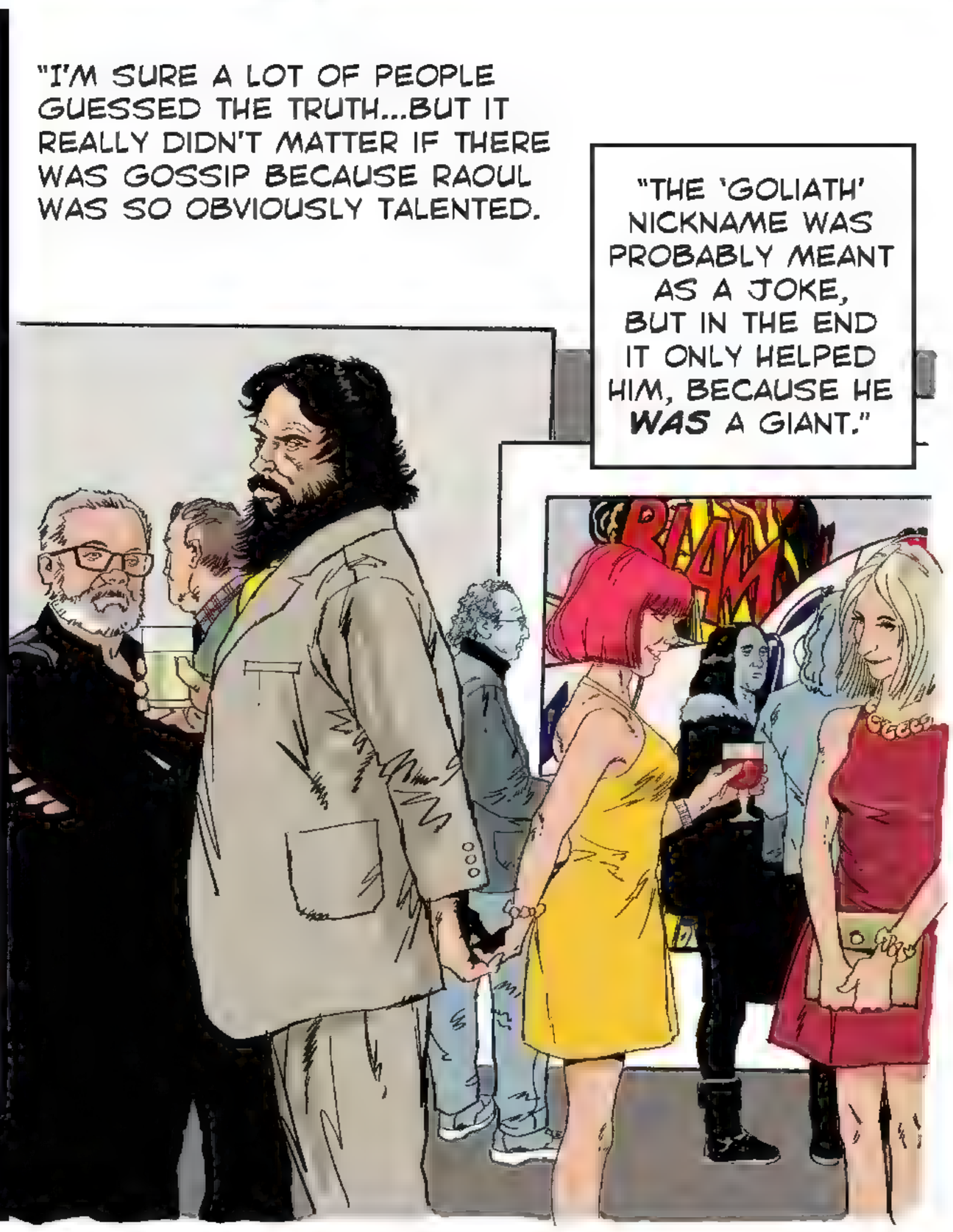
THE WAY HE LOOKED DIDN'T MATTER ...I GUESS BECAUSE I KNEW HIM BY THEN...
...AND I'D NEVER BEEN NEEDED BEFORE.

THEN YOU DIDN'T REALIZE AT THAT POINT THAT HE WAS FROM...
..."SOMEWHERE ELSE," AS YOU PUT IT.

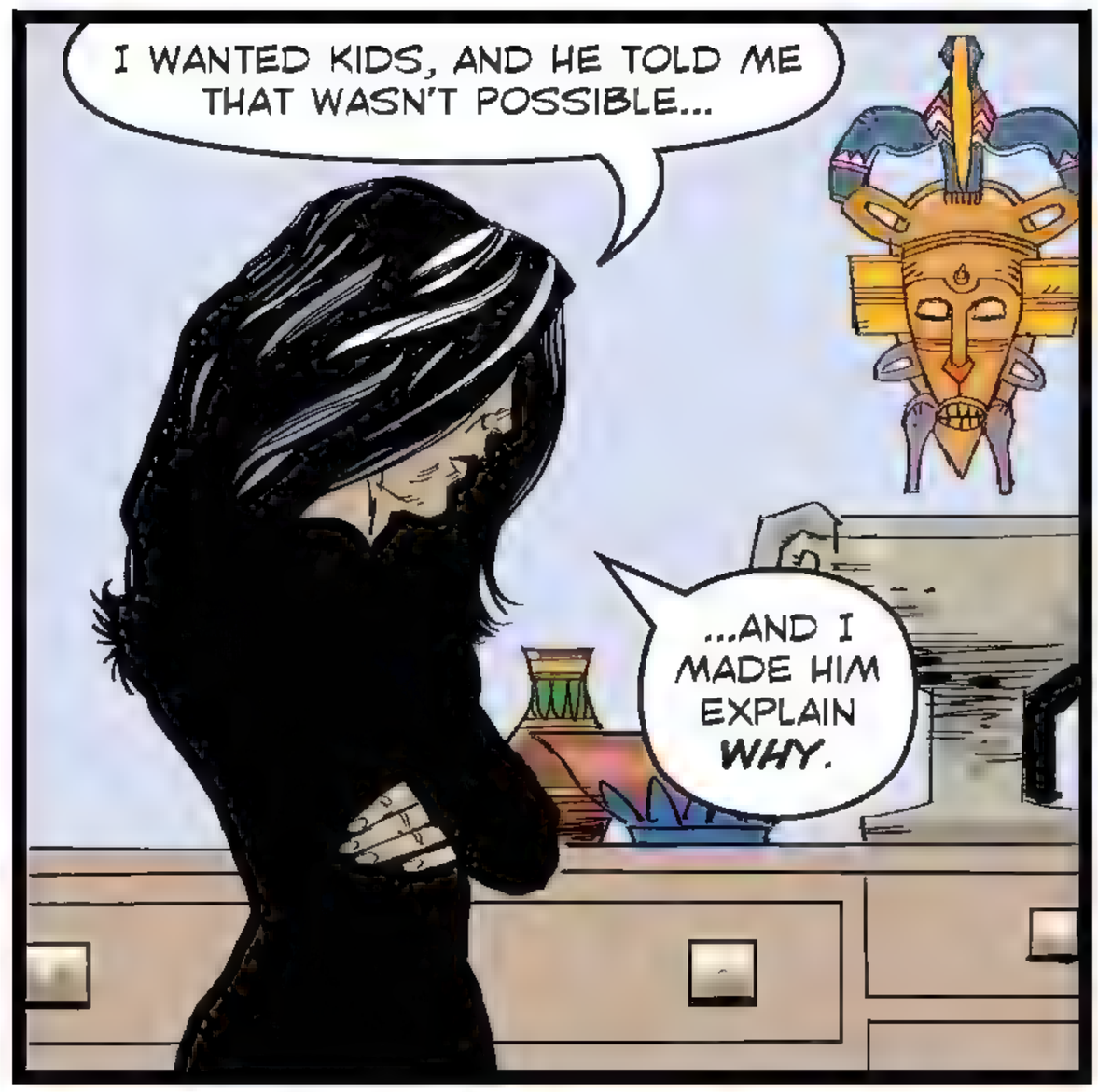

NO.
I JUST THOUGHT HE HAD SOME KIND OF SKIN CONDITION.
HE DIDN'T TELL ME THE TRUTH FOR A LONG TIME.


"ANYWAY, FROM THEN ON WE WERE TOGETHER MORE OFTEN THAN NOT.
"I STARTED SELLING HIS PAINTINGS, AND HE KEPT ME SANE.

"BUT WE LIVED APART, AND WE TRIED TO KEEP OUR RELATIONSHIP SECRET.
"I DIDN'T WANT PEOPLE THINKING HE HAD NO TALENT AND WAS ONLY HANGING IN MY GALLERY BECAUSE WE WERE AN ITEM.


"I'M SURE A LOT OF PEOPLE GUESSED THE TRUTH...BUT IT REALLY DIDN'T MATTER IF THERE WAS GOSSIP BECAUSE RAOUL WAS SO OBVIOUSLY TALENTED.
"THE 'GOLIATH' NICKNAME WAS PROBABLY MEANT AS A JOKE, BUT IN THE END IT ONLY HELPED HIM, BECAUSE HE WAS A GIANT."
BIAM

SO WHEN DID HE TELL YOU ...THE TRUTH ABOUT HIMSELF?


I WANTED KIDS, AND HE TOLD ME THAT WASN'T POSSIBLE...
...AND I MADE HIM EXPLAIN WHY.

I AM NOT LIKE YOU, NOT... HUMAN.
I AM FROM SPACE. ANOTHER WORLD.

"I SLAMMED MY WAY OUT OF THERE. I WAS REALLY ANGRY.
"IF HE DIDN'T WANT KIDS, WHY DIDN'T HE JUST SAY SO? I DESERVED BETTER THAN SOME PILE OF RIDICULOUS CRAP.

"WE DIDN'T TALK FOR A WEEK. I WAS FUMING.
"BUT WHEN I STARTED TO CALM DOWN, I BEGAN TO REALIZE HIS STUPID STORY WOULD EXPLAIN A LOT, EVEN IF I HAD PROBLEMS ACCEPTING IT. SO I AGREED TO LISTEN... AND I COULD JUST TELL HE WASN'T LYING."

THAT SIGNATURE THING ON HIS PAINTINGS? TURNED OUT HE WAS SERIOUS ABOUT IT.
HE THOUGHT IF ANYONE WHO COULD READ IT EVER CAME TO EARTH, THEY WERE SURE TO HEAD FOR NEW YORK, MIGHT SEE IT SOME DAY...

"HE KNEW IT WAS ONLY A SLIM, STUPID CHANCE...BUT IT WAS THE ONLY ONE HE COULD CLING ON TO.
"SO HE SET UP AN ANSWERING MACHINE."

AND I'VE KEPT IT GOING ALL THESE YEARS. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHY, REALLY...
...AND THEN YOU RANG.

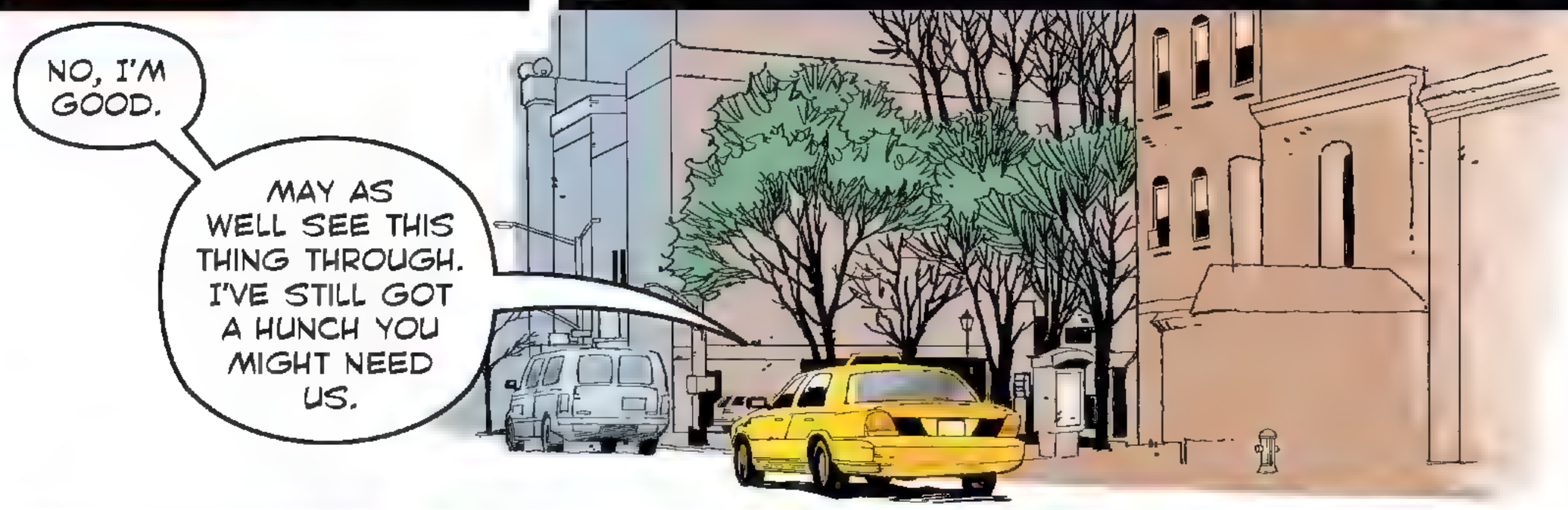
HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIS WORLD?

SOME. NOT MUCH.
MAYBE WE'LL KNOW MORE ONCE YOU'VE READ THIS.

I THINK IT'S A JOURNAL.
IT WAS BY HIS SIDE WHEN I FOUND HIM.
THEN... HE *IS* DEAD?
PLEASE, JUST READ IT.
AFTERWARD I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW.
I'LL BE UPSTAIRS.
JUST YELL WHEN YOU'RE DONE, AND I'LL ORDER SOME FOOD FOR US.

DAN.
YES, I'M FINE...

...THERE'S SOMETHING SHE'S NOT TELLING ME, BUT I REALLY DON'T THINK I'M IN ANY DANGER.
ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO BE HERE A WHILE-- I HAVE A BOOK TO GO THROUGH. IF YOU WANT TO PICK ME UP LATER, THAT'S FINE.

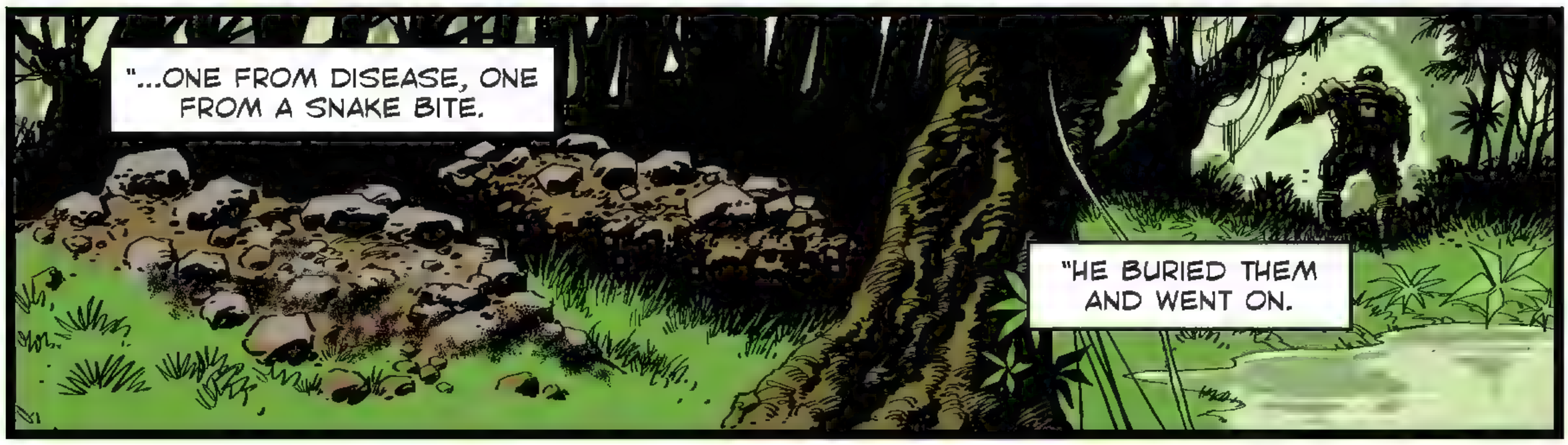

NO, I'M GOOD.
MAY AS WELL SEE THIS THING THROUGH. I'VE STILL GOT A HUNCH YOU MIGHT NEED US.

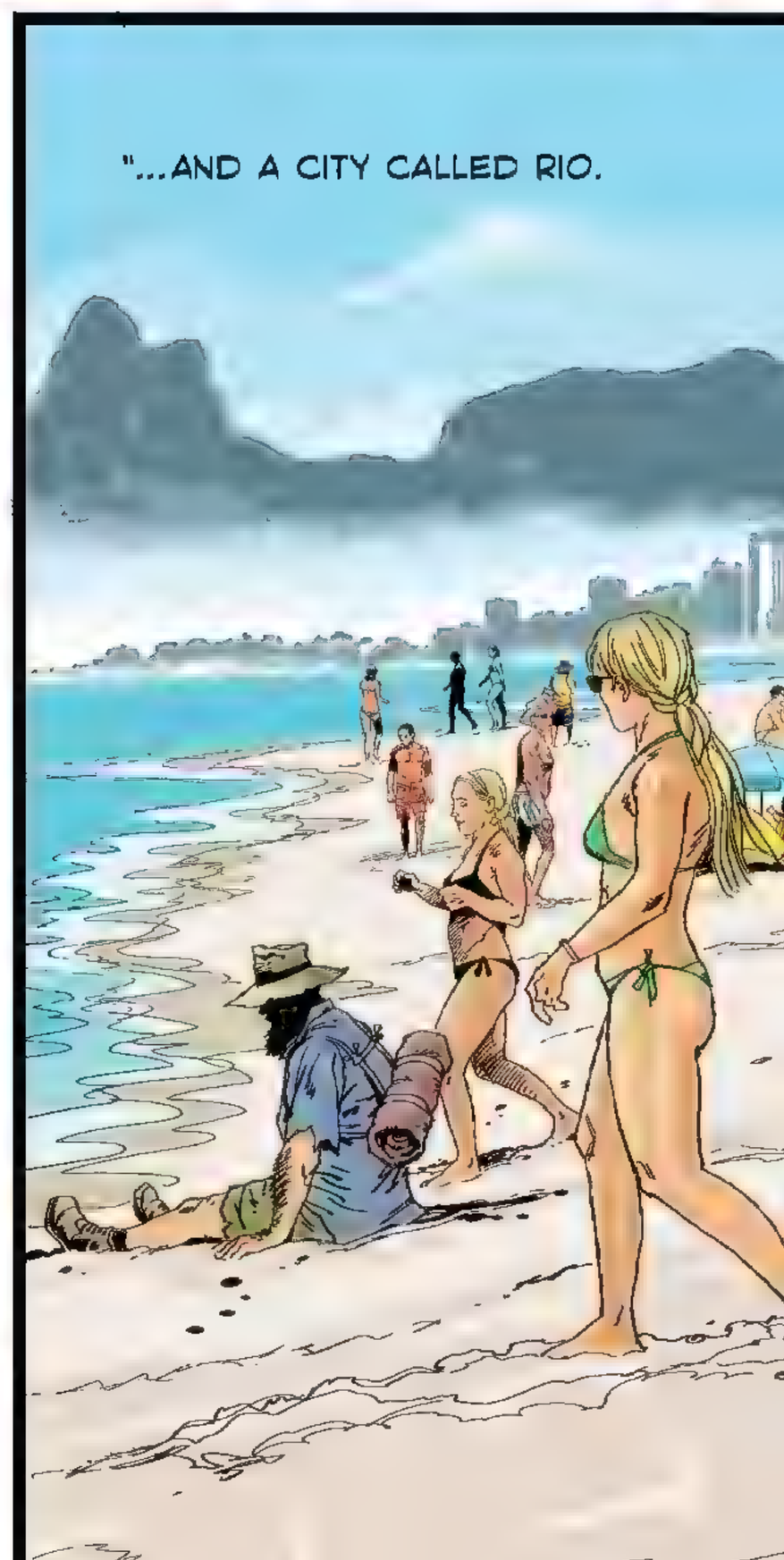
OKAY.
I'LL CALL WHEN I'M DONE.

"GOLIATH'S STORY IS SO LIKE MY OWN...AND YET SO COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. HE'D HAD TO LAND ON EARTH TO TAKE ON WATER...
"...BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG, AND HIS SHIP CRASHED IN DEEP JUNGLE...IN SOUTH AMERICA, IT WOULD SEEM.

"THEIR SHIP WAS A WRECK, ITS COMMUNICATIONS DESTROYED. HE AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS SET OFF IN SEARCH OF AID...

"...BUT BOTH DIED ON THE JOURNEY...



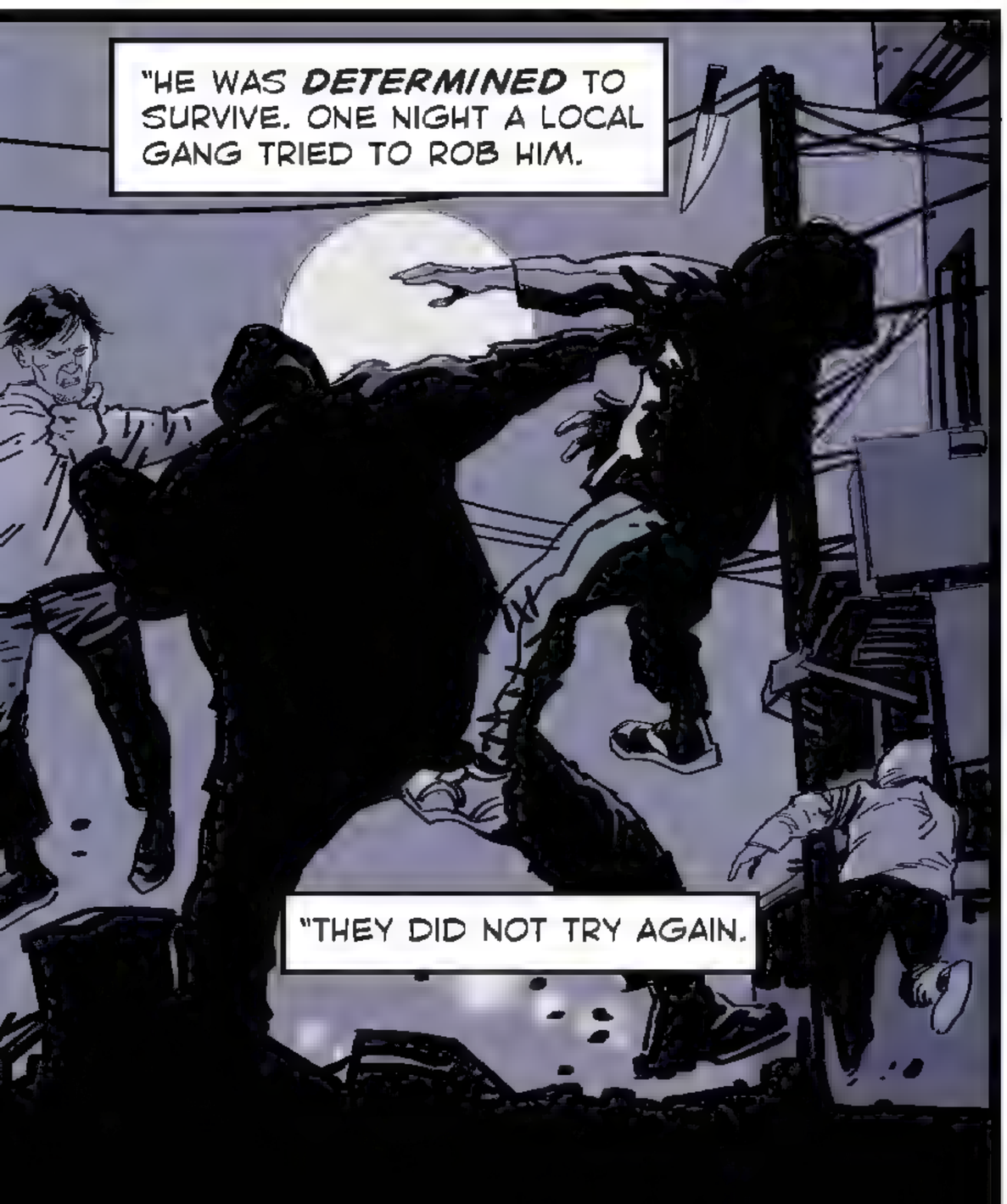


"HE WATCHED. HE LISTENED.

"HE LEARNED THE LANGUAGE.

"HE KEPT HIS HEAD COVERED.

"BY DAY HE DID ODD JOBS, BY NIGHT HE STACKED CANS--ANY CASH-PAYING JOBS HE COULD FIND.



"SURELY THIS WAS A PLACE THAT ANY TRAVELER TO THIS WORLD WOULD VISIT? PERHAPS HE COULD LEAVE A MESSAGE FOR THEM SOMEHOW. HE WOULD FIND A WAY.

"RESCUE MIGHT STILL BE POSSIBLE. HE BEGAN WALKING.

"HE LEARNED SPANISH AND ENGLISH, AND WORKED AS HE WENT--NORTH, ALWAYS NORTH. HIS JOURNEY TOOK YEARS AND INVOLVED MUCH HARDSHIP.

"BUT HE ENCOUNTERED MANY WHO ACCEPTED AND HELPED HIM. NOT ALL HERE WERE CRUEL.

"FINALLY A MIDNIGHT JOURNEY ACROSS THE BORDER WITH OTHERS WHO SOUGHT WORK IN THE LAND BEYOND...

"...THEIR HEARTS FULL OF HOPE AND TERROR.

"AND AT JOURNEY'S END...

"...THE ***DREAM*** MADE OF STONE AND STEEL AND GLASS.

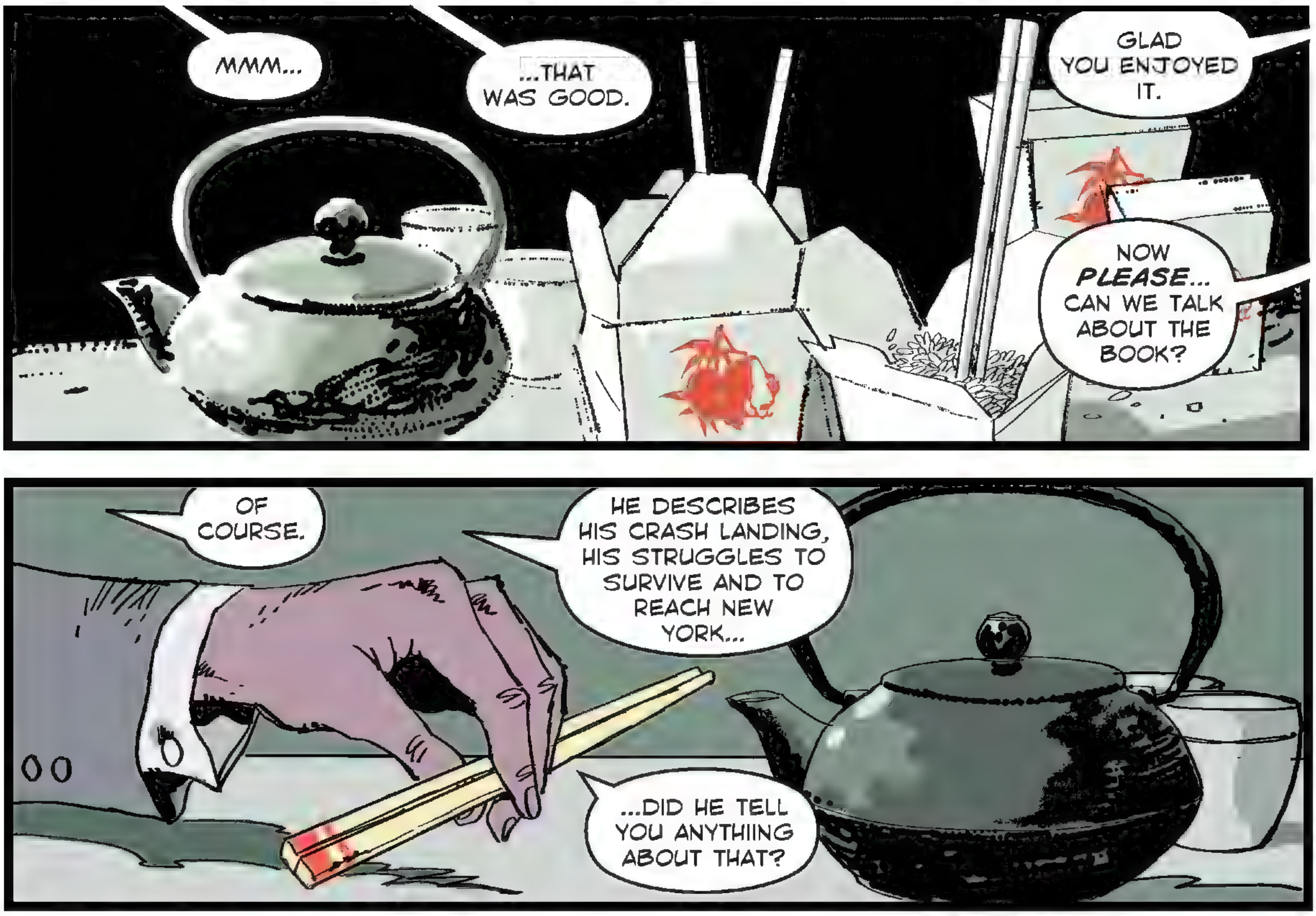
"HE WORKED BY DAY AND PAINTED BY NIGHT, LEAVING HIS MESSAGE WHEREVER HE COULD...

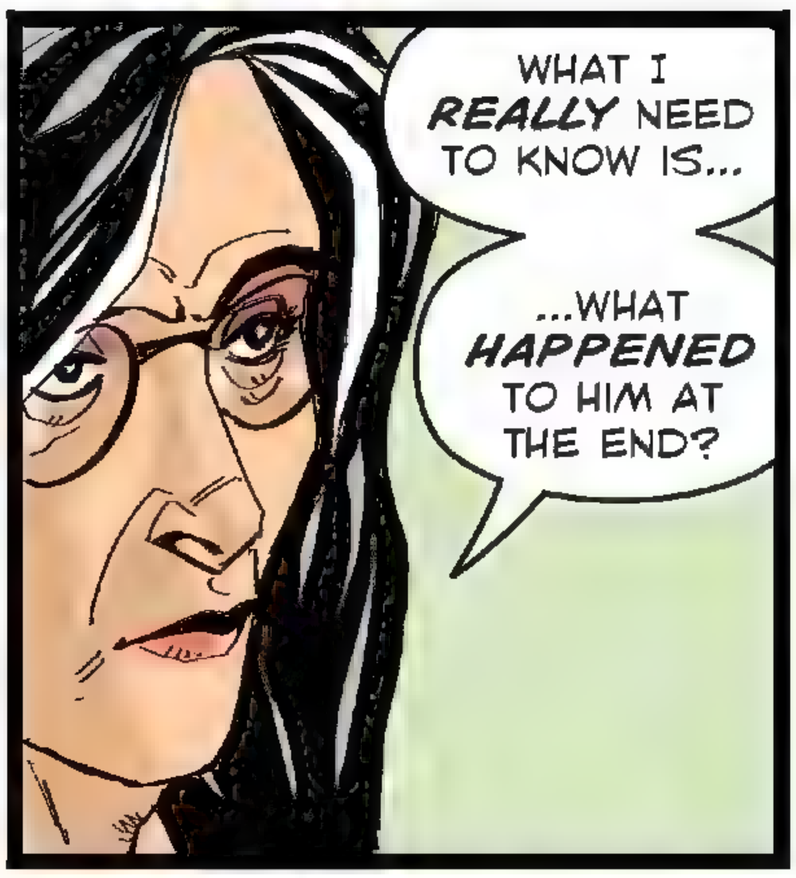
"...***KNOWING*** IT WAS POINTLESS, BUT UNABLE TO COMPLETELY LET GO OF HOPE...

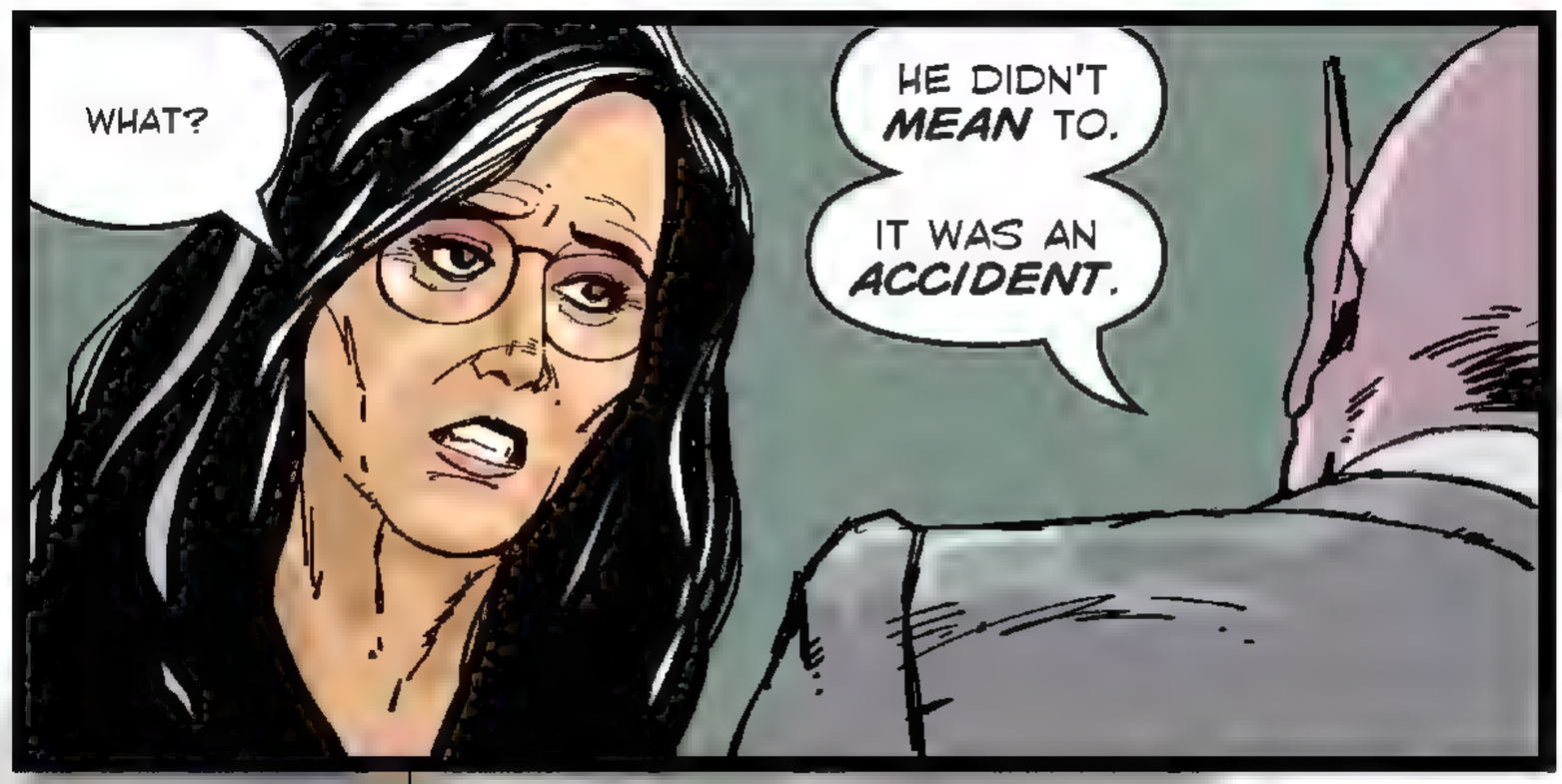
"...AND A YEAR OR SO LATER HE MET VIOLINDA. THE REST OF THIS SEEMS TO TALLY WITH HER ACCOUNT. THEY WERE TOGETHER FOR A DECADE, AND SEEM TO HAVE BEEN LARGELY HAPPY...

"...UNTIL...

"...HE ***KILLED*** SOMEONE."


MMM...
...THAT WAS GOOD.
GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT.
NOW *PLEASE*... CAN WE TALK ABOUT THE BOOK?
OF COURSE.
HE DESCRIBES HIS CRASH LANDING, HIS STRUGGLES TO SURVIVE AND TO REACH NEW YORK...
...DID HE TELL YOU ANYTHIING ABOUT THAT?
YES. I THINK I KNOW THE WHOLE STORY.
AND HE TALKS ABOUT HIS CAREER, HIS ART ...AND YOU.
HE WAS VERY HAPPY WITH YOU. HE LOVED YOU.
I KNEW THAT, TOO, BUT...
...THANK YOU.





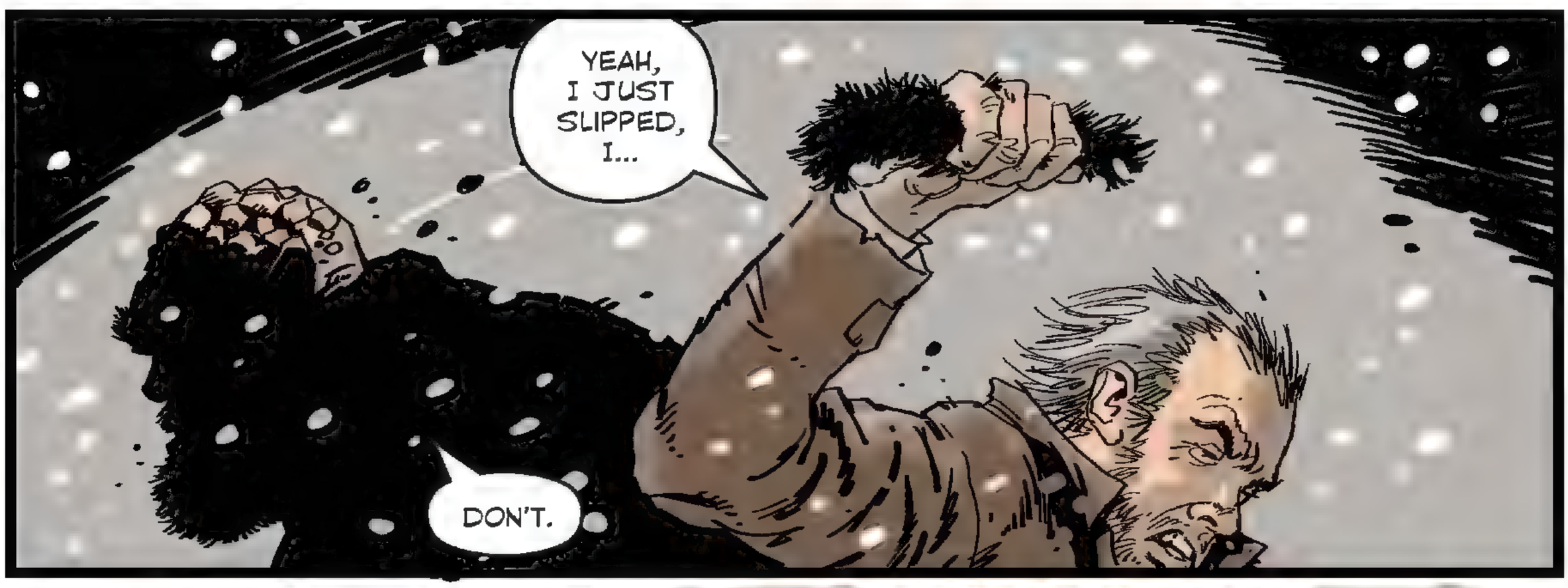
"HE'D GONE OUT DRINKING WITH HIS FRIEND JIM ONE NIGHT.

"JIM WAS PRETTY DRUNK, SO RAOUL WAS WALKING HIM HOME, DOWN BY THE RIVER."

NEVER FEAR, MY FRIEND... RAOUL WILL GET YOU HOME.

YOU'RE A GOOD GUY. ONE O' THE GOOD GUYS.
ISS NOT FAR. JUS' ALONG HERE AWAYS.

WHOA!
YOU OKAY?


YEAH, I JUST SLIPPED, I...
DON'T.

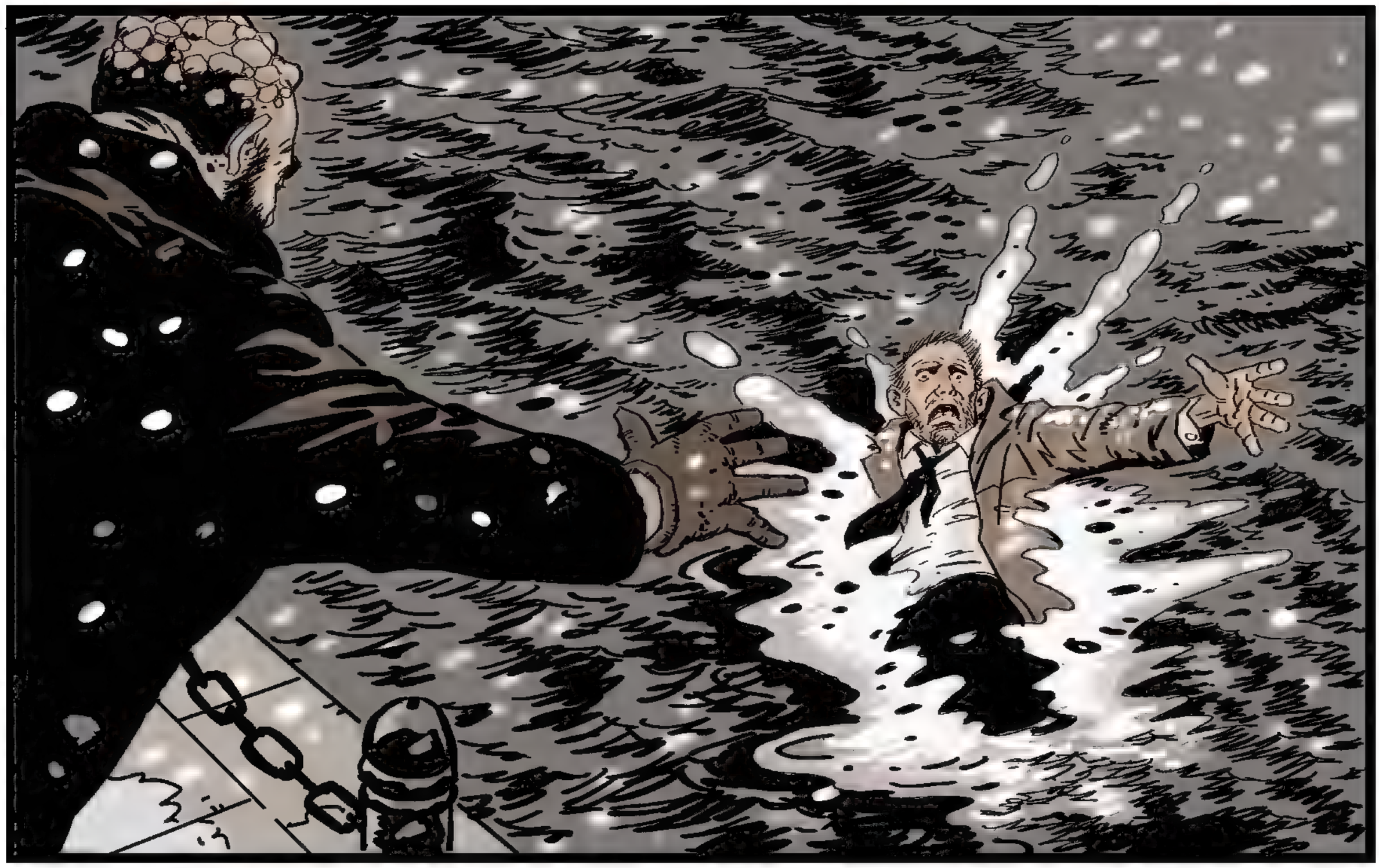
JEEZ...
...WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

IT'S NOTHING, A CONDITION, NOTHING...
...PLEASE, GIVE ME THE WIG...AND DO NOT TELL.

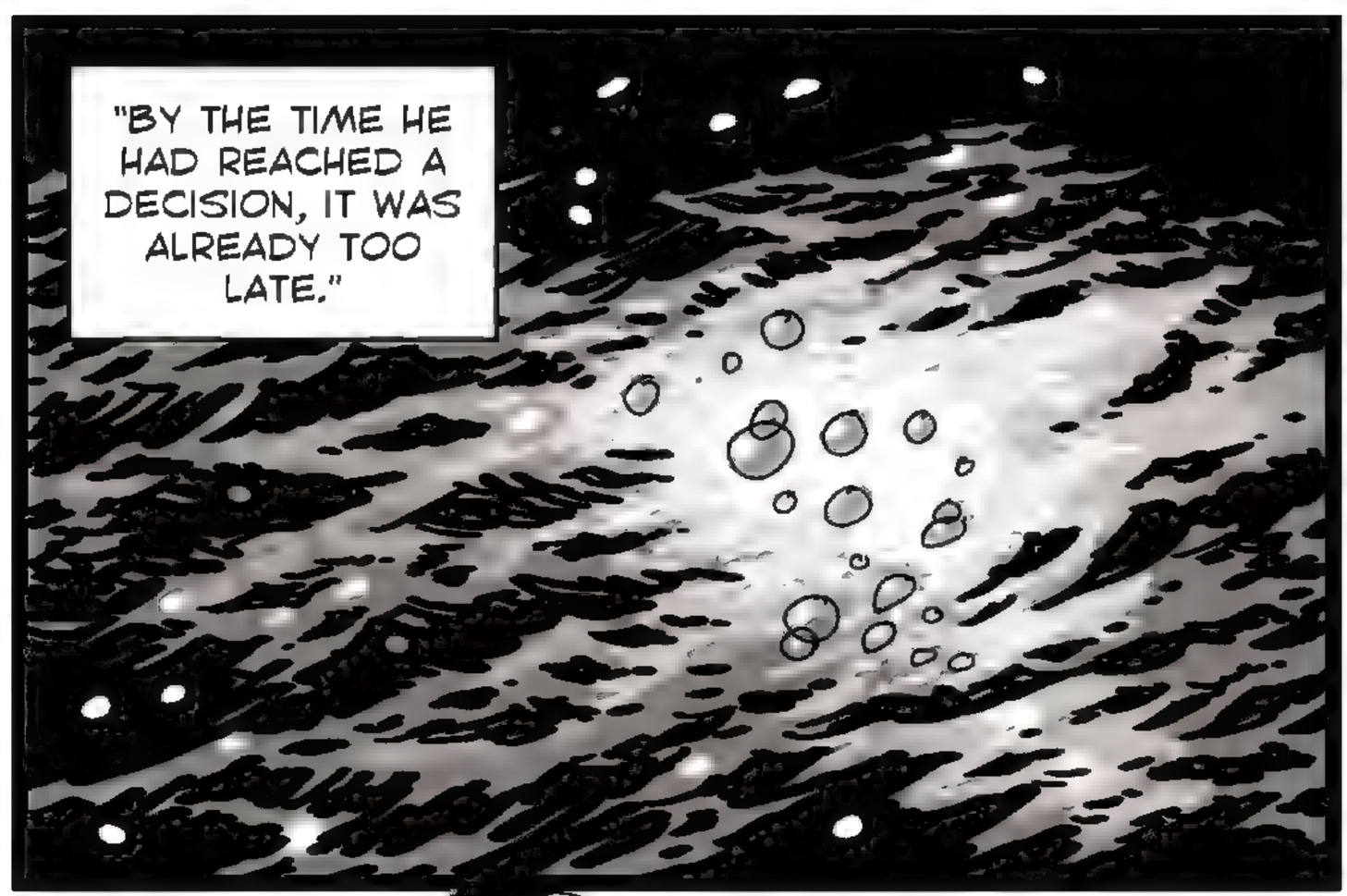
HEY, SHHH.
WON'T TELL A SOUL, HONEST.

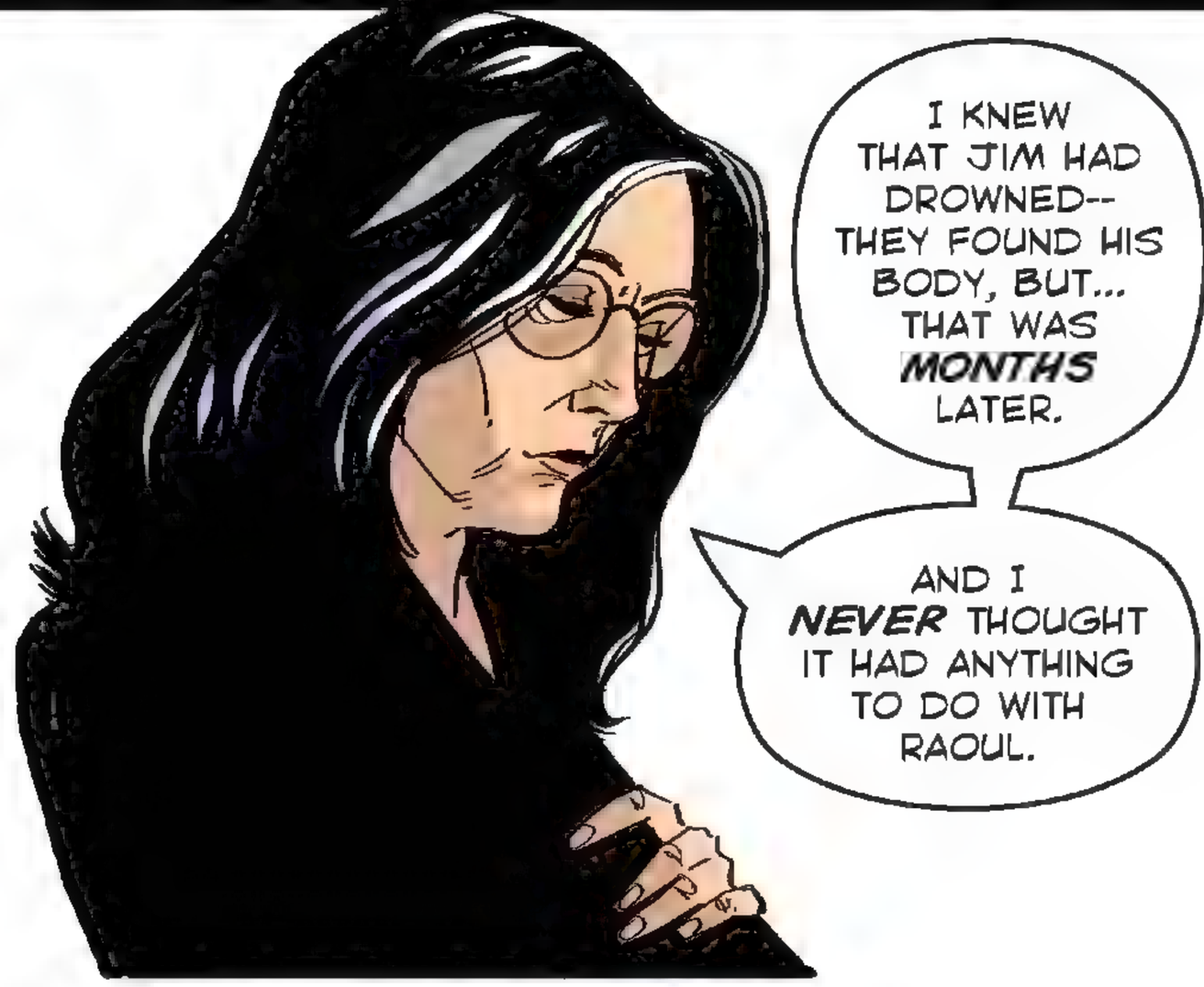
CAN I TOUCH?
NO!

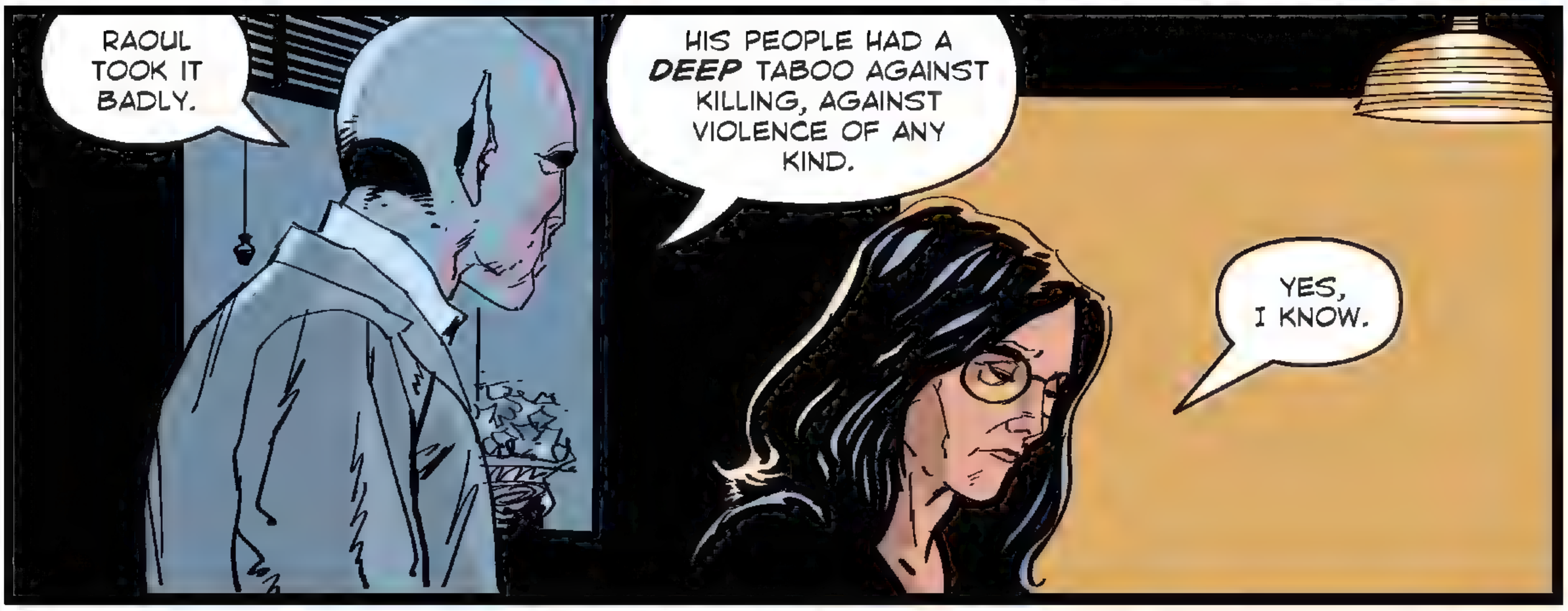
GET OFF ME!



"HE STOOD THERE, DAZED--AND TORN BETWEEN WANTING TO HELP AND BEING SCARED THAT JIM WOULD REVEAL HIS SECRET.


"BY THE TIME HE HAD REACHED A DECISION, IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE."


I KNEW THAT JIM HAD DROWNED-- THEY FOUND HIS BODY, BUT... THAT WAS *MONTHS* LATER.
AND I *NEVER* THOUGHT IT HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH RAOUL.

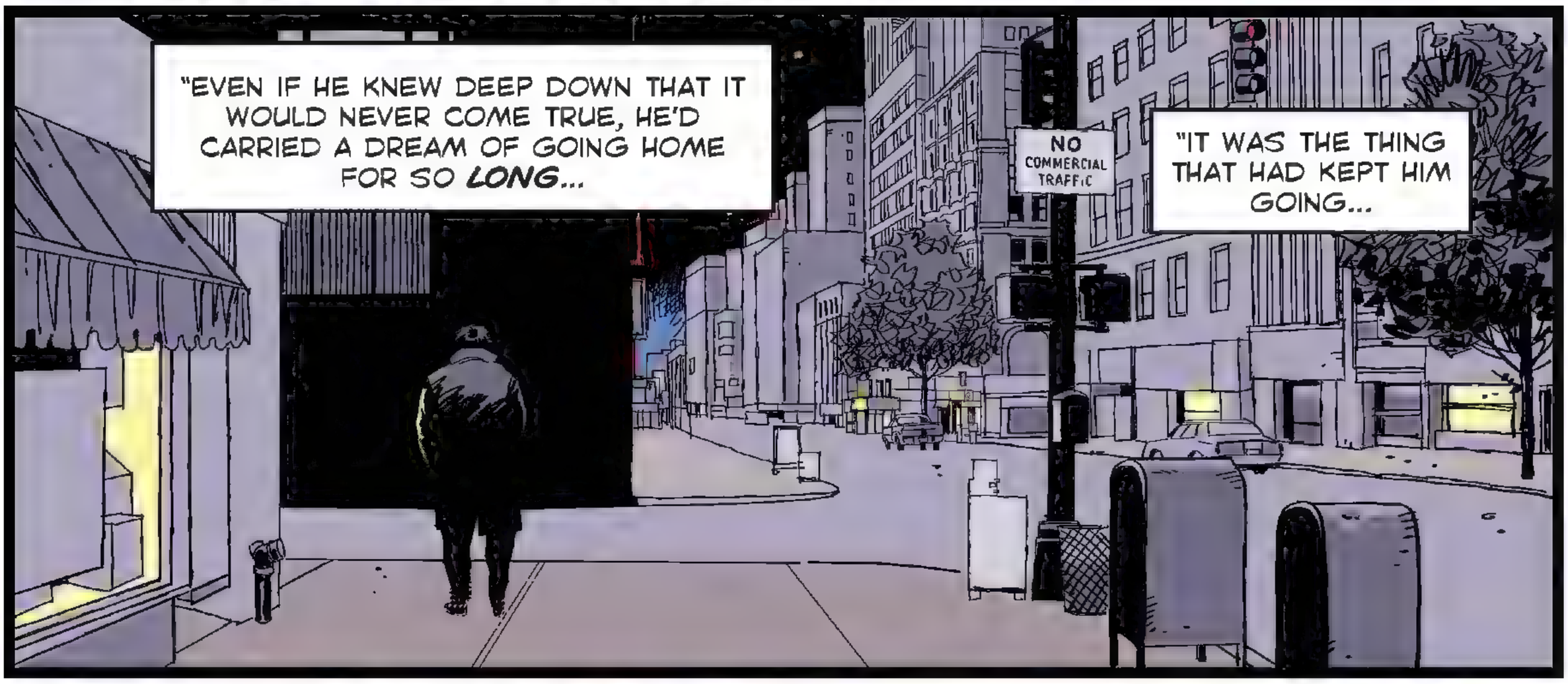

RAOUL TOOK IT BADLY.
HIS PEOPLE HAD A DEEP TABOO AGAINST KILLING, AGAINST VIOLENCE OF ANY KIND.
YES, I KNOW.

"I THINK HE HAD A KIND OF BREAKDOWN. THE GUILT HE FELT WAS UNBEARABLE."
LAST CALL, PEOPLE.
Budweiser
"AND WITH IT, ANOTHER THOUGHT HE COULD NOT BLOT OUT."

I CAN NEVER GO HOME.
MY PEOPLE WOULD NOT HAVE ME.

FEEL FOR YOU, FRIEND...
...BUT YOU CAN'T STAY HERE.

HERE...
...ONE FOR THE ROAD...ON ME.

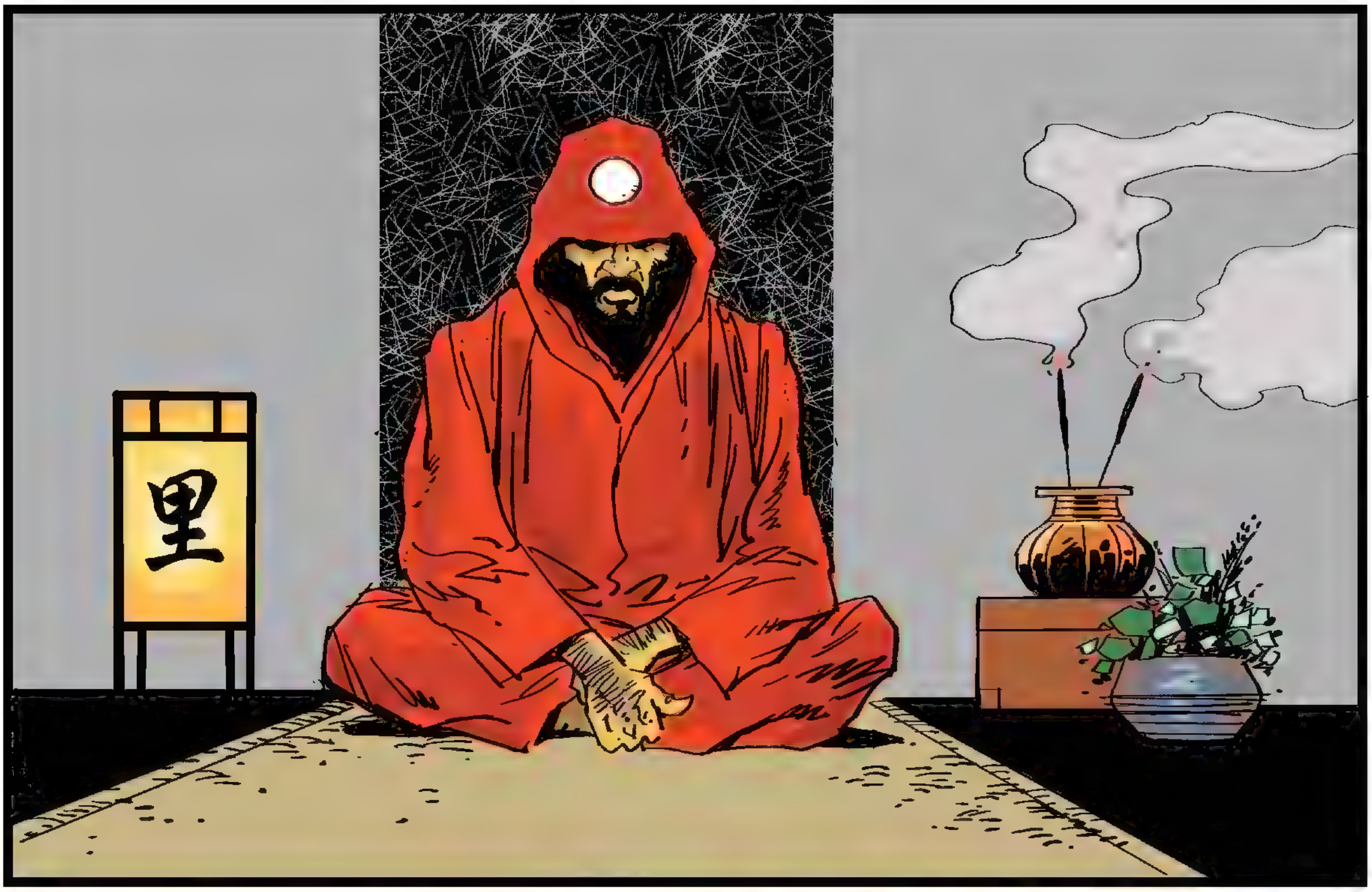

"EVEN IF HE KNEW DEEP DOWN THAT IT WOULD NEVER COME TRUE, HE'D CARRIED A DREAM OF GOING HOME FOR SO *LONG*...
NO COMMERCIAL TRAFFIC
"IT WAS THE THING THAT HAD KEPT HIM GOING...

"...AND NOW IT WAS GONE."

SIMPLE SUICIDE WAS ALSO FORBIDDEN TO HIS PEOPLE.
BUT HE WRITES THAT *ONE* COURSE OF ACTION WAS STILL OPEN TO HIM.

HE'S *HERE*, ISN'T HE?

UPSTAIRS.
I'LL SHOW YOU.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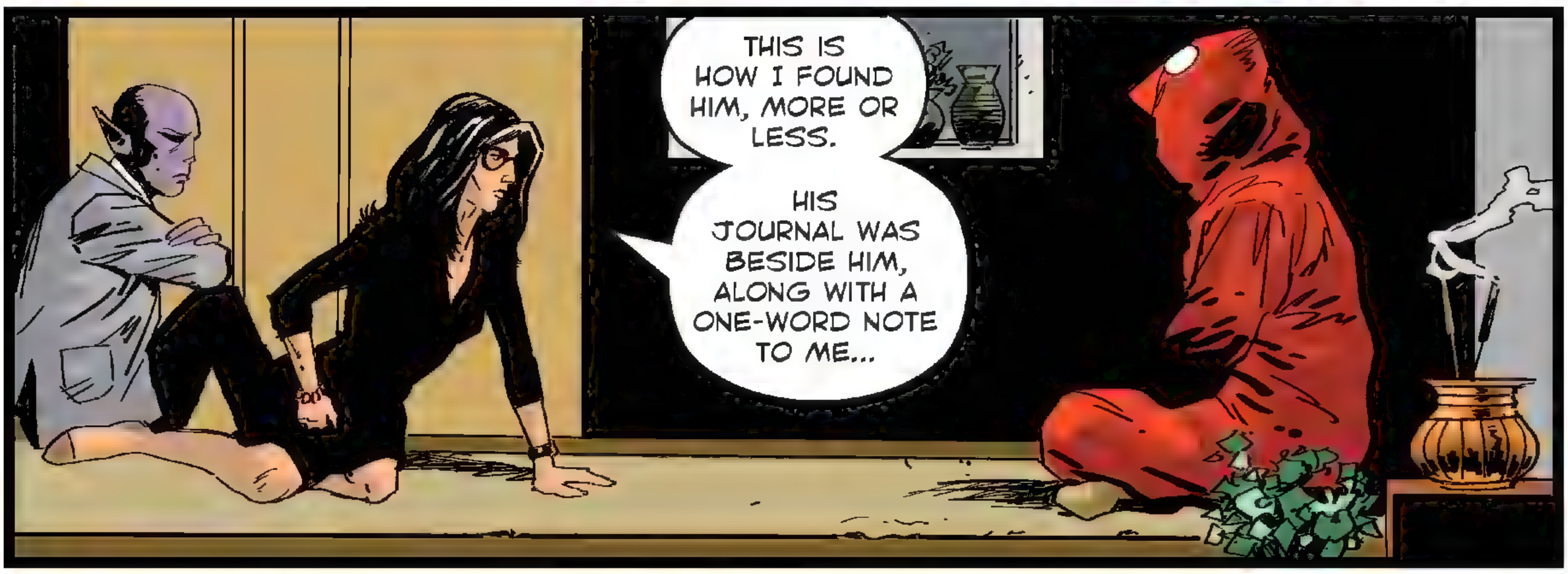
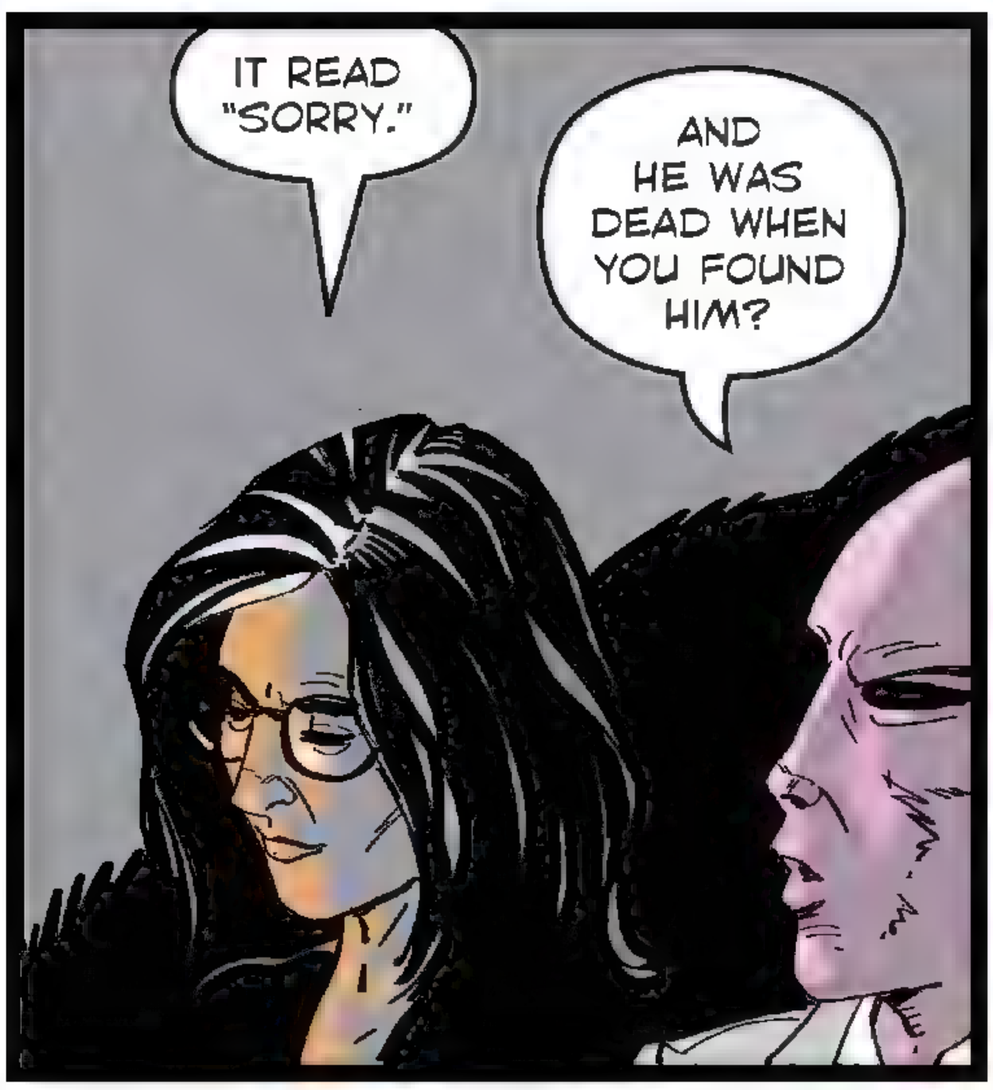
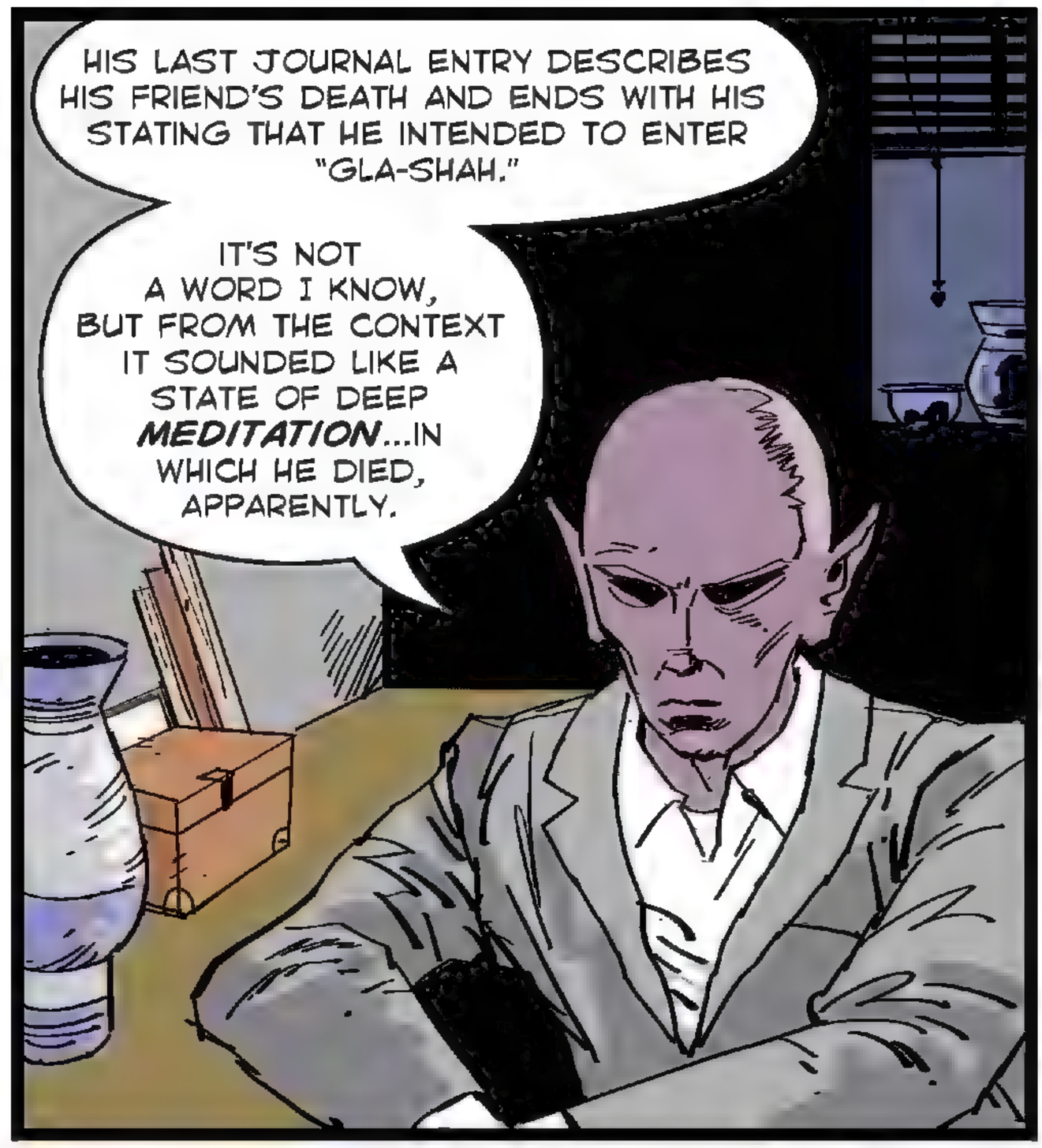

THIS IS HOW I FOUND HIM, MORE OR LESS.
HIS JOURNAL WAS BESIDE HIM, ALONG WITH A ONE-WORD NOTE TO ME...


IT READ "SORRY."
AND HE WAS DEAD WHEN YOU FOUND HIM?

NO. I TESTED HIS BREATH WITH A MIRROR.
BUT I COULDN'T ROUSE HIM, COULDN'T GET ANY KIND OF RESPONSE AT ALL ...AND BELIEVE ME, I TRIED *EVERYTHING.*

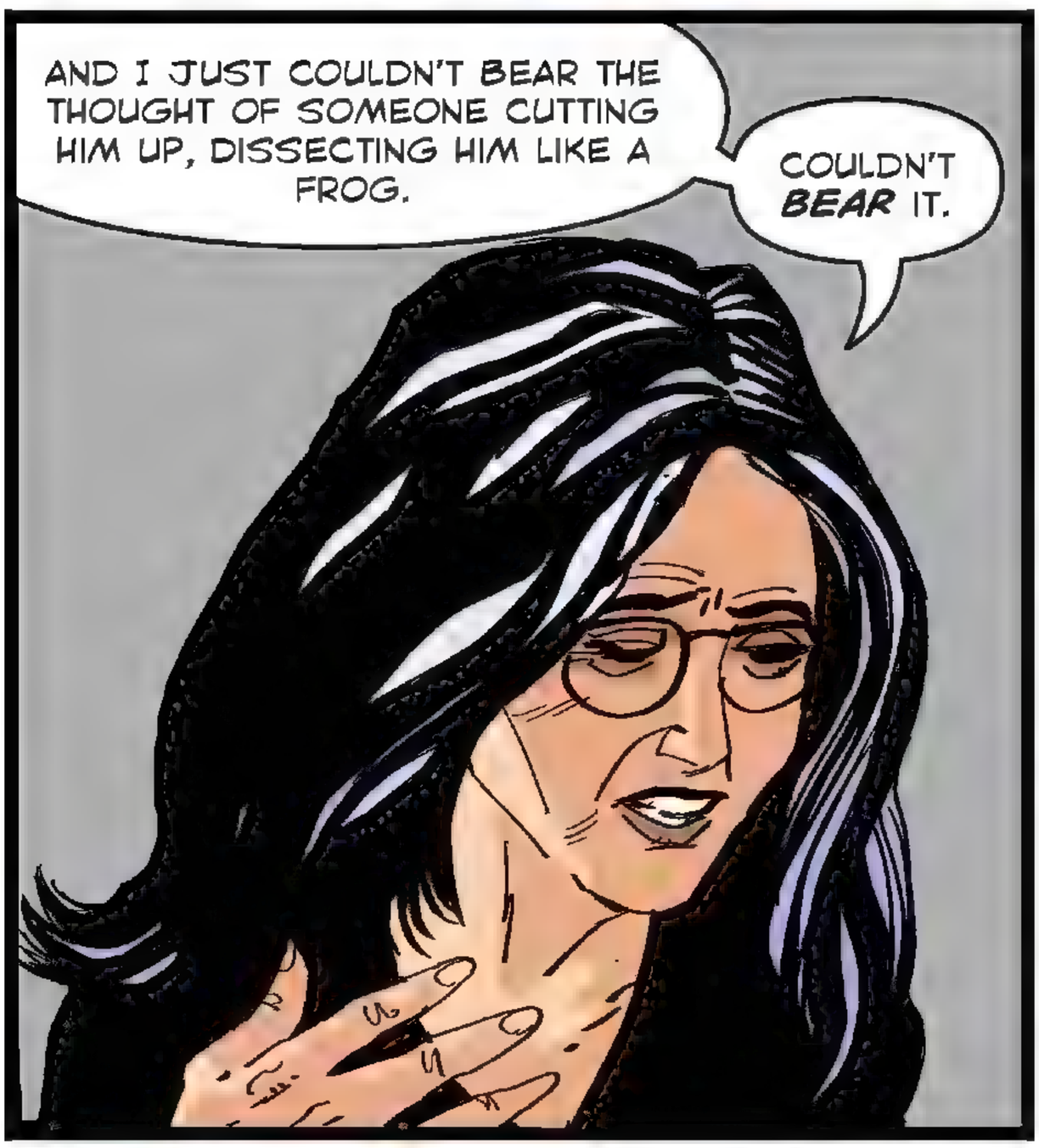
EVERY DAY I BROUGHT HIM FOOD, BUT IT ALL WENT UNEATEN.
EIGHT DAYS LATER WHEN I CHECKED FOR A BREATH... THERE WASN'T ONE.


HIS LAST JOURNAL ENTRY DESCRIBES HIS FRIEND'S DEATH AND ENDS WITH HIS STATING THAT HE INTENDED TO ENTER "GLA-SHAH."
IT'S NOT A WORD I KNOW, BUT FROM THE CONTEXT IT SOUNDED LIKE A STATE OF DEEP ***MEDITATION***...IN WHICH HE DIED, APPARENTLY.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
I JUST NEVER KNEW ***WHY***, AND IT'S TORMENTED ME FOR YEARS.

"FOR A LONG TIME I FOUND IT HARD TO BELIEVE HE WAS REALLY GONE. THERE WAS NEVER ANY SMELL, OR DECAY, OR... ANYTHING.
"HE SIMPLY LOST WEIGHT...AND EVENTUALLY HIS BODY STARTED TO DRY OUT AND BECAME LIKE THIS."
LINDA... WHY IS HE STILL ***HERE?***
WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE HIM BURIED?

BECAUSE PEOPLE WOULD HAVE SEEN HIM.
THERE'D HAVE BEEN A POST-MORTEM, AND THEY'D HAVE SEEN HOW DIFFERENT HE REALLY WAS.


AND I JUST COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF SOMEONE CUTTING HIM UP, DISSECTING HIM LIKE A FROG.
COULDN'T *BEAR* IT.

BUT WITH HIM HERE, IT'S...
...NOT BEEN MUCH OF A LIFE FOR ME.

FOR *YEARS* I'VE BEEN PRAYING SOMEONE LIKE YOU WOULD COME ALONG, AND... *DEAL* WITH HIM.

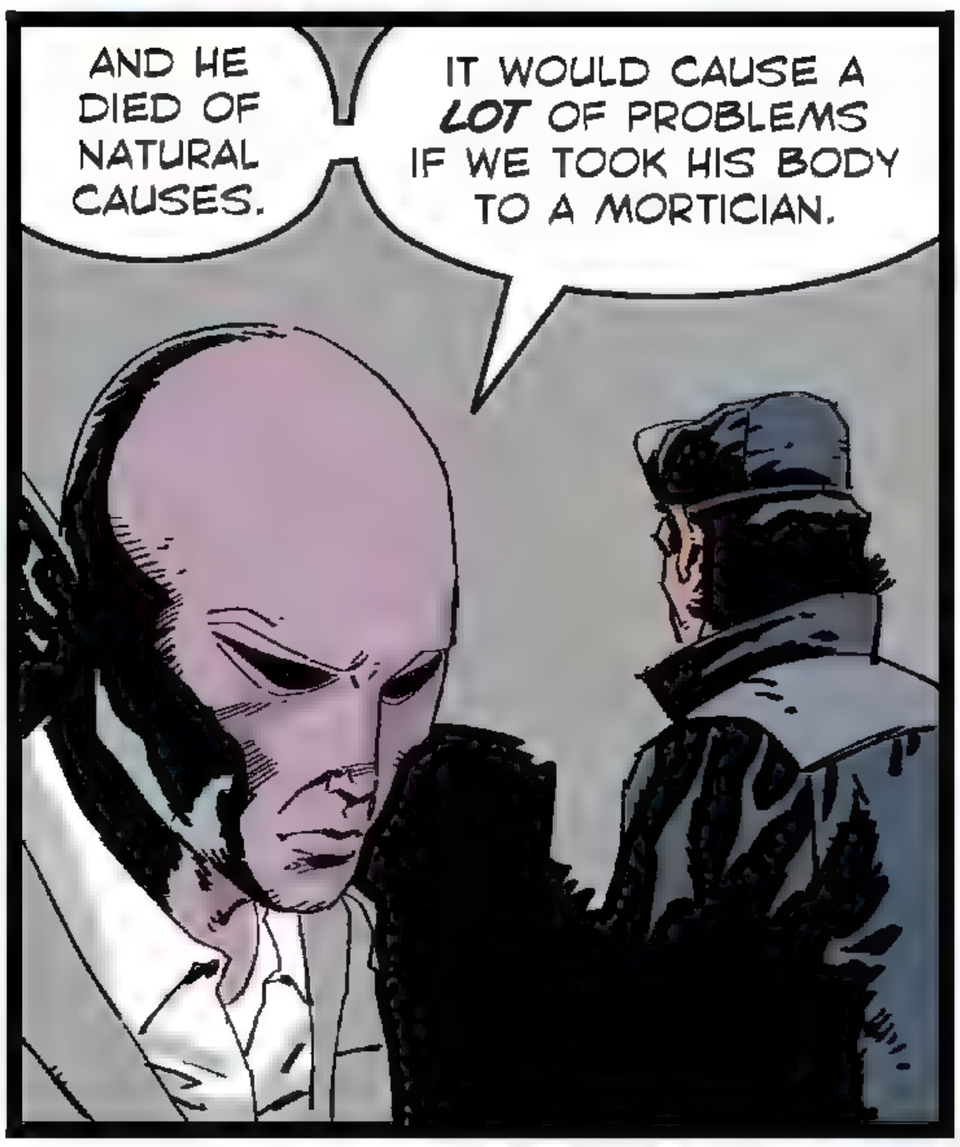
GOD KNOWS I'VE GRIEVED MORE THAN ENOUGH.
I WANT TO LET *GO* OF HIM NOW.

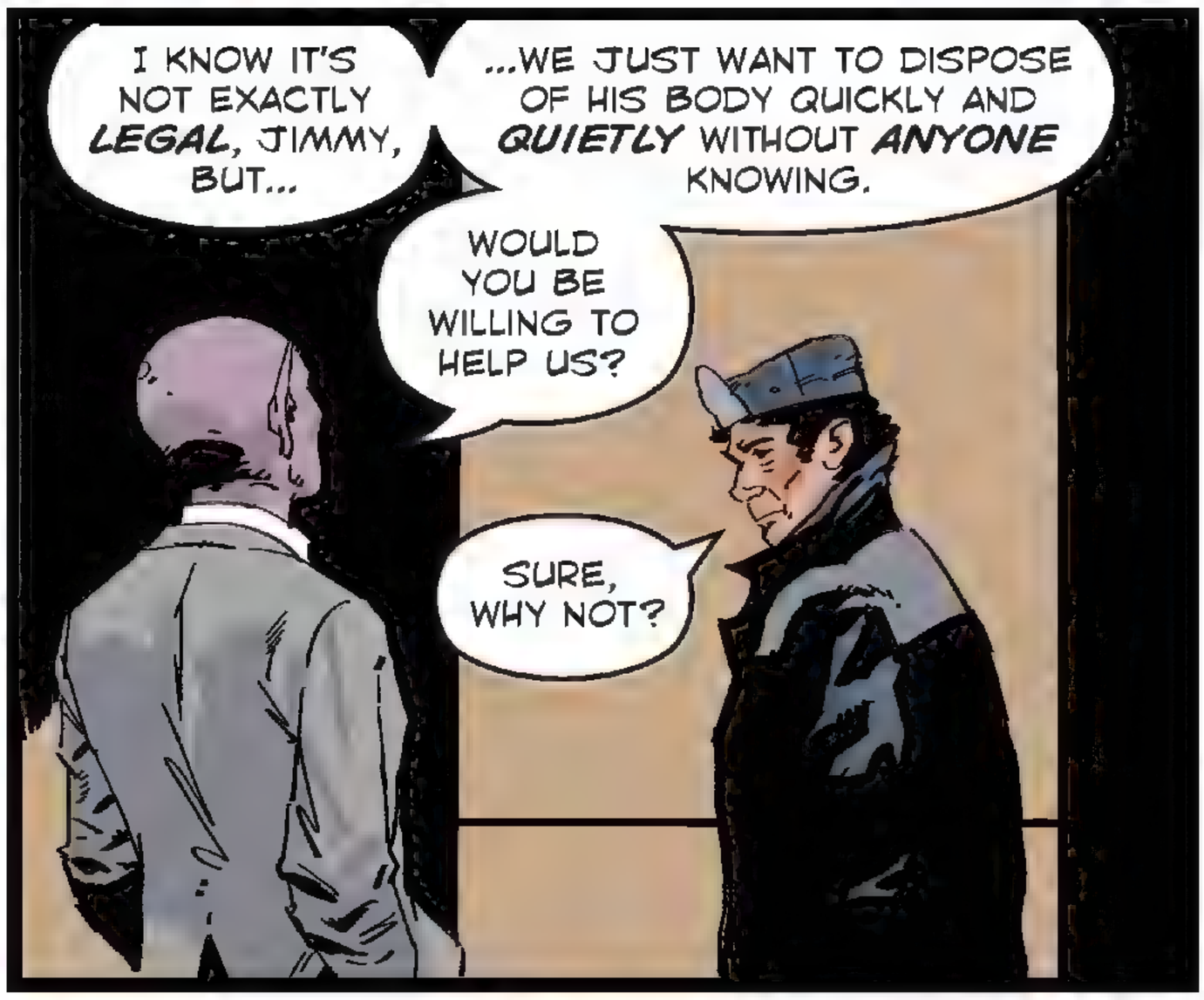
CAN YOU HELP ME?
POSSIBLY.

DAN, COULD YOU COME UP HERE, PLEASE?
AND BRING JIMMY WITH YOU.

SO THIS GUY WAS, WHAT?
SOME KINDA BUDDHIST?

NO, I DON'T THINK SO.
BUT HE WAS A GOOD MAN, OR TRIED TO BE.


AND HE DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES.
IT WOULD CAUSE A *LOT* OF PROBLEMS IF WE TOOK HIS BODY TO A MORTICIAN.


I KNOW IT'S NOT EXACTLY *LEGAL*, JIMMY, BUT...
...WE JUST WANT TO DISPOSE OF HIS BODY QUICKLY AND *QUIETLY* WITHOUT *ANYONE* KNOWING.
WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO HELP US?
SURE, WHY NOT?

WE COULD BURY HIM BEHIND MY UNCLE'S CASINO. WOULDN'T BE THE *FIRST* BODY THERE.

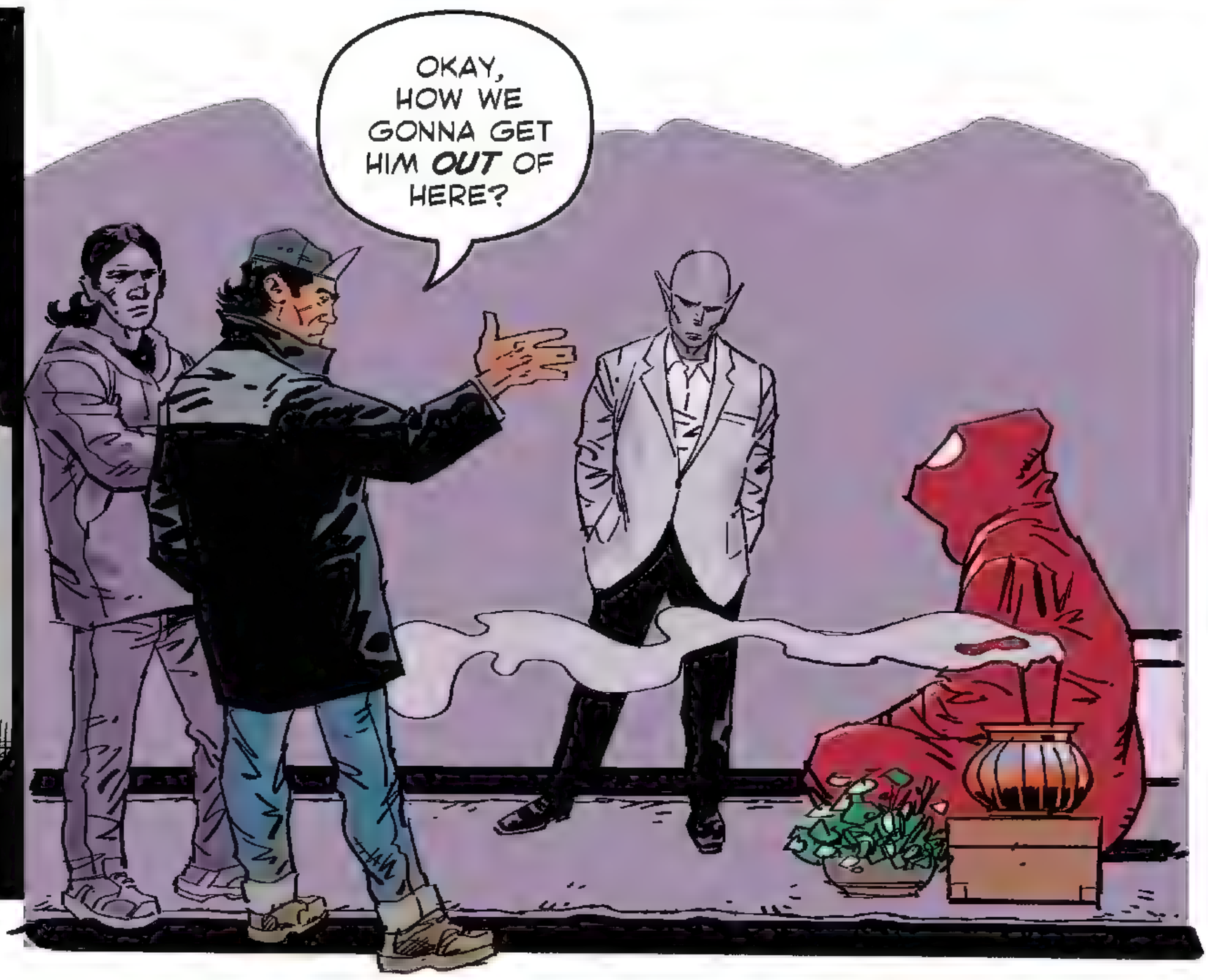
KIDDING, DAN.
JEEZ, LIGHTEN UP.

OKAY, MY COUSIN'S GOT A FARM UPSTATE. HE'LL PLAY ALONG IF I ASK NICELY.
WE COULD BURY YOUR GUY OUT THERE...OR ELSE BURN HIM.

BURNING, I THINK.
LET'S NOT LEAVE ANYTHING THAT COULD BE DUG UP AGAIN.
YES, BURNING.

THIS'LL COST, THOUGH...
...GOT TO PAY *HIM* SOMETHING. PLUS MY GUYS.

YES, OF COURSE.
I'LL PAY WHATEVER IT TAKES.


OKAY, HOW WE GONNA GET HIM *OUT* OF HERE?

THANKS FOR SEEING ME HOME AGAIN.
MY PLEASURE.
YOU GOING TO BE OKAY ON YOUR OWN NOW?

YES, I'M FINE.
JUST HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE REST OF MY LIFE.
AND WHAT *WILL* YOU DO?

SEE THE WORLD, MAYBE. I'VE BEEN STUCK HERE SO LONG.
ANYWAY, THANKS FOR *UNSTICKING* ME.

GLAD I COULD HELP.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
WILL YOU BE GOING ...*HOME* AGAIN SOMEDAY?

PERHAPS.
I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT TOO MUCH.

WELL, I HOPE YOU MAKE IT, HARRY.
AND... THANKS AGAIN.

YOU OKAY?

YES, YES...
...JUST NEED SOME FOOD AND A FEW HOURS' SLEEP, THAT'S ALL.

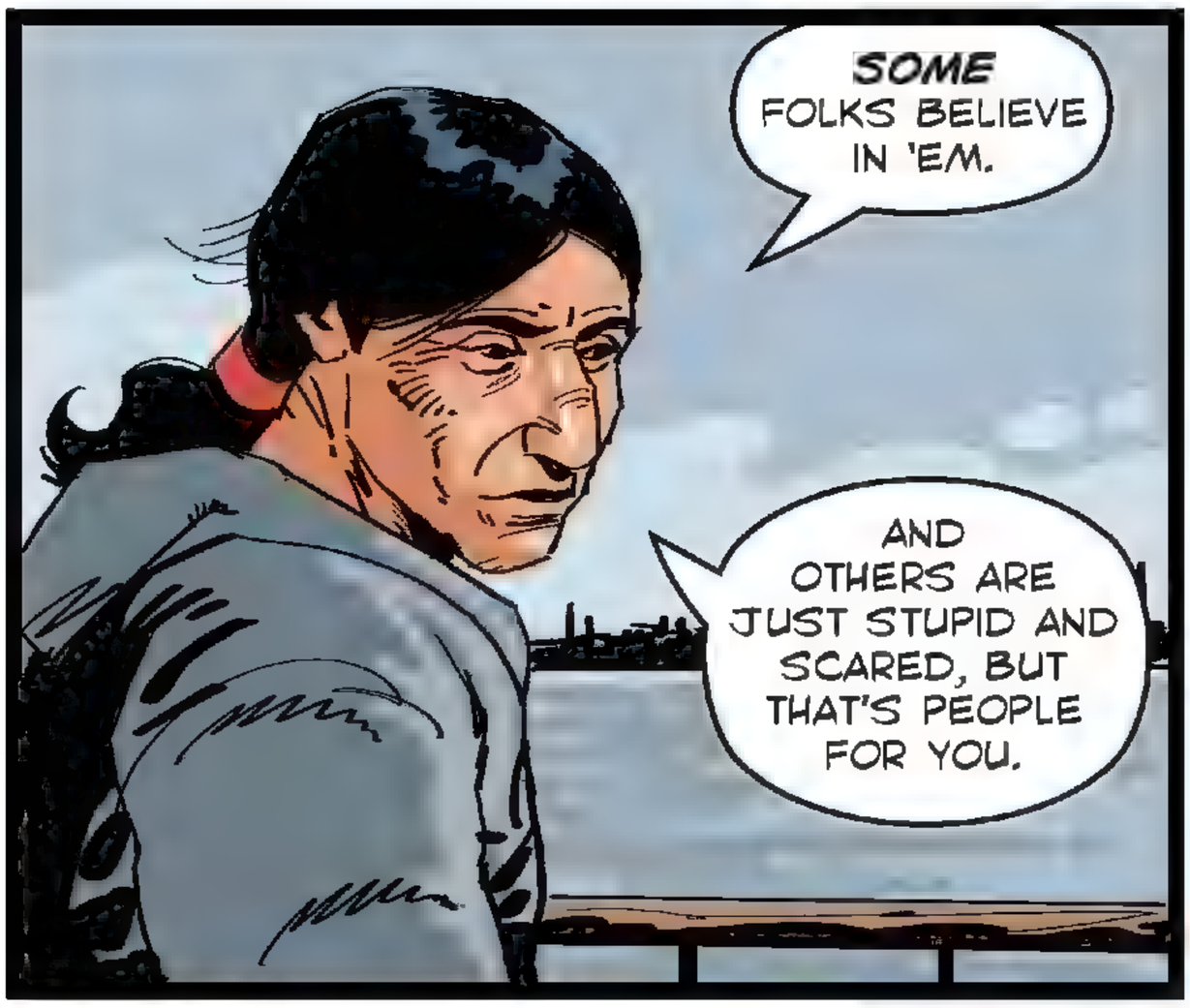
LET'S GRAB SOME BREAKFAST SOMEWHERE.
GOOD PLAN.
YOU WANT TO HEAD FOR THE STATION AFTER THAT?
ACTUALLY, SINCE WE'RE HERE...
...I'D LIKE TO SPEND AN EXTRA DAY SIGHTSEEING.
SURE, WHY NOT?

"I JUST WANTED TO SEE IT FROM A SHIP, THE WAY ALL THOSE IMMIGRANTS DID A CENTURY AGO.

"IT'S QUITE SOMETHING, ISN'T IT?

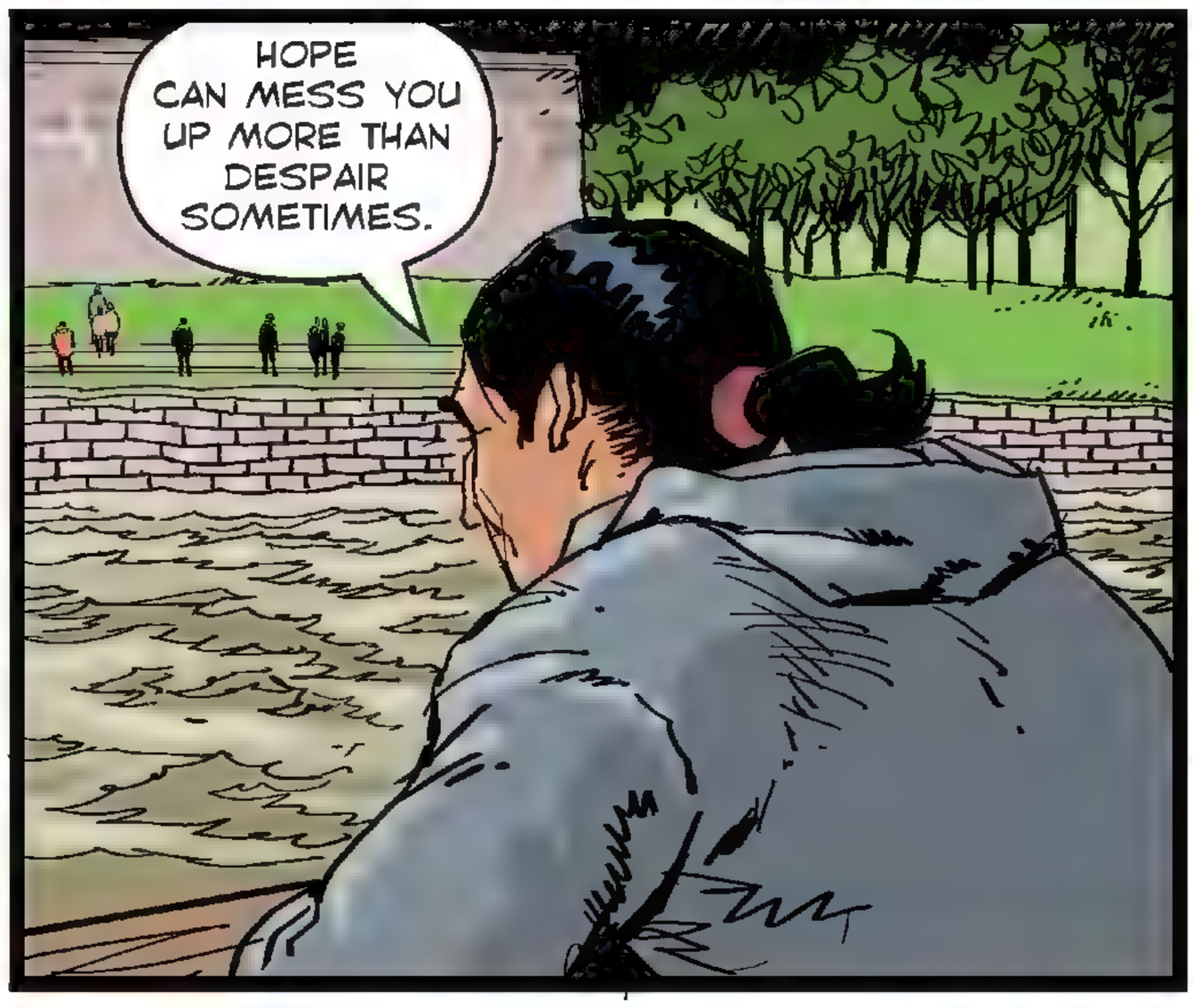
"AND A NICE WAY TO WELCOME PEOPLE."

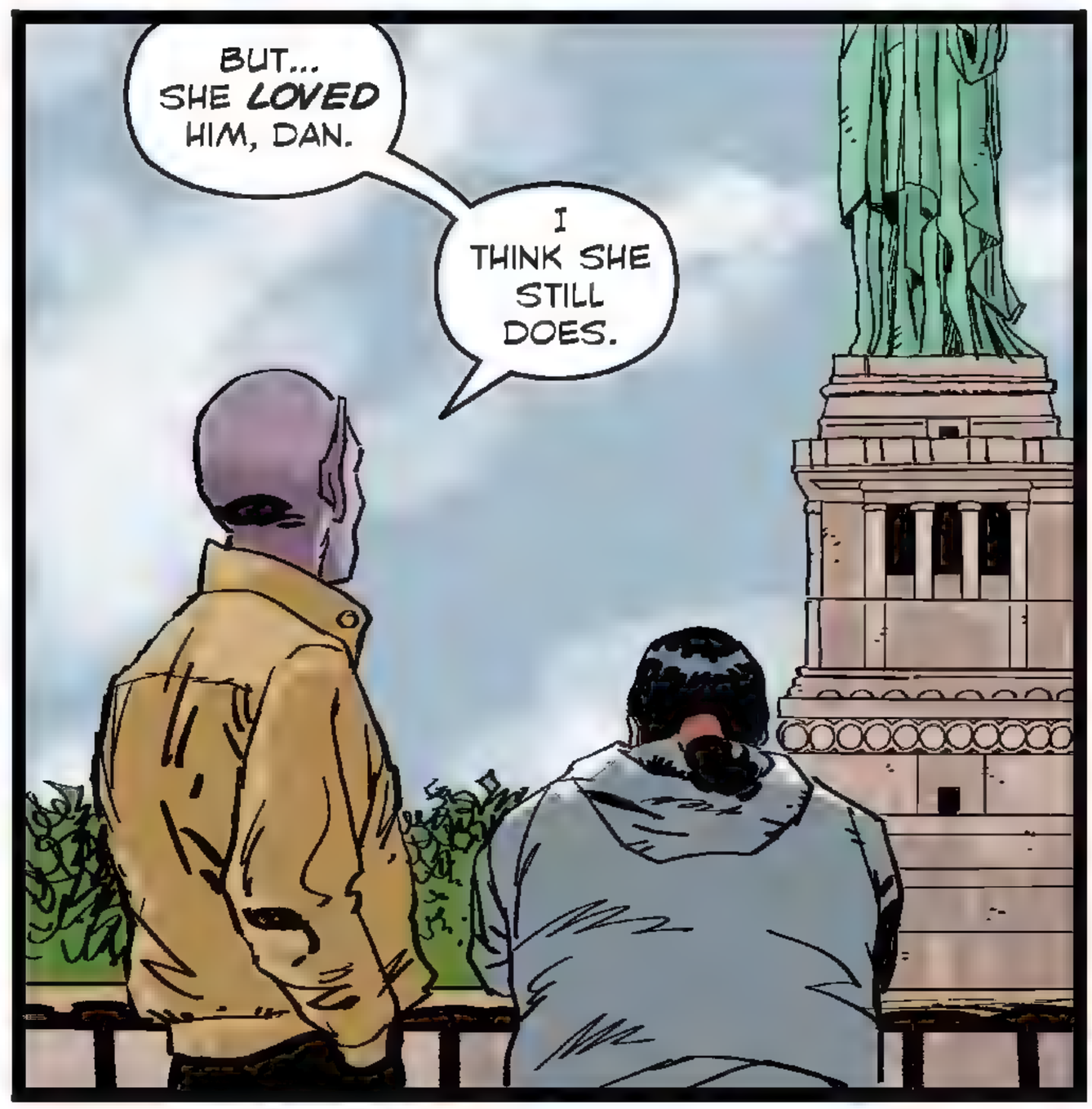
"...PEOPLE MAY NOT LIVE UP TO THEM, BUT THEY'RE STILL GOOD THINGS TO BELIEVE IN."

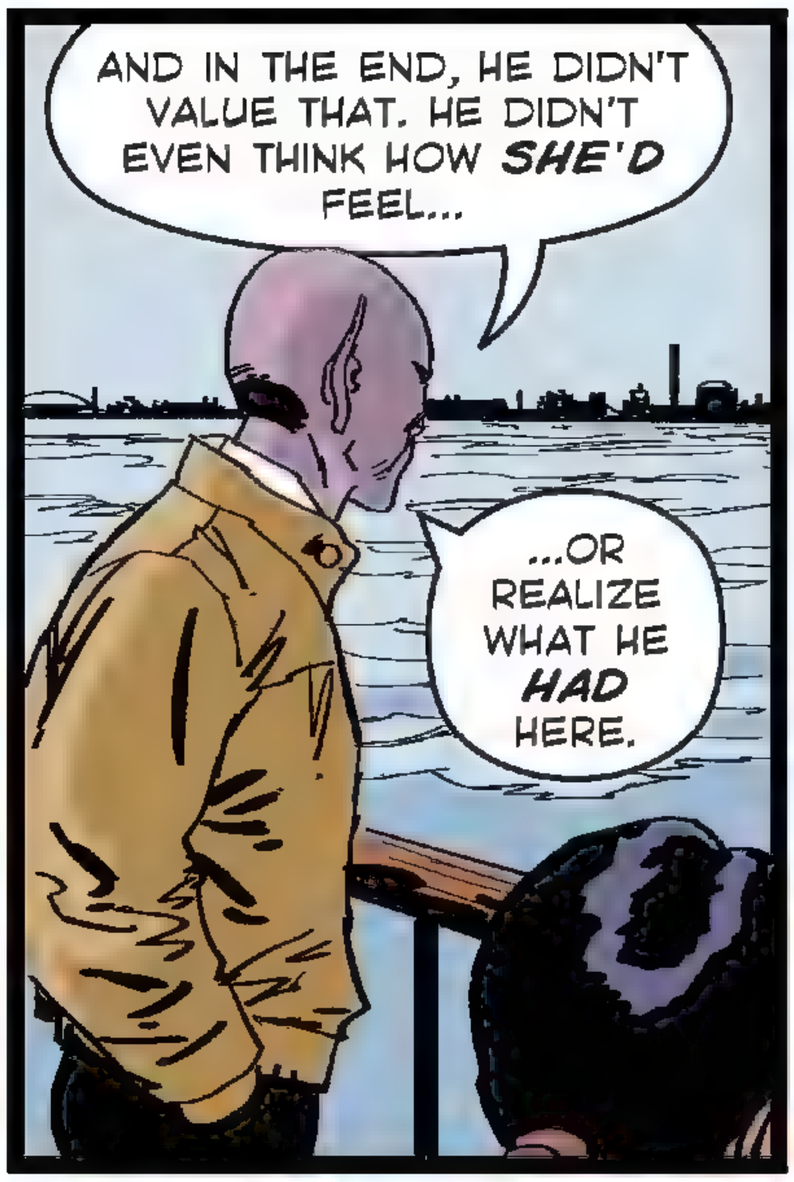

SOME FOLKS BELIEVE IN 'EM.
AND OTHERS ARE JUST STUPID AND SCARED, BUT THAT'S PEOPLE FOR YOU.

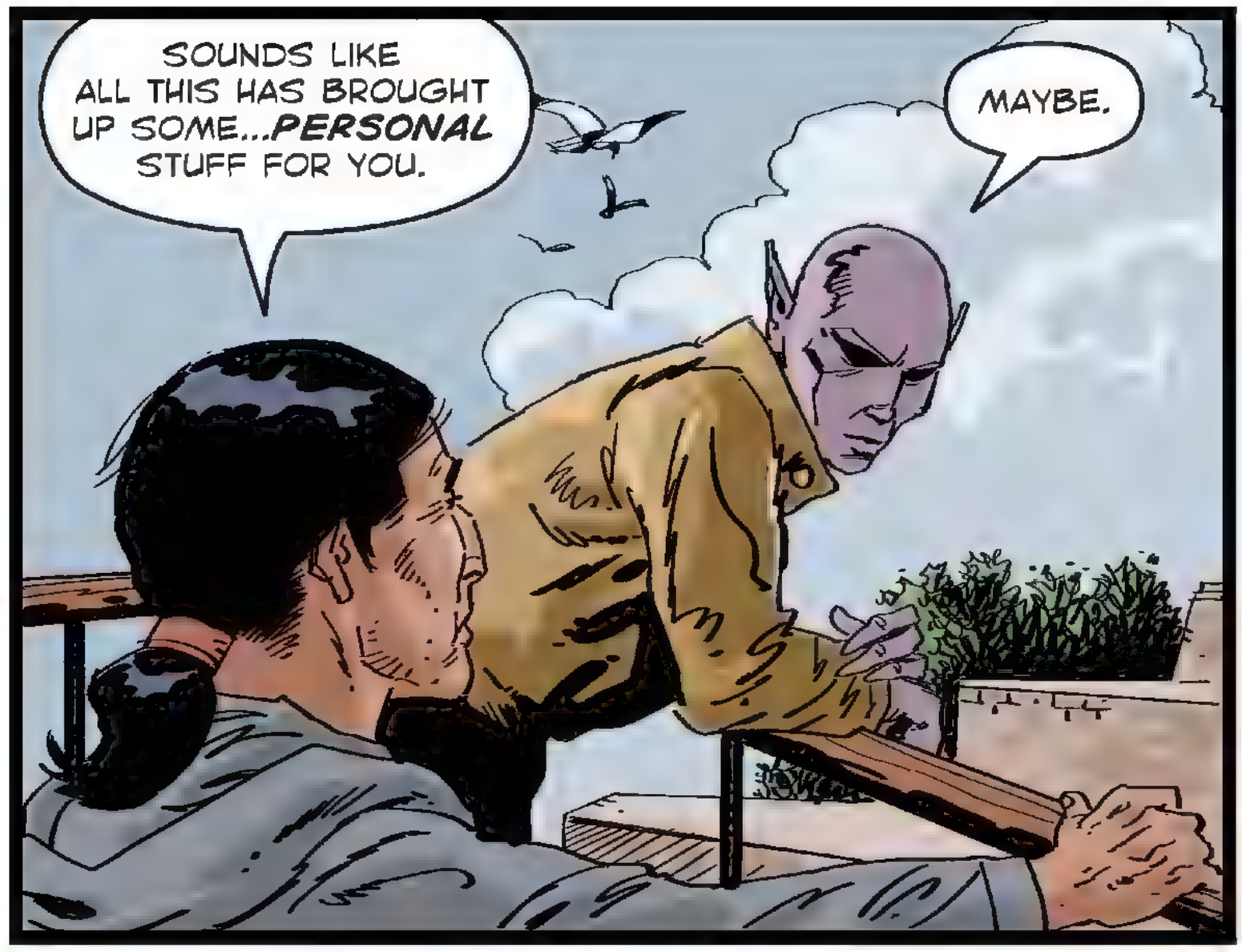
FEAR...
...I THINK THAT MAY HAVE BEEN GOLIATH'S PROBLEM.

HE WAS AFRAID TO LET GO OF HIS PAST, SO HE HUNG ONTO AN...IMPOSSIBLE DREAM INSTEAD...
...AND WHEN IT FINALLY VANISHED, IT... PULLED HIM OVER THE EDGE.


HOPE CAN MESS YOU UP MORE THAN DESPAIR SOMETIMES.


BUT... SHE LOVED HIM, DAN.
I THINK SHE STILL DOES.


AND IN THE END, HE DIDN'T VALUE THAT. HE DIDN'T EVEN THINK HOW *SHE'D* FEEL...
...OR REALIZE WHAT HE *HAD* HERE.


SOUNDS LIKE ALL THIS HAS BROUGHT UP SOME...*PERSONAL* STUFF FOR YOU.
MAYBE.

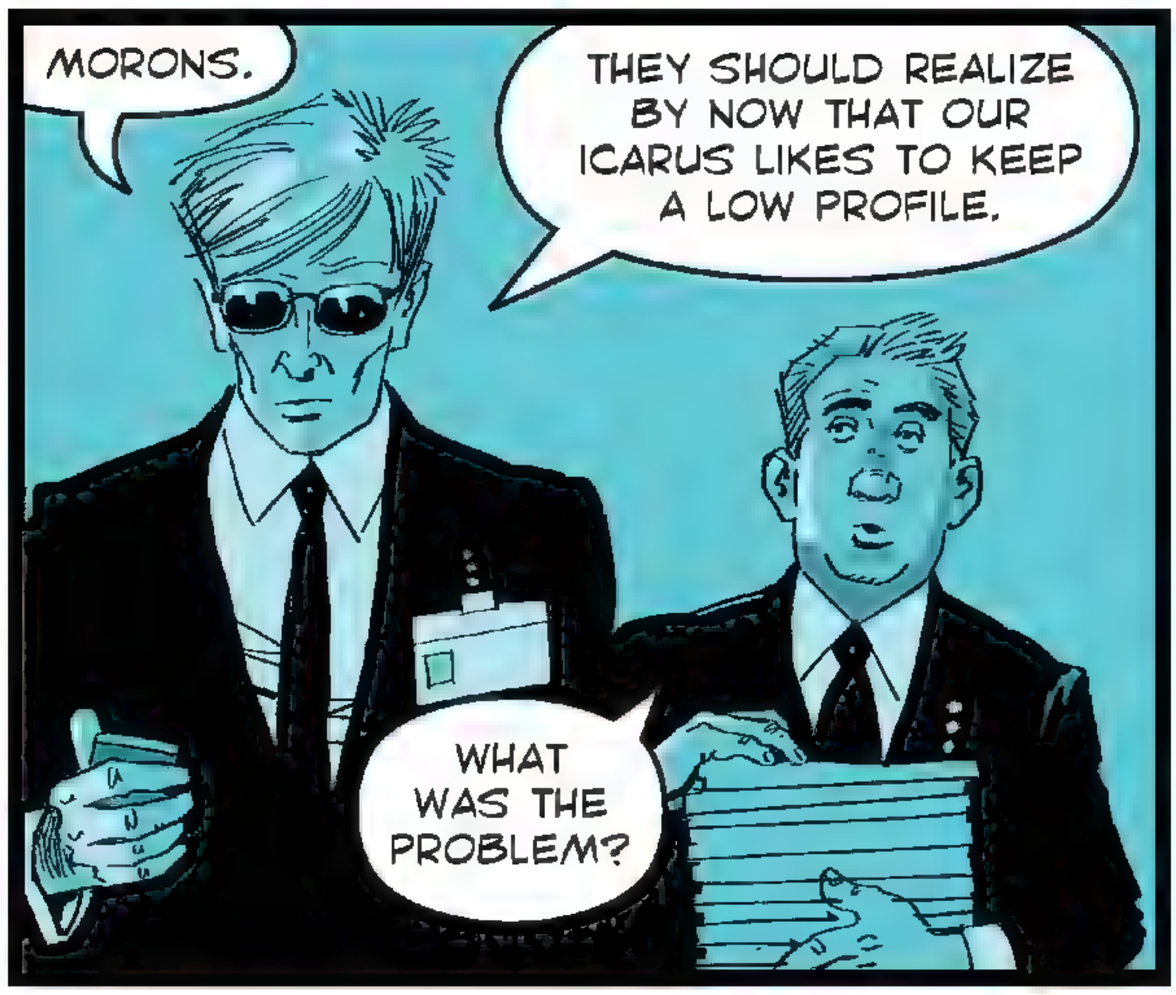
MAYBE IMMIGRANTS *HAVE* TO WAVE GOODBYE TO THEIR OLD WORLDS IF THEY WANT TO SURVIVE IN THE NEW ONE. GOLIATH COULDN'T DO THAT.
BUT I THINK I CAN.

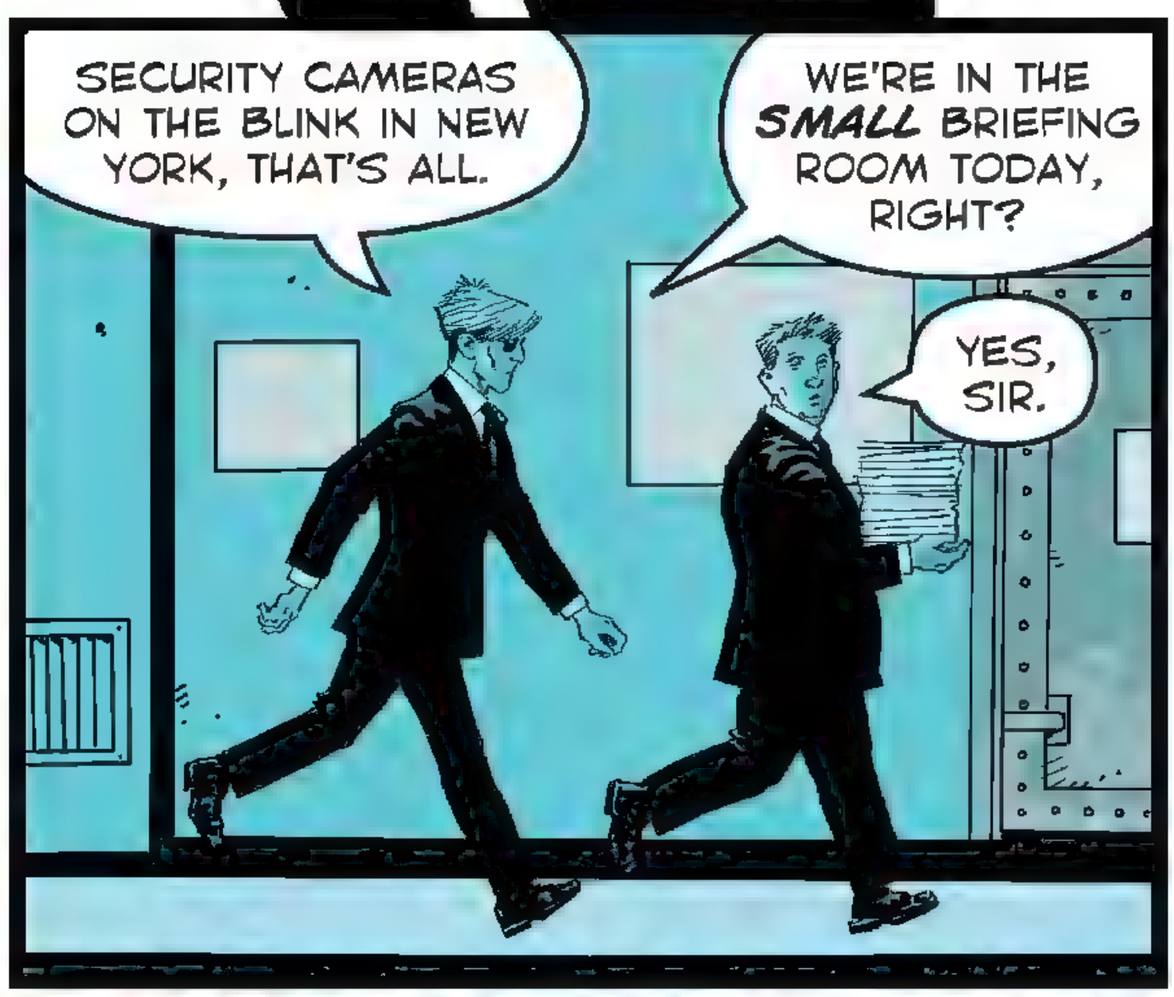
THEY'RE PULLING THE GANGPLANKS UP.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON THE MOVE AGAIN.
GOOD...

...LET'S GO HOME.

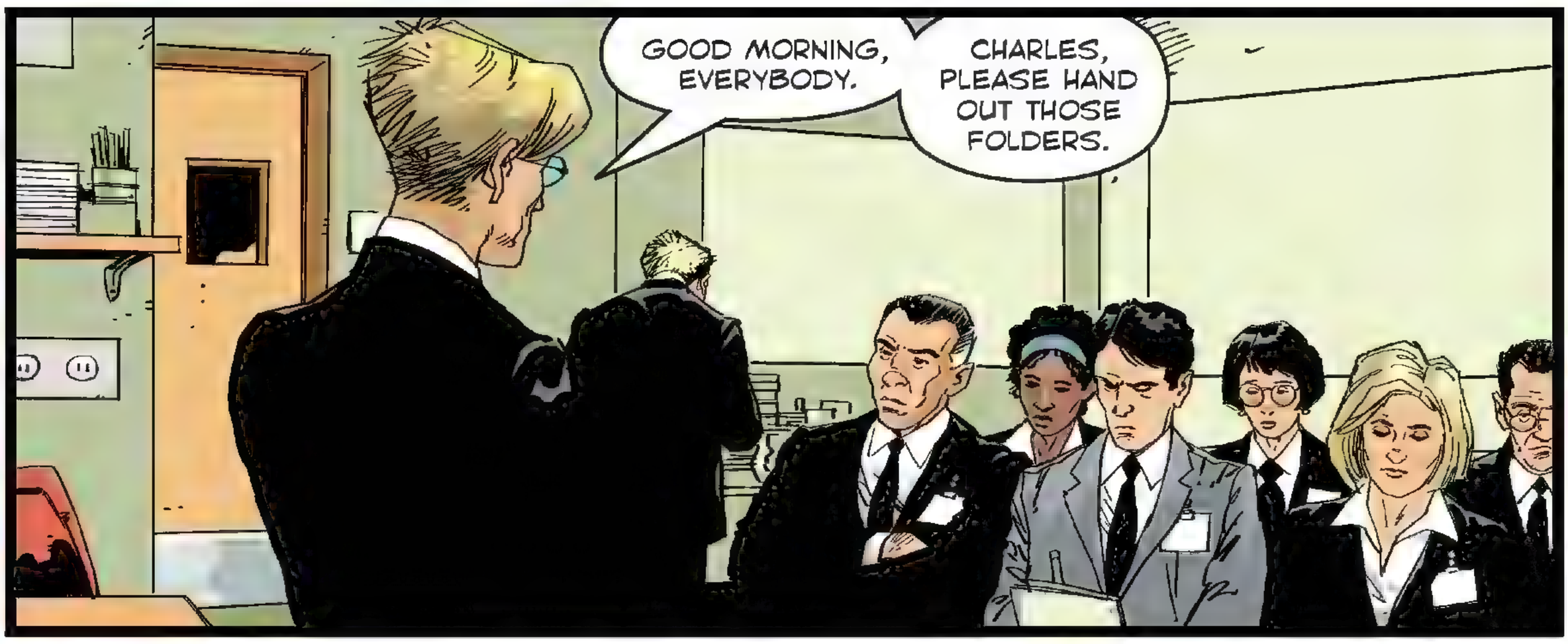
NEW YORK?
WHAT THE HELL MAKES YOU THINK HE'S IN NEW YORK?

WELL, THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER EXPLANATION.
NEW YORK'S THE *LAST* PLACE OUR GUY WOULD GO, TRUST ME.

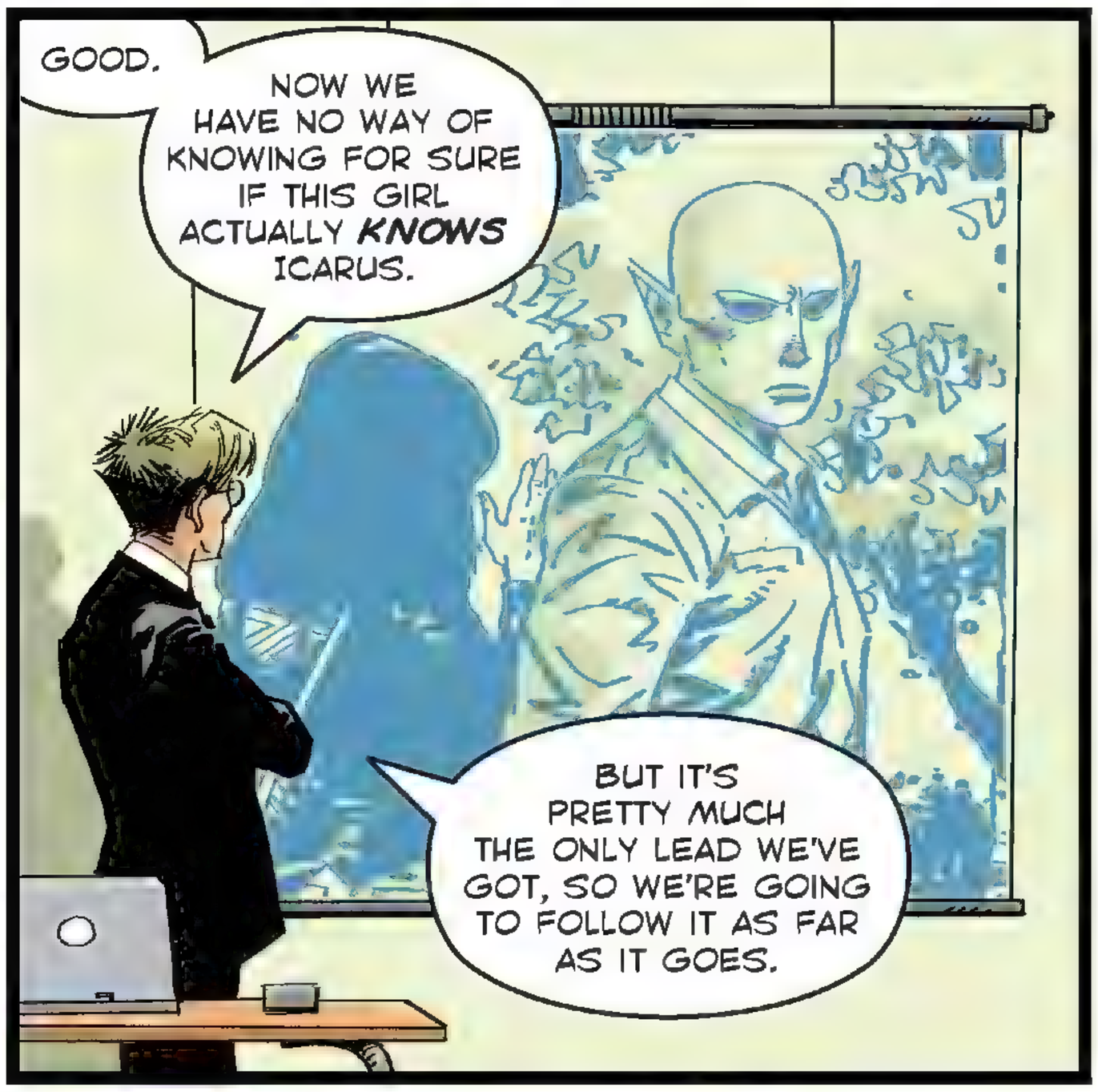

MORONS.
THEY SHOULD REALIZE BY NOW THAT OUR ICARUS LIKES TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE.
WHAT WAS THE PROBLEM?


SECURITY CAMERAS ON THE BLINK IN NEW YORK, THAT'S ALL.
WE'RE IN THE *SMALL* BRIEFING ROOM TODAY, RIGHT?
YES, SIR.

AND THEY *SHOULD* ALL BE WAITING FOR US.

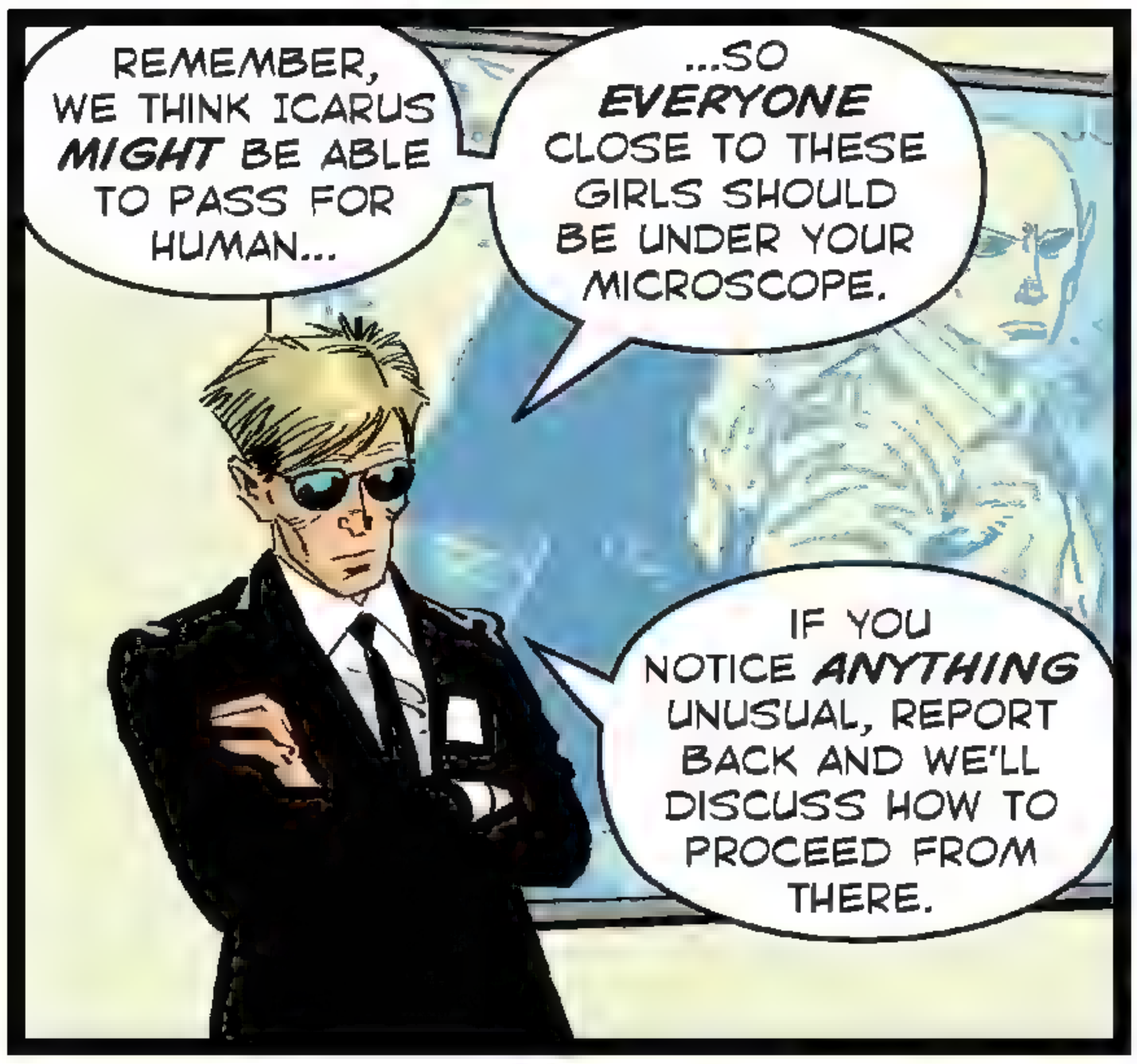

GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY.
CHARLES, PLEASE HAND OUT THOSE FOLDERS.

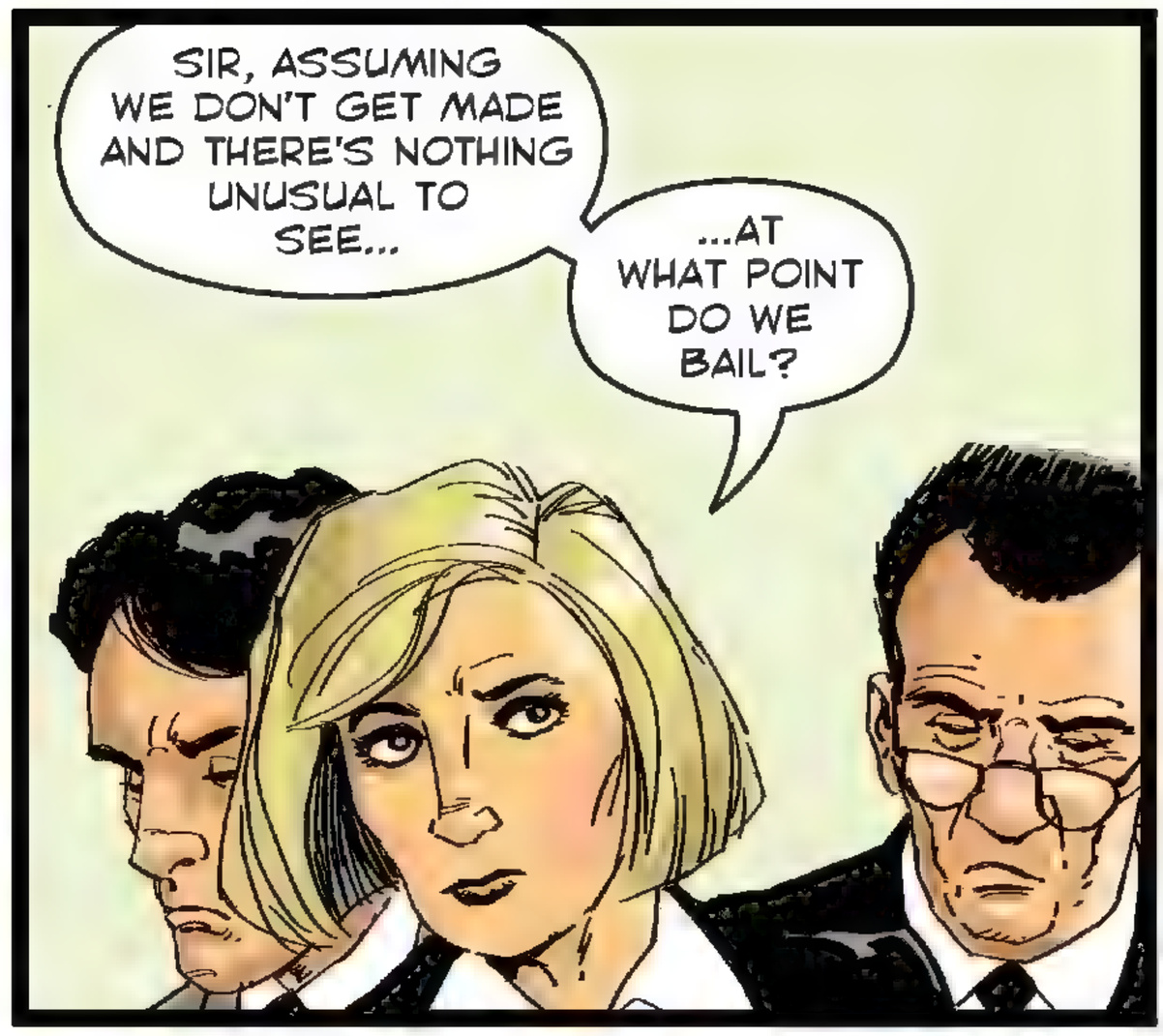
OKAY, EACH ONE OF THESE RELATES TO A NATIVE GIRL WHO *MIGHT* BE THE ONE IN THE ICARUS CASE.
I ASSUME YOU'RE ALL UP TO SPEED ON THAT?

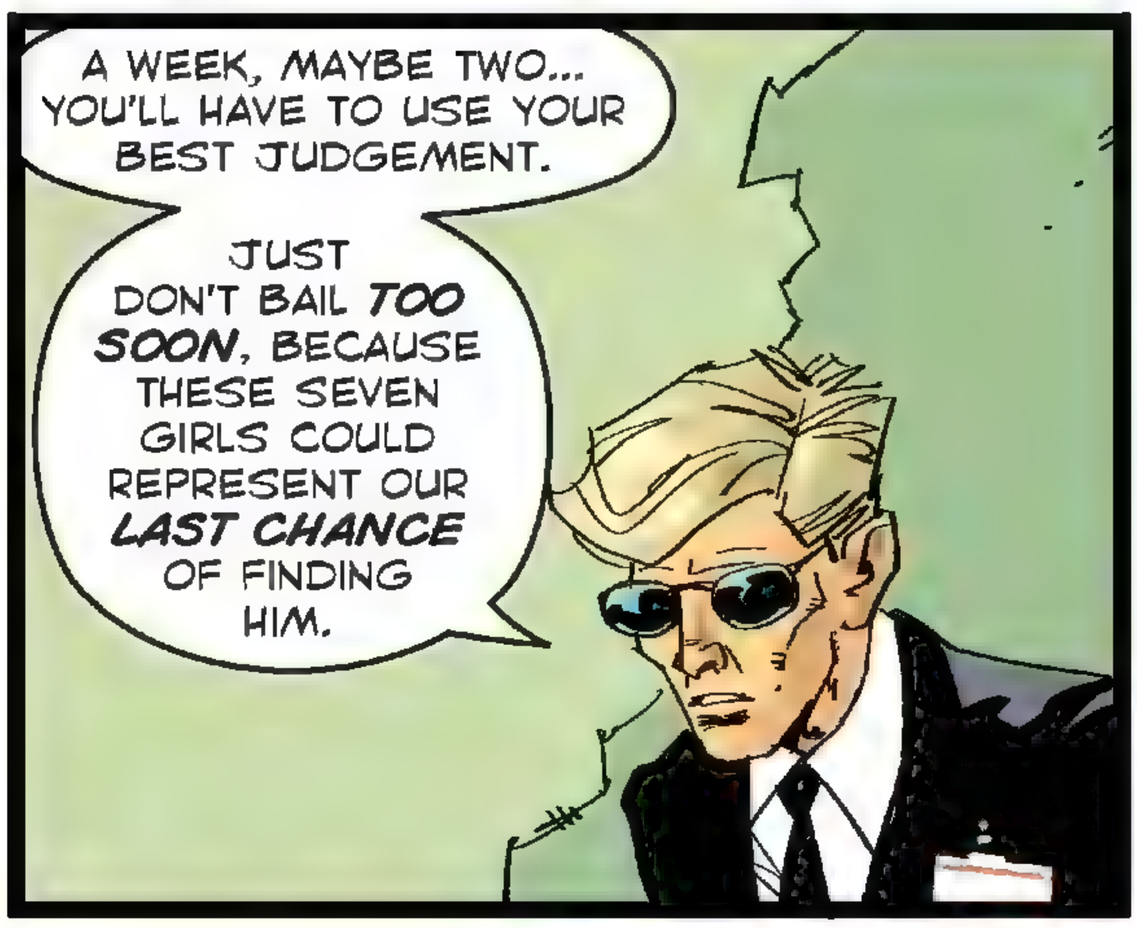

GOOD.
NOW WE HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING FOR SURE IF THIS GIRL ACTUALLY *KNOWS* ICARUS.
BUT IT'S PRETTY MUCH THE ONLY LEAD WE'VE GOT, SO WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW IT AS FAR AS IT GOES.

WE'VE TRIED TO MATCH YOU WITH PLACES THAT MIGHT PLAY TO YOUR UNDERCOVER SKILLS...
...BUT YOU'LL BE MOSTLY MAKING THIS UP AS YOU GO ALONG. THE POINT IS TO OBSERVE AS CLOSELY AS YOU CAN WITHOUT SPOOKING THE GAME.

IF ANYONE QUESTIONS YOUR PRESENCE IN THESE TOWNS, FALL BACK ON YOUR COVER STORY.
THEY'RE ALL PRETTY STANDARD... YOU'RE ON VACATION, YOU'RE VISITING FAMILY, YOUR CAR'S IN THE SHOP...BOTTOM LINE, YOU'RE *JUST PASSING THROUGH.*

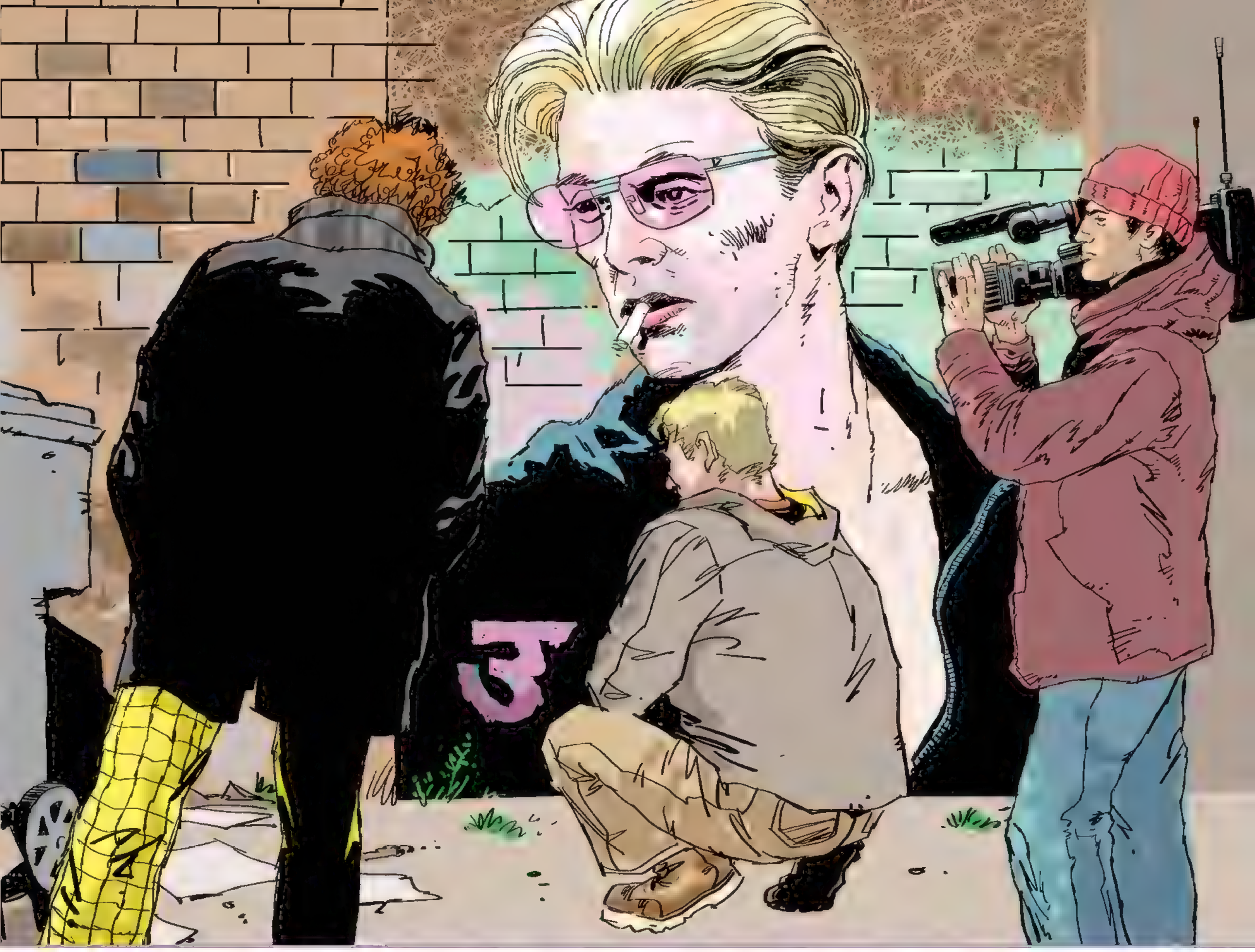

REMEMBER, WE THINK ICARUS *MIGHT* BE ABLE TO PASS FOR HUMAN...
...SO *EVERYONE* CLOSE TO THESE GIRLS SHOULD BE UNDER YOUR MICROSCOPE.
IF YOU NOTICE *ANYTHING* UNUSUAL, REPORT BACK AND WE'LL DISCUSS HOW TO PROCEED FROM THERE.


SIR, ASSUMING WE DON'T GET MADE AND THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL TO SEE...
...AT WHAT POINT DO WE BAIL?


A WEEK, MAYBE TWO... YOU'LL HAVE TO USE YOUR BEST JUDGEMENT.
JUST DON'T BAIL *TOO SOON*, BECAUSE THESE SEVEN GIRLS COULD REPRESENT OUR *LAST CHANCE* OF FINDING HIM.

SIR?
YOU SAID SEVEN GIRLS... AND THERE'S ONLY SIX OF US...

AGENT EDWARDS IS SICK, SO *I'LL* BE TAKING THE SEVENTH ONE. WHERE AM I GOING AGAIN, CHARLES?
PATIENCE, SIR.
YES, THAT'S IT.
PATIENCE.
TO BE CONCLUDED IN *RESIDENT ALIEN* VOLUME SIX: *YOUR RIDE'S HERE.*



AFTERWORD

Our solar system, as part of the Milky Way Galaxy, rotates around the galactic centre—along with our close neighbors—at roughly 200 kilometers a second. Even so, it takes 250,000,000 earth years to complete a single circuit.

The galaxy is a big deal. According to some, our solar system is now moving through an area of space where it's never been before. We're traveling through a strange neighborhood, unlike any that's ever existed. Can't you just feel it? Subjected to different energy fields, magnetic influences, vast gas clouds, and heaven knows what else. The familiar has become alien. Weird is the new norm.

Here's an idea. In certain fringe elements it is thought that the earth's magnetic field has a direct influence on human consciousness. It's not such an outrageous idea, and if you accept it you might begin to join up the dots. What if the earth's magnetic field is being affected by this current phase of galactic travel? And what if human consciousness is changing accordingly? It might just be possible to see everything in a new light.

It's easy to forget that everything around us, and including us, is on some kind of journey. In reality, it's a wild, spinning, dizzying ride. Done at impossible speeds and on an impossible scale. A roller coaster to nowhere and everywhere. And yet it can often feel like nothing is happening at all. If you've been following Dr. Harry's adventures in the twilight zone, you'll know he's the alien from somewhere else. He's from outer space. And if you can make the mental adjustment, you'll realize that outer space is our home, too. So you could almost say, wherever we're going—we're never far from home.

—STEVE PARKHOUSE
GOING IN CIRCLES

Steve Parkhouse's cover rough for *Resident Alien: An Alien in New York* #1—April 2018. Steve's final cover for this arc's debut issue is seen on page 2 of this collection.

Resident Alien: An Alien in New York #3 front cover—June 2018.

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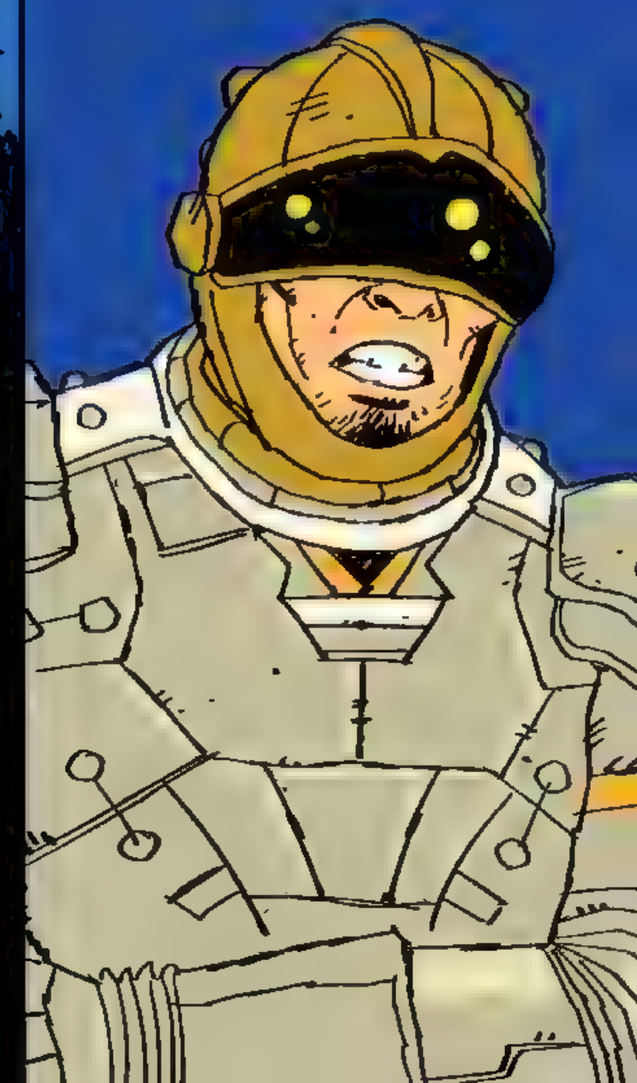

Steve's lettered pencils for *Resident Alien: An Alien in New York* #1, story page 7.

Steve's lettered pencils for *Resident Alien: An Alien in New York* #1, story page 8.

"PETER HOGAN PACES THIS STORY WITH PERFECTION."
—COMIC BASTARDS

A STRANDED ALIEN VISITOR TO EARTH HIDES IN PLAIN SIGHT IN Patience, Washington, posing as the small town's doctor. He has no intention of leaving—unless it's to get back to his own planet! When a startling new mystery catches the odd-but-friendly Dr. Harry Vanderspeigle's attention, he takes a trip to New York City with a close confidante and the hope of finally finding a way to communicate with his home world. Peter Hogan (*2000 AD*, *Tom Strong*) and Steve Parkhouse (*Milkman Murders*, *Doctor Who*) continue their unique, acclaimed science-fiction/murder-mystery series!

"PARKHOUSE DOES A WONDERFUL JOB OF CREATING THAT MOST NEBULOUS OF ARTISTIC TERMS: *ATMOSPHERE*. Every location feels lived in because of his coloring choices and slightly sketchy line art. It's rough, but in a way that evokes the grungy world of the comic which is filled with real people living small but complicated lives."
—Multiversity Comics

"*RESIDENT ALIEN* IS SOMETHING OF A WONDERFUL CURIOSITY—a sci-fi rural detective noir, which is never a descriptor that I expected to have to come up with."
—Big Comic Page

"[PARKHOUSE'S] ART BREATHES LIFE INTO the visual depictions of the characters at the same time that Hogan's deft and realistic dialogue lends another layer of realism to them. *Resident Alien* is a creator-driven gem."
—Comic Spectrum

SON OF ULTRON